

YORKSHIRE
ANTHOLOGY



J. HORSFALL
TURNER



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YORKSHIRE ANTHOLOGY:

BALLADS & SONGS—ANCIENT & MODERN,

(WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED REAL EPITAPHS,)

COVERING A PERIOD OF A THOUSAND YEARS
OF YORKSHIRE HISTORY IN VERSE;

WITH NOTES

Bibliographical, Biographical, Topographical,
Dialectic, &c.,

And Quaint and Original Illustrations.

By J. HORSFALL TURNER,

Idel, Bradford.



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THIS VOLUME
IS
CORDIALLY DEDICATED TO
MY FRIENDS

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D., NEW YORK,
AND
PROFESSOR JOSEPH WRIGHT, PH.D., D.C.L., &c., OXFORD,
TWO WORTHY WORKING YORKSHIREMEN,
WHOM THE COUNTY DELIGHTS TO HONOUR.

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PREFACE.

THE Title Page sufficiently indicates the object of the Work of which this is the first volume. The second volume will record particulars respecting probably not less than fifteen hundred Yorkshire writers, who have expressed their thoughts in rhyme, and will also give bibliographical descriptions of the books, pamphlets and broadsides they have caused to be printed.

To complete the history of Yorkshire Anthology, it will be necessary to add not only the real Epitaphs so profusely scattered over the graveyards of the county, but also the Place and Folk-rhymes, the poetry of similes and proverbs, and other by-paths of poetical literature. A chapter on Hymnology would include the crude effusions of the first Baptist and other preachers, as well as the highly finished hymns of our Yorkshire standard hymn writers. In this ecclesiastical section there should be noticed the decadence of the ancient Mystery Plays, and the revival in recent times of Sacred Dramas and Services of Song. To add to the material, before a satisfactory and complete record of Yorkshire Anthological History can be presented to the public, a general sketch of the Musical History of the County—vocal and instrumental, ancient and modern, sacred, classical and profane—will

need careful compilation, and the bibliography given in the next volume will indicate where much of the information may be found.

The present volume is much more bulky than anticipated, and as the demand for a Yorkshire Anthology seemed to be very limited, only a small edition has been printed. The price will be necessarily increased after issuing the two volumes to subscribers.

Idel, Bradford,

April 10th, 1901.



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AIRS OF THE ENGLISH ISLES.

Mr. Alfred Henry Rowntree, of Kansas City (formerly of Leeds and Bradford), has written a little book of poems and songs on the Queen and England, for the benefit of the Victorian Jubilee Hospital Fund. The following is from one of the poems, "Airs of the English Isles":—

AIRS of the English Isles!
Ballads of Britain!
Sing o'er the parting miles
Sweet as when written,
Come to this foreign shore,
Far o'er the ocean,
Fill our sad hearts once more
Warm with devotion.

Bring back the English lane,
Sweet with its roses,
Meadow and wood again
Fragrant with posies;
Bring back the Scottish lochs
And the free heather,
Verdure and lofty rocks
Wedded together.

Bring back the Cambrian
Sky-kissing mountains,
Valleys where summer can
Ne'er dry the fountains;
Bring back the greenest grove
Ever couched deer in,
And the clear waters of
Emerald Erin.

Make us forget that we
Far from home wander;
Lead us again to see
Dear scenes o'er yonder;
Call back our vanished smiles
To us home-smitten,
Airs of the English Isles!
Ballads of Britain!





YORKSHIRE ANTHOLOGY.

TWINS AGEEAN! WAAR AN WAAR.

A A deari me, this is a doo,
Arr Matty's twins ageean,
It's second time shoo's browt me two,
Whativver dus it meean.
For eighteen months we've struggled ard,
Wi thease et coom afoore,
An naah thers cum for arr reward
Another couple moore.
Iv things at this rate shud progress,
Another year or two,
Bi th'art, we sal be in a mess ;
We'r i' one nagh, its true.
For t'haase aw tuk when we gate wed,
Already is ta small ;
Besides, we'st want another bed,
One will n't do for all.
Arr little Jooa an Willy too,
T'first tiny twins we had,
They're fairly capt thers other two
An weel they may 'egad.
Aw'm nooan a chap et sprees abaght,
Aw seldom get a glass,
But nah aw mun gooa reight withaat,
Ther's other ways for t' brass.
But aw'll nooan freeat, net aw indeed,
Whativver may befall,
Sooa ah mony maaths ther comes ta feed,
Aw'll work ard for em all.

RODERICK RANDOM.

SHORT O' BRASS.

A BIT a brass hez often laws'd
 An' pool'd a body through;
 An' t'want o' brass hez often caus'd
 A deecal o' care an' woe;
 An' hopes 'at shone as breet as day,
 An' seem'd as clear as glass,
 Hev often hed to dee away
 Through being short o' brass.

An' monny a noble aim an' thowt,
 An' monny a wish beside,
 Hez often hed to come to nowt,
 Laid hopelessly aside.
 An' men whose minds contain'd the spark
 Of genius, alas!
 Hev often hed to *dee i' t'dark*
 Through being short o' brass.

The want of cash may often keep
 Some fowk thro' monny a fall,
 An' thus may prove *to sitch as them*
 A blessin', after all;
 Bnd careful fowk 'at pays ther way,
 Ner tries for "qual." to pass,
 I really think it hard 'at they
 Sud e'er be short o' brass.

It's hard to see your money go
 When loisin't honestly,
 Bnd harder still when ruin'd throo
 Deceit an' roguery;
 It's hard when you i' t'dyke they shove
 To let a rich man pass;
 An' its hard to loise the lass you luv
 Becos yo'r short o' brass.

Jack Hardy wor a han'some lad,
 As e'er yo'd wish to see,
 Yo'd seldom see him lewkin sad,
 A cheerful chap wor he.
 He fell i' love wi' Polly Lee,
 A varry bonny lass,
 Bnd t'warst on't wor, poor Jack, yo see
 Wor rayther short o' brass.

When he declar'd his luv, an' axed
 If shoo wod be his wife,
 "What arta worth?" shoo said; poor Jack
 Ne'er star'd so in his life.

A pahnd ur two wor all he hed,
 An' that he tell'd to t'lass,
 "Be" off shoo said, "aw'll ne'er wed
 A chap at's short o' brass."
 Jack went; an' ivver thro' that day,
 He wor a careful chap,
 His bit o' brass he put away,
 He nivver spent a rap;
 He stuck to t'wark, wor well-behaved,
 An' so it com to pass
 That in the course of time, he sav'd
 A tidy bit o' brass.
 One day along the village street,
 Wi' leetsome heart went he,
 An' comin' on, who sud he meet
 Bud pretty Polly Lee;
 Shoo stopp'd, an' stood o' t'cansa thear,
 He'd hardly rahm ta pass,
 "Well John," shoo said, "awm fain to hear
 Tha's sav'd a bit o' brass.
 We'll hev a nice an' tidy home
 When we are man an' wife
 An' hope 'at want 'al nivver come
 To spoil wer wedded life."
 "Noan soa, Miss Lee, noan soa," said he,
 "Aw'll nivver marry t'lass
 'At thowt hersen too gooid for me
 When I wor short o' brass.
 So Johnny wed another lass
 'At he wor partial to,
 An' t'uncle leavin' them sum brass,
 They soon wor well to do.
 An' Polly, shoo gat married too,
Got married, bud, alas!
 As t'husband prov'd a *drunkard*,
 Shoo wer ollas *short o' brass*.

JOHN ILLINGWORTH.

Allerton, Feb., 1881.

 EPITAPH.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
 Physicians were in vain;
 Till God did please to give me ease,
 And free me from my pain.

(This is probably the most common epitaph of the county, and found in nearly every graveyard. I cannot even state at present, its earliest appearance and place. I have it noted from 1750 to 1850.)

JOHNNY BLAND, THE SETTLE BLACKSMITH.

A BLACKSMITH strang was Johnny Bland,
 He wrought within a smiddy;
 Wi' his girt hammer in his hand
 He used to bump the stiddy
 He was a chap of girt renown,
 A chap well knahn to ony;
 Naa other blacksmith i' the town
 Could shoe a horse like Johnny.

He was a chap of giant length,
 He stood up like a steeple;
 He was a chap of giant strength
 Compared wi' other people.
 He was a tar to rant an fight
 Naan liked wi' him to quarrel,
 An' yet wi' an his power and might,
 He bowed befoor a barrel.

When neet drew on her dusky veil,
 His hammer ceased to clatter;
 He'd gang an' can for pints of ale,
 Or else for gin and watter.
 An thaar wi' his grim sooty face,
 He'd sweear, an' drink an' riot,
 An' naa policeman i' the plaace
 Durst try to mak him quiet.

Or wi' a lot o' worthy mates,
 A wondrous taal relatin',
 They'd sagely wag their rusty pates,
 Some question fine debatin'.
 Oft Johnny to his feet wad start,
 An' brandishin a bottle,
 Cry, "Landlord, fill another quart!
 We'el nivver be teetotal."

Now Johnny Bland he hed a wife,
 Ye seldom see her marra;
 Yet she, poor woman, led a life
 Like a taad beneath a harra.
 She was baath thin an' poorly drest,
 Good claas she stood girt need on,
 An' warse be-far nur au the rest,
 She oft hed ile to feed on.

She was a clever thrifty wife,
 Hed he but reightly used her:
 But an through this their wedded life
 He saarly hed abused her.

He play'd sa weel a tyrant's part,
 A cruel, harden'd sinner!
 She pined away; her varra heart
 Was brokken down within her.

An' Johnny hed a lot o' barns,—
 He used to treeat 'em shoekin,
 They ran about an specks an' darns,
 Without a shoe or stockin.
 Asteead o' learnin what was reight,
 They war an awful sample,
 They learn'd to sweear an' brawl, an' feight,
 They followed his example.

There com' a chap yan efternoon,
 Inquirin efter Johnny;
 His claas were cloth, an' baath his shoon
 Were black'd an' shaan reight bonny.
 Thaar Johnny stood, an' his girt hand
 Again his ribs he p'anted,
 An' telled him he was Johnny Bland,
 An' ext him what he wanted.

The stranger spak him mild an' fair,
 "I am a temperance man;
 I come to bid ye all beware,
 And try another plan.
 Strong drink it is a deadly curse,
 A foe to joy and gladness;
 It ruins health, it robs the purse,
 And fills your home with sadness."

Then Johnny turned his heead away,
 An' said, "I tell ye plain,
 If that be au ye hev to say
 Ye'd best gang back again;
 I've heead sich stuff as that befoor,
 But hed maar sense than heed it,
 Saa now ye'd best walk off to t' door!"
 But still the stranger pleaded.

He telled him of his evil ways,
 Of wife an' barns neglected,
 An' how they mnd see happier days,
 An an become respected.
 The truth struck haam to Johnny now,
 His ee began to glisten;
 Wi' his rough hand he wiped his brow,
 An' stopt his wark to listen.

The stranger bade him snap the chain,
 Which in its links hed twined him,
 An' nivver touch or taast again,
 But cast the cup behind him.

Then Johnny said, "I hev been wrang,
 I frankly ahn my blunder;
 I've been a slave to drink ower lang,
 I'll brek my bonds asunder."

Now Johnny's ceased to be a fool,
 An' left off gin an' whisky;
 His barns like others gang to school,
 An' naan maar fair an' frisky.
 An' what a change is wi' his wife!
 But 'tis a change for t' better;
 I hardly think, upon my life,
 Ye'd ken her if ye met her.

Asteed o' gowns which looked as though
 They hed bin chewed by t' rattens,
 She can turn out wi' t' best an' show
 Her muslins an' her satins.
 Her haam is now a tidy plaace,
 An' kept i' ample order;
 She weears a happy, smilin faace,
 Beneeth a smart cap border.

Ye drinkers, come an' sign yer naam,
 Wi' full determination;
 An' pray for strength when ye git haam,
 To keep ye fra temptation.
 Mak up yer minds to cast away
 Baath pewter pint an' bottle;
 Ye'll find ye'll niver rue the day
 Ye com to sign teetotal.

Ye may-be say drink maks ye strang,
 Ye cannot work without it;
 I beg to say, I think ye're wrang;
 That's t' lang an' short about it.
 There's mony a yan who ne'er drank ale,
 Or rum, or gin an' watter,
 Can stoutly wield a spaad or flail,
 Or mak a stiddy clatter.

[Poems in the Craven Dialect, by Tom Twisleton; with Hy. Lea Twisleton's poems added. 4th edition, Settle, 1886; 142 pages. 1st edition, 1867.]

EPITAPH.

All you young people passing by,
 As you are now so once was I,
 As I am now so you must be,
 Prepare yourselves to follow me.

(This is so common that I need not give instances.)

SCARBOROUGH.

ABOUT a month ago or so from London I came down, sir,
 I took a dismal lodging in a little borough town, sir,
 Where people cleanse their skins by wading and by drink, sir,
 And so of all impurities this borough is the sink, sir.

Sea water may be very good, spa water may be better, sir,
 For curing of the scurvy, the ringworm, or the tetter, sir,
 But one disease they cannot cure, what long has plagued the town, sir,
 The *Poll-evil* I think 'tis called, an evil of the *crown*, sir.

The other day I went to church, a very pretty place, sir,
 And there came in a man, preceded by a mace, sir,
 They call him here a Bailiff, and it could not help but strike me, sir,
 Tho' he's not, indeed, a catchpole, tho' he looked exceeding like it, sir.

Within this little borough there are houses great and small, sir,
 And one much larger than the rest, they call it the town hall, sir,
 A dingy looking place it is, but in much estimation, sir,
 For there each seven years are made the pillars of the nation.

Besides it is the awful place where justice holds her court, sir,
 And underneath are cellars there for sherry and for port, sir,
 So Magistrates and bottles being thus together joined, sir,
 They seem to keep the proverb up that justice should be blind, sir.

But this and surely most profound, for no one here must mention, sir,
 Who wishes to preserve whole bones, the name of place or pension, sir,
 For here the very word *Reform* puts some men in a fright, sir,
 They run about half mad, and break folks windows in the night, sir.

So merry be the borough town, this little corporation, sir,
 And merry be the forty-four who here uphold the nation, sir,
 And ever may St. Jerome's day be carried with good wishes, sir,
 While Johnny Bull, that silly fool, provides the loaves and fishes, sir.

JOHNNY GILPIN No. 2, [1800.]

EPITAPHS.

Barwick-in-Elmet: William Waite, 1768, aged 31. Then follows some elegiac poetry, nearly obliterated, the first line of which runs thus—"Adieu, son of Divine Harmony."

Hessle: George Prissick, plumber.—

Adieu, my friend, my thread of life is spun,
 The diamond will not cut, the solder will not run;
 My body's turned to ashes, my grief and trouble's past,
 I've left no one to worldly care, and I shall rise at last.

NON ANGLI SED ANGELI.

Wordsworth's Sonnets, No. 13.

A BRIGHT haired company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal city laves;
Angli by name; and not an *angel* waves
 His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory,
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
 For them and for their land. The earnest sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;
De irians—he would save from God's *ire*;
 Subjects of Saxon *Ella*,* they shall sing
 Glad Hallelujahs to the eternal King.

*Ella, King of the Angles in Deira.

AN ACCOUNT
 OF
 JAMES HIRST, Esq.
 OF RAWCLIFFE,



YORKSHIRE;
 A MOST
 ECCENTRIC
 GENTLEMAN.

A COMICAL story I'll tell you, indeed of a comical man;
 His comical ways I will tell you, as pleasant and well as I can;
 Though I have been among the wild Russians, and all o'er the sea-
 bearing shore,
 Such a comical man in my life and travels I ne'er saw before.
 The first time I saw him by day light—my shipmate was close to my
 hand
 O dear! cried I, in a sad fright, O, look! what a comical man!
 Is he some comical genius? or is he some comical knight?
 O, he is some comical man, he puts me in a terrible fright.



He stooped through old age as he walked : he smiled as he passed me by,
With an old rusty spade in his hand, he appeared five feet ten inches
high ;

His breeches and stockings looked rusty ; his shoes were the worse for
the dirt ;

He also had got his shirt frilled : I can't give account of his shirt.

His jacket is comical also, his waistcoat an animal's skin ;

His whiskers are grey and are heavy, and reach to each side of his chin :

His hat is comical also, that on his head then he does wear ;

He likewise has got a new suit, to go to a race or a fair.

T'was made by a curious tailor, without any stay tape or twist ;

It's of most various colours, and made of the very best list ;

And as soon as the tailor produced them, the comical Gen'ns jump'd in :

And his hat is four feet round about, and covered well with a lamb's
skin.



When set in his comical carriage, he makes the nobility smile ;

And some clockwork he has at his feet, will tell when he goes a mile :

Indeed it's a comical carriage, make the best of it that you can ;

And was built by the Genius himself, with the help he got of his man.

At one time a journey to London he undertook going by day ;

With his clock-work well fixed at the wheel, in order to measure the
way.

And when he arrived in London, he made all the cockneys to smile,

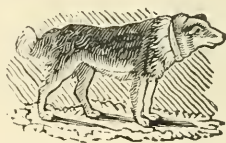
By saying, from Rawcliffe, in Yorkshire, I'll tell you the distance to a
mile.



When entering Doncaster race-ground, he rides about then so free ;

The people they all run in clusters, the comical sight for to see ;

Such pushing, and crowding, and driving, for to see him they will if
 they can,
 And some perhaps then lose their purses reviewing the comical man.
 For his two little mules and his carriage, of late I have heard people
 say,
 At one time they brought him to justice, that taxes for them he should
 pay ;
 No duty he'll pay for his carriage, and who can the Gen'us much blame
 Neither lord, nor duke, in the kingdom that could produce one like the
 same.



The nobles when they go a hunting, they choose on fine horses to stride;
 The Genus when he was a sportsman, upon a game bull he would ride.
 And when that he heard of good sporting, and of it he got any grounds,
 He soon on his bull he was mounted and then would be after the hounds.
 One day, as by chance he was hunting, the hounds they were out of his
 sight
 Full speed as he rode o'er the common, a poor man he happened to
 fright ;
 Who staring so quickly all round him, these words to himself he did say;
 "The Old one [devil] is close to my elbow I cannot get out of his way."



Oft times the game bull would be sent for to bait at a feast or a fair;
 But seldom that he would get pinned and many good dogs he'd kill
 there,
 The bull was so crafty and shifty that highly his keeper he'd please,
 For when he was near being taken, he'd crush the dog down with his
 knees.
 With a fine hare ty'd on his bull's horns, with a miller he'd a good
 rig ;
 And once with a litter of puppies, he brought up a very fine pig ;
 The pig and dogs were companions, and as good was in fields also :
 And when the Genus went hunting, the pig would soon after him go.
 At length it got big and past hunting, and gathered its flesh very well.
 And one time he'd a favourite bear, and the people they call'd it Nell :

And by the hold up of his finger the bear would soon after him come;
When he held his hand down unto it, it then began sucking his thumb.



The bear it grew old and mischievous, but still had a good share of health;
It then began squeezing his neighbours at last squeezed the Gen'ns himself;
Then the blacksmith was sent for one day, in order the bear for to ring;
But in place of compleating his business, he choked poor Nell in the string.

He sometimes would go with his gun, to shoot any birds within aim,
With a dog well saddled beside him, in order to carry his game:
While pointers so steady were standing, the safe guard stuck close to his side;
And whatever game fell to his hands, on the dog straight home it would ride.



Of all his droll comical mavings, his courage was ne'er known to fail;
He one time invented a carriage, upon the highroad for to sail;
With a handsome mule for to guide it, a man on it also to ride,
That when it was turning a corner, the sail to attend and to jive.

When it came to Pontefract market, in place of a waggon with wheat,
Some said that the town was a seaport, for by it their sailed the grand fleet;

And a grocer ran out in amaze, the comical sight for to see,
Crying, dear wife, theres an Indiaman, loaded with gunpowder tea.



Then some they were laughing and jeering, and heartily pleased with the fun :
 While others cried bring him to justice for all the ill deeds he has done.
 He's frightened old men and old women, he's frightened both horses
 and cows,
 It's frightened all things on the road, aye, even young pigs and old
 sows.

On the banks of the sweet river Air, where rapid streams run along
 side,
 He directed a vessel to go against both the wind and the tide ;
 And if for the good of the navy, the government took to this plan,
 They'd value none of the French gun boats, they'd thrash them all
 hand over hand.

I once went to visit his farm yard, the back way I tript over the stones:
 In the centre a comical cart, at the side a great heap of bones ;
 To a door that was standing open, I advanced there to look in
 Some poles I saw stuck through the roof, which he used to thrash corn
 by the wind.



When directed it was for to thrash, let the wind blow which way it will,
 The sails they were plac'd in such style, that three out of four would
 fill ;
 But with a stiff breeze from the westward, the sails went so merry about
 That a neighbour who lived close to him, for fear, he was forced to
 turn out.

Returning from thence to my lodgings, another droll thought came to
 me ;
 To make an excuse to buy apples, th' inside of his house for to see :

But when that I enter'd his dwelling, it fairly brought me to a stop ;
I found I had got in a strange place, it looked like an old iron shop.

The time he was fetching his apples I gratified my hearts desire,
A young woman was making a cake, and a man was set by the fire ;
There were traps of diff'rent descriptions, and old iron both great and
small,
There were likewise a few coblers ends, some old leather straps and an
awl.

When he returns home to his dwelling, should his servant be out of
doors gone,
So quickly to call them together, he lustily blows a beast's horn ;
And let them be singing and dancing, at a neighbour's house in the
town,
They are sure it is time to return, when the Genius's horn it does
sound.

He ne'er will discharge an old servant, for on them he sets a great
store ;
Many good deeds he has done to the town and charity shewn to the
poor.
By his neighbours he's well respected, for pride and ambition he's none ;
Success to the comical Genius, for all the grand deeds he has done.

[Jemmy Hirst, King of Rawcliffe, near Goole, died in 1829, and soon after this date Carral, of Walmgate, York, if not before Hirst's death, printed the above lines on commonest paper. The broadside was sold at 2d. at the tides, feasts and fairs by chap-book hawkers. It contains a rude wood engraving representing Jemmy taming Jupiter, the young bull ; hunting on the same ; coursing with a pig and a dog ; driving the wicker chariot with a pair of Andalusian Mules. My friend Henry Ecroyd Smith issued photographs of this broadside, of which I have a few copies. Johnson, of Leeds, printed a penny "Life of Hirst," and Hepworth, of Knottingley another account ; whilst the Rev. S. Baring Gould includes Jemmy as a "Yorkshire Oddity."]

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND

ACROSS the wave, along the wind,
Flutter and plough your way,
But where will you a Sceptre find
To match the English Sway ?
Its conscience holds the world in awe,
With blessing or with ban ;
Its Freedom guards the Reign of Law
And majesty of Man.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

BILL YORK'S RURAL REFLECTIONS ON THE "CONSCIENCE CLAUSE."

A CONSHUNS claws! a conshuns claws!
What dun yaw mean be that?
Is it a thing to serat me wi?
Or is it Oi'm to serat?

What! is it to defen 'messen'
'Gean onny chap at daärs
Lug me, agean me will,
To go an saä wi im me praärs?

Well, well it maught be enseful sum
When t' rattens bell t' aud cat,
Bud, bliss the soul and body lad
There's *two* con plaä at 'that.'

Wha weel thou naws, Oi no more durst
Troi that gam on our squoire
Than yar oud wuman daärs to put
Lile Dickey on to t' foire.

My Feyther, bless t' oud chap! he wor
A better mon nor me;
He liv'd a godly loife, an loike
A Curstian cam to dee.

Oi leärn'd to luv that Chappil weare
Boäth him an t' muther went,
Althow sum did miscaä us then,
An' smiggered at Dissent.

Bud naw Oi munna tak moi lads
Te onny plaäce bud t' Rekturs,
At Sunda sarvis, Sunda skoil,
An' warday praärs, an' lekturs.

Serat him wi't Conshuns claws,
Eh bud Oi'm scrattin hard te liv,
An can't affoärd to loise me chonce
Weir onnythings te giv.

Theer's maister's wage an' missus soop,
An' bits o' things beside—
Coils, blenkits, kest-off cloas, an sich
We gets at Curstmus toide.

An' Curat, Stewert, Church warners,
Hev ääl ther eyes abroäid,
A lukin aat te crush Dissent
As Oi maught squelch a toäid.

Ye see Oi cannat pleäs me sen;
Soa mak sum loikly laws,
'At winnat set us all agaät
Ta sraat wi' t Conshuns Claws.

THE YORKSHIRE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the "Common Pleas,"
 Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit,
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes,
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing, and maltreating
 Women or other timid folks;
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by fate
 For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down,
 Until our wag should draw the cork—
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.
 "Well, Farmer Numbskull, how go calves at
 York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do with you,
 But on *four* legs instead of *two*."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do pray keep silence down below there!
 Now look at me, clown, and attend:
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
 "Ye'es, very like, I often do go there."

"Our rustie waggish is, and quite laconic,"
 (The counsel cried with grin sardonic),
 "I wish I had known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.
 Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you,
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever
 In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no! we've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there."

ADESTE FIDELES.

(Sung everywhere in Catholic Times.)

A DESTE, fideles [Come, all ye faithful, &c.]
 Læti triumphantes;
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
 Natum videte
 Regem angelorum;
 Venite adoremus
 Venite adoremus Dominum.
 Deum de Deo
 Lumen de Lumine
 Gestant puellæ viscera:
 Deum verum,
 Genitum non factum:
 Venite adoremus, &c.
 Cantet nunc Io
 Chorus angelorum
 Cantet nunc aula cœlestium
 Gloria in excel-sis Deo
 Venite adoremus, &c.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
 Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
 Then smoothed her work, and folded it right;
 And said, 'Dear work! good-night! good-night!'
 Such a number of rooks came over her head,
 Crying 'Caw! caw!' on their way to bed;
 She said as she watched their curious flight,
 'Little black things! good-night! good-night!'
 The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
 The sheep's 'bleat! bleat!' came over the road;
 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
 'Good little girl! good-night! good-night!'
 She did not say to the sun 'Good-night!'
 Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
 For she knew he had God's time to keep
 All over the world, and never could sleep.
 The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
 The violets curtsied and went to bed;
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
 And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.
 And while on her pillow she softly lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it was day:
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,
 'Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun.'

LORD HOUGHTON.

COLD PUDDING: A YORKSHIRE STORY.

A FARMER yance as aave heeard say,
 Had sent his daytle man away,
 For what (to me it maks nea matter
 It'll neean mak my stoury onny better):
 Hoosumever Robin (that war his neeame)
 Is noo oot o' pleast and fose'd to stay at heeame.

But luck had neean left Robin quite,
 For neighbour Jouhn came in to sneak his pipe;
 Sea Robin mead a soury feace,
 An tell'd Jouhn he were oot o' pleast.

"Aye, aye," says Jouhn, "hoo's that my lad,
 What esta been deain, owt at's bad!"
 "Nay Marry" says Robin, "a've been deain na harm,
 Nobbut me, ant meeaster yah day gat ower warm;
 He began a flytin ma, seea aa did t'seame,
 And that was t'way aa gat sent heeame."

Says Jouhn, aas boon ta tak on a daytle man,
 Seea Robin, if thoo likes to come to me thoo can;
 Thar's yan thing aa mun kno—what can ta dea!
 "O Jouhn, onnything ye like ta set ma te.

Aa can shear an' maw, an' theak, an' brew,
 Nay, thaas nowt ye'll set ma but a'll dew;
 But afooar we saddle, yan thing a'll mention,
 Ta keep us beeath fro' all contention;
 Coad puddin measter, coad puddin I detest,
 But giemat yet, [hot], it's then aa like it best."

Jouhn soon fand oot that Robin's reet,
 For neea coad puddin was theer left at neet;
 Let puddin be for hauf a dozen meead,
 He'll eat all up—he'll let neean get coad.

[These lines were communicated to "The Mirror" (a well-known old periodical) by a Yorkshire correspondent, who stated in a note that they were well known in this county in the beginning of the present century. They are evidently in the genuine N. Yorkshire dialect, and are the versification of an anecdote very widely known.]

EPITAPH.

Whitby: A. H. Andrew, died 1853, aged 20.

All you who come my grave to see,
 I in my bloom am snatched away,
 Weep for yourselves and not for me;
 Repent, therefore, without delay.

THE FLAXEN-HEADED COW-BOY.

A FLAXEN-HEADED cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea :
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill ;
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myself ;
 Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose,
 When all my Ayes are sold off, why then, I'll sell my Noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches charm the ear,
 And when I'm tired on my legs, I'll then sit down a Peer ;
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

Broadside printed by Spencer, Broadstones, Bradford.

The reference to *worsted lace* in the third line may be a guide to the age of the song.

STRANGERS YET.

AFTER years of life together,
 After fair and stormy weather,
 After travel in far lands,
 After touch of wedded hands,—
 Why thus joined ? Why ever met,
 If they must be strangers yet ?

After childhood's winning ways,
 After care and blame and praise,
 Counsel asked and wisdom given,
 After mutual prayers to heaven,
 Child and parent scarce regret
 When they part—are strangers yet.

Oh ! the bitter thought to scan
 All the loneliness of man :—
 Nature by magnetic laws,
 Circle into circle draws,
 But they only touch when met,
 Never mingle—strangers yet.

Will it evermore be thus—
 Spirits still impervious?
 Shall we never fairly stand
 Soul to soul as hand to hand?
 Are the bounds eternal set
 To retain us—strangers yet?

Tell not love it must aspire
 Unto something other—higher;
 God himself were loved the best
 Were our sympathies at rest,
 Rest above the strain and fret
 Of the world of—strangers yet.

LORD HOUGHTON, *born at Ferribridge in 1809.*

NANNY BURTON,

Died 1873, Aged 87.

A FUNNY quaint woman was old Nanny Burton;
 She dwelt at wee Rudston, a town on the wolds;
 In a little stone eot, with a white window curtain;
 You could scarcely see in for the deep valance folds.

She'd gathered experience from life's busy clatter;
 False notions she censured with language uncouth;
 She spoke as she thought, vex or please in the matter,
 Declared 'twas no sin to abide by the truth.

She entertained strangers whom rich folk rejected;
 Poor pedlars benighted oft thither would roam;
 And if clean and courteous by her were respected;
 For Nanny reigned absolute queen of her home.

She seldom deserted her cosy thatched cottage;
 Though plagued with rheumatic she hadn't the gout;
 She kept home in trim, and was not in her dotage;
 At eighty years old she kept dusting about.

She'd always a soft seat prepared for the weary;
 A shrewd word in humour to share with the glad;
 A kind word consoling to comfort the dreary;
 And a word of reproof for the thoughtless and bad.

The old woman sleeps, all her tronbles are over;
 When needful the world shewed her scanty regard;
 Her bones are at rest, while the daisies and clover
 Bloom on her green bed in the village churchyard.

MATTHEW HARMAN.

[We might well take a dozen songs and ballads from Harman's two volumes.]

TEETOTALLER'S SONG.

A GLORIOUS light hath burst around us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 We cast away the chain that bound us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 No more the sparkling wine we crave,
 'Tis thus the ills of life we brave,
 We drink the fountain's crystal wave, joyful day ! joyful day !

Our children they rejoice before us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 We sing with woman smiling o'er us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 A firm and dauntless host we stand,
 Ye millions join our glorious band,
 And plenty then shall bless our land, joyful day ! joyful day !

The rich and poor come forth to hear us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 And isles across the ocean cheer us, joyful day ! joyful day !
 We'll spread the truth where man is found,
 Bear it to earth's remotest bound,
 Till every wind shall catch the sound, joyful day ! joyful day !

J. B. WALKER, *Leeds*, 1845.

 MEMORY OF THE PAST.

A GOLDEN thread that binds the heart,
 Joy that can yet a sting impart,
 Is the memory of the past.

A rose perfume, but the rose is gone,
 Darkness where once the sun has shene,
 Is the memory of the past.

A cool retreat, a solitude
 In the toil and trouble of life—how rude—
 Is the memory of the past.

Oh, how sweet in the mind's despair,
 When the breast is full of gnawing care,
 Is the memory of the past.

REGINALD W. CORLASS, *Hull*.

 EPITAPH.

St. Mary's, Beverley : Samuel Butler, actor, 1812.

A poor player that struts
 And frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more.

On his son's gravestone at Ardwick, Manchester, is a long epitaph,
 written by Charles Swain, on the greater tragedian.

BALLAD OF A BREWER.

A HANDSOME girl lived by the sea,
 That handsome girl a real lord's daughter;
 And a young brewer of low degree,
 There flourished on mild ales and porter.
 This brewer so bold with wistful view
 Regarded oft that rich lord's daughter;
 And she the wistful brewer long knew
 As one whose admiration sought her.
 The watchful brewer, at length in luck,
 Saw out alone come that lord's daughter,
 When led by Cupid or by Puck
 A proffered hand unspurned he brought her.
 The ice broke up by such good chance
 A secret friend had that lord's daughter,
 And a great hero of romance
 That brewer had grown, her fancy taught her.
 The wicked brewer full soon designed
 Away to run with the lord's daughter,
 And she, alas, had equal mind
 To seek a home beyond the water.
 But watchful eyes had marked the game
 Craftily played for that lord's daughter,
 And vengeful Fate decreed the same
 Unworthy of a moment's quarter.
 To their first starting point now traced,
 The brewer behold with my lord's daughter:
 Ah, cup and lip! no words they waste,
 And flurried guilt lacks a supporter.
 "O, none but him!" and "none but her!"
 Both cried, that brewer and that daughter;
 The maid was rescued, and the cur
 Fled,—at a stronger phrase, and shorter.
 Now, all ye men in humble life
 Who'd climb by stealing some lord's daughter:
 Consider her you'd make your wife,
 And stop, or honourably court her.
 That brewer aspiring would have led
 To misery long this rich lord's daughter!
 Rank, dowry, friends all forfeited,
 Had he, unfoiled in time, but caught her.
 And you remember this, ye girls
 With wealth and place like this lord's daughter,
 How ye're beset with eager churls
 For these,—not you,—their souls to barter.

All honour be to those sharp eyes
 That warn'd the fold of this lord's daughter,
 That a sly wolf in love's disguise
 The lamb was luring to the slaughter.

JOHN WATSON, M.D., nat. Doncaster.

SONNETS, &c.

By BARNABE BARNES, son of Bishop Barnes, of Durham, but born in Yorkshire about 1570. The sonnet must be compared with another poem in this volume on "Sweet Content." Also compare with Geo. Herbert's poem,—*"Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell, I humbly crave Let me once know."*

AH! sweet content, where is thy mylde abode?
 Is it with shepheards and light harted swaynes,
 Which sing upon the dounes, and pype abroade,
 Tending their flockes, and calleth unto playnes?
 Ah! sweet content, where dost thou safely rest?
 In heaven with angels, which the prayses sing
 Of him that made, and rules, at his behest,
 The minds and parts of every living thing?
 Ah! sweet content, where doth thine harbour hold?
 Is it in churches with religious men
 Which please the goddes with prayers manifold,
 And in their studies meditate it then?
 Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appeare,
 Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbour here.

EPITAPH.

Selby: Michael Marshal, D.D., died Jan. 1619-20.

A body lies interred under this stone,
 Whose pious soul we hope to Heaven is gone;
 An honest heart, a charitable mind,
 Which all admire and yet so few can find,
 In this good man did eminently shine,
 As does his soul in Heavenly rays divine.
 The poor proclaim his charity aloud;
 His will the numerous gifts which he bestowed.
 In fine, his love to all did then extend,
 Ready to help at need, and to befriend.
 Here let him rest in peace, and let us try
 To live like him, that we like him may die.
 Inclyta perpetuo durabit Tempore Virtus,
 Et floret fato non violandi truci.
 Virtue's rewards eternally will last,
 And splendid flourish when this world is past.

A YORKSHIRE FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
 And he had drank stoutly at supper;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 Some rogue, quoth the friar, quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engaged with the bottle.

Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of his steed pointed south on the vale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level,
 But when spur'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
 So he scamper'd due north like the devil.
 This new mode of docking, the fat friar said,
 I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
 And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
 While I am engaged with the bottle.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing;
 Quoth the friar, 'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
 But to drink with their tails is amazing.
 Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of the bottle;
 Quoth he 'The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
 I wish I was over the bottle.

PAGEANT PLAY

Acted at York before 1415.

From the original MS. at the Guildhall, York.
 Croft's "Excerpta Antiqua."

Part VI., acted by Scriveners, Minners, questers and dubbors.

PETRUS. A LAS the woo that we are wrought!
 Had never no men so mekyll thowght,
 Sens that oure Lord to deth was browght,
 With Jewys fell;
 Owt of this stee sens durst we nott,
 But heer a dwell.

JOHAN. Her hane we dwellyd with panys stronge,
 And with oure lrvs owe lath we lyff so longe,
 Sens that thes Jewys wrought this wrong,
 Our Lord is sloo
 Sens durst we never come thayme among,
 Ne hyne goo.

- JACOBZ.* Yes wekyt Jewys hath us full yll
And bytter panys thay putt us tyll,
Therfor I red we dwell styll:
Here that we leynd
Tyll that Cryst us some socor send.
- JESUS.* Pees and rest be unto yow.
- PETRUS.* A! breder dere, what may be trow,
What was the sight that we saw now
Shyning so bryght;
And thus it wanyshed, we wayt now how,
Owt off owr syght.
- JOHAN.* Owt of owr syght now ys it sowght,
Yt maks us mad the lyght that browght,
What yt may bey.
- JACOBZ.* Yt ys some vanytes in owr thowght,
Noght els trow I.
- JESUS.* Pes unto yow ever moor myght bee,
Dreed yo noght for I am hee.
- PETRUS.* On God's name benedicite,
What may this meyne?
- JACOBZ.* A sprett for soth so thynke me that doos us teyne.
- JOHAN.* A sprett yt is that trow I reght,
Yt thus apeyryd here to owr sygth,
Yt makes up mad of mayne and myght,
So yt us frayd;
Yt is the same that brought the lyght,
That us affrayd.
- JESUS.* What thynke ye made mey in yowr thocht,
What mornyng in yowr harth ys wroght,
For I ame Cryst ne dred yow noght;
Here may yow see
The same body that hays yow bowght
Upon a tree.
That I ame come yow here to meytt,
Behold and se my hands my feett,
And grathly grapis my wonds weytt.
All that here ys,
Thus was I dyght, your balis to beyt and bryn to bliss;
For yow her gatts thus have I goon,
Felys me grathly every ylke one,
And se that I have fleche and bone:
Grapis me now,
For so ne hays spretts none that shall ye trow;
To gayr yow kene and knaw me clere,
I shall yow schew insampylles sere,
Bryng now forth unto me here some of your meytt,
Yf yow amongs yow all in fere
Have owght to eytt.

- JACOBZ.* Then honord Lord that last shall aye,
 Loo here is myt, if thou eytt may,
 A hony come ye,
 To eyt thereof we wold the pray
 Wyth full good will.
- JESUS.* Now sens ye have brought me this meyt,
 To make your trowght stedfast and greet;
 Therefor ye shall whan hope forgett and trow in mee,
 With you now here then will I eat that ye shall see.
 Now have I doon ye have seen how,
 Bodey aire etyn with yow;
 Now stedfastly luke that ye trow yett in my eft,
 And take the remland unto you that here is lefte;
 For you thus was I rent and rayst,
 Therefor some of my panys ye tayst,
 And spoke now whar your words I waste:
 Here that ye lere
 Pees unto you the Holy Goost resave you here;
 Bes now trow and trowys in me,
 And here I grant in your postey,
 Whom that ye bound, bondan shall be,
 Ryght at your steyne;
 And whom that ye lowys, lowsyd shall be,
 Ever moor in Hevyn.
- THOMAS.* Alas! for syth and sorow sad,
 Mornyng makes me masye and mad;
 On grownd now may I goo unglad,
 Both eyn and morne,
 That hynd that I my helpe of had,
 His lyff hays lorne
 Lorne I have that luffly lyght,
 That was my Master most of myght,
 So dulfly as he was dyght;
 Was never no man,
 Such wo was wroght of that worthy wyght,
 With woundis wan:
 Wan was his woundis and wonderous meytt,
 With swapis sore was he swong that swett,
 All nakytt nalyd throwgh hands and feytt;
 Alas! for pyne, [tyne,
 That blyst that best my balls myght beyt his lyf shud
 Alas! for sorow myselve I schen'd,
 When I thynke hertily of that hend,
 I fand hym ay a faythfull frend.
 Trewly to tell
 Unto my bredre now I wynd where some that dwell;
 So wofull wyghtis was never none,
 Owr joy, owr comforts, is all goon;
 Of mornyng may we make our mone in ilk a land,
 God blisse you bredre blod and bone,
 Same there ye stand.

- PETRUS.* Welcoom Thomas wher haïs thou bene,
For wyt thou well with owtlyn wene
Jesus our Lord, yen haue wee seen,
One grownd here gane.
- THOMAS.* What say ye man? Alas for teyn
I trow ye mang.
- JOHAN.* Thomas trewly yt ys not to layne
Jesus our Lord is resyng agane.
- THOMAS.* Do way yer talis is but a trayne,
Of fullis unwyse;
For he that was so fully slayne,
How suld he ryse.
- JACOBZ.* Thomas lely is our lyff
That tholyd that Jewys his fleche to ryse,
He let us feyll his wounds fyve that Lord veray.
- THOMAS.* That throw I nott so moth I thrye,
Why sa ye say?
- PETRUS.* Thomas, we saw his woundis weytt,
How he was nalyd throwght hands and feyt,
Hony and fyche with us he eytt that body fre.
- THOMAS.* I lay my lyf it was some spret ye were wene was he.
- JOHAN.* Nay Thomas, then he is mys goon,
For why he bad us evrylkon,
To grape him gratbly blod and boon,
And flesch to feell;
Such thyngs, Thomas, has sprets no one,
That wytt thou weell.
- THOMAS.* Now felos lett be your fare,
Tyll that I see that body bare,
And syne my fyngers put in ther,
Within his hyd;
And feell the wond this sper shere
Ryght in his syd,
Are shall I throw no talis betwene
- JACOBZ.* Thomas, that wond yen have ye seen.
- THOMAS.* Yay ye nett never whatt ye meyne,
Your wyttis ye want,
Thynke no syne thus me to teyn,
And fyll with trants.
- JESUS.* Peys and rest be unto you,
And Thomas tente to me take you,
Put forth thy fyngers to me now,
My handis you see,
How I was nalyd for man's prow
Apone a tree.
Behold my wondis are all bledsand,
Here in my syd put in thy hand,

And feell this wond, and understand
That yt is I;
And be no morre so mystroward,
But trow trewly.

THOMAS. My Lord, my God, full well is me,
A blod of pryse blyst might thou be,
Mankind in earth behold and see
This blissed blod;
Marey, Lord! now haske I thee,
With mane and mood. [might and main].

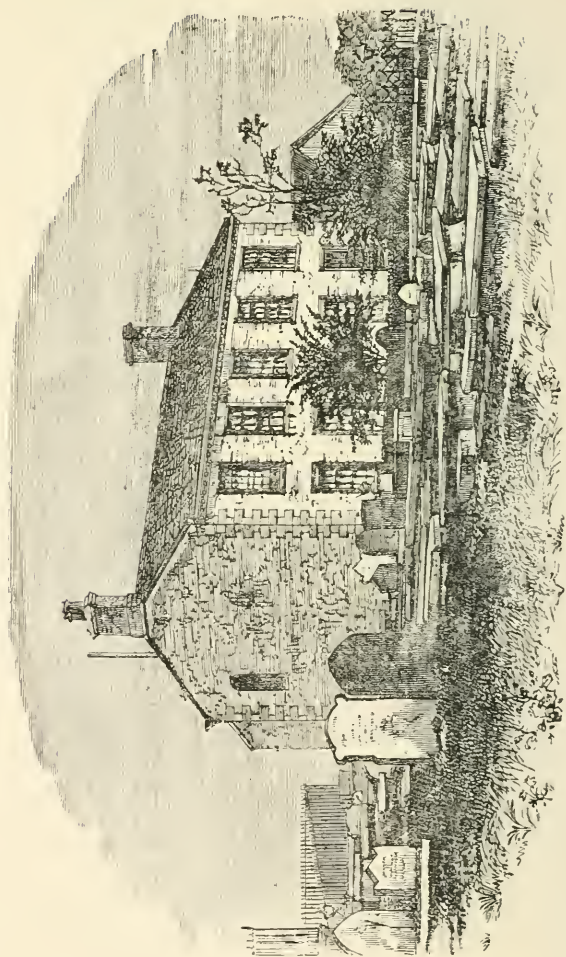
JESUS. Thomas, for thou hais seyn this syght,
That I am resyng as I the hyght,
Therefor trowys yt everylke wyght;
Blest be they ever,
That trowys holy in my resyng ryght
And saw yt never.
My bredern frind, now forth in fere,
Ouer all in ilk a countrie sere,
My rysyng both fare and nere,
Prech'd shall be;
And my blissyng I gyve you her,
And this menyne.

REMEMBRANCE OF HAWORTH PARSONAGE:

Written at School by Emily Jane Brontë in her sixteenth year,
the most charming homesick monody ever penned.

A LITTLE while, a little while,
The weary task is put away,
And I can sing and I can smile,
Alike, while I have holiday.
Where wilt thou go, my harassed heart—
What thought, what scene invites thee now?
What spot, or near or far apart,
Has rest for thee my weary brow?
There is a spot, mid barren hills,
Where winter howls, and driving rain;
But, if the dreary tempest chills,
There is a light that warms again.
The house is old, the trees are bare,
Moonless above bends twilight's dome,
But what on earth is half so dear—
So longed for—as the hearth of home.
The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,*
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'ergrown,
I love them—how I love them all!

* Knowing Haworth in winter and summer, these forty years back, I
can vouch for the true pictures of these marvellous lines.



Haworth Parsonage.

Still, as I mused, the naked room,
 The alien firelight died away ;
 And from the midst of cheerless gloom,
 I passed to bright, unclouded day.
 A little and a lone green lane,
 That opened on a common wide ;
 A distant, dreamy, dim blue chain
 Of mountains circling every side :
 A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
 So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air ;
 And, deepening still the dream-like charm,
 Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere.
 That was the scene, I knew it well ;
 I knew the turfy pathway's sweep,
 That, winding o'er each billowy swell,
 Marked out the tracks of wandering sheep.
 Could I have lingered but an hour,
 It well had paid a week of toil ;
 But Truth has banished Fancy's power ;
 Restraint and heavy task recoil.
 Even as I stood with raptured eye,
 Absorbed in bliss so deep and dear ;
 My hour of rest had fled by,
 And back came labour, bondage, care.

THE BATTLE OF BOROUGHBIDGE, 1322.

The legend, or story, has been admirably told in verse by
 MRS. SUSAN K. PHILLIPS, as follows :—

ALL day long at Boro'bridge the battle swayed and roared,
 Where Lancaster and Hereford unsheathed the rebel sword.
 The Ure came glittering plainward all bright with moorland dews,
 But she ran red with gallant blood ere she met the Ouse.
 For on the grey bridge arches, and by the willowed banks,
 Was Hereford's last desperate stand against the royal ranks.
 And when upon the Welshman's spear poured the life blood of DeBohun
 His followers melted from the fray as the tides beneath the moon.
 From violated sanctuary Earl Lancaster they tore,
 The best and bravest of the North to prison doom they bore.
 Fast galloped John de Mowbray from the field of Boro'bridge,
 Fast to where Upsall's massive walls nestle by Bolthby ridge.
 There staunch hearts to the Mowbray would render homage due,
 There brave hearts to the Mowbray give refuge close and true.
 But close upon his traces stern Harela's riders came,
 Eager for traitor Mowbray's head, Despencer's gold to claim.

All in the darkening gloaming was the brief unequal fight,
And helpless in fierce foeman's hands stood Mowbray's noble knight.

The jury of the battle day, all form as mercy lacks,
A fallen ash tree bole the block, a soldier's sword the axe.

Among the ferns the headless trunk in rough dishonour flung,
The gilded armour on an oak, in mockery they hung.



To rust in summer showers, in winter storms to sway;
No more to flash the tourney's star, to lead the tossing fray.

It was five hundred years ago; calm flows the bright brown Ure,
Upon her banks the little town stands quiet and secure.

Who on the bridge at Boro'bridge thinks of that day in March,
When the brave blood of Hereford stained all the dark gray arch?

The ancient church where Lancaster fled in his last despair,
 How few they be who yet can point, and say "it once was there!"
 Gone shrine, and oak, and Milan mail; de Mowbray's haughty race
 Have vanished from the land where yet their name marks Vale and
 chase.

Yet still tradition treasures up the tales of long ago;
 And still when from Black Hambleton the fierce north-easters blow.
 The fearful peasant passing by "Chop Head Loaning," hears
 The sough of boughs, and clash of steel, fall on his shrinking ears,
 As on the unseen branches the knightly harness rings
 Defiance to the veil that time o'er name and glory flings.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

This charming song, by Sir Walter Scott, may be found in his "Rokeby,"
 the scene of which is laid in Swaledale and Teesdale, Yorkshire.

A LLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
 Who at Rere Cross, on Stanmore, meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home;
 "Though the Castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 With all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
 But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
 He had laughed on the lass with the bonny black eye,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

THE DALLOWGILL HUNT:

From a Pateley Bridge pamphlet.

(Written before 1781, in which year the lord of the manor of Kirkby Malzeard, including Dallowgill, the Right Hon. Mr. Aislabie, died.)

ALL who delight to see and hear
The fox and hounds in full career,
Attention give unto my song
Of what was done, 't wont keep you long—
By men and hounds in Dallowgill,
Which Yorkshire scarce can parallel.



A few true lovers of the sport
Early one morning did resort,
Before bright Phœbus did appear,
Unto a place still call'd Ray Car,
Where from a pile of lofty rocks
They soon unearthed a noble fox.

Away across the vale he went
The dogs they followed him by scent;
And now to you I will expound
The name of every gallant hound
Which ran this long and tedious chase,
The like in Yorkshire never was.

Wonder and Plato the first I shall name,
 Ringwood and Chaser—both true game,
 Music and Comely, and Kilbuck also,
 Famous and Younker—each swift as a doe,
 The last is old Trudger, who drives up the rear,
 And who makes up the number just half-a-score.

Away went the fox to Wanley Gill,
 The hounds they followed with free good will,
 Then over the hills as fierce as fire,
 To Arnagill in Mashamshire;
 But Reynard could not there abide,
 So crossed Coombe Fell by Benjy Guide.

Right into Backstone Gill he goes,
 Thinking himself free from his foes,
 But they were all so near his scout
 He was quickly forced to get out,
 And leave his ancient castle there,
 Which he'd frequented many a year.

The dogs laid such strong siege to him,
 That river Nidd he was forced to swim;
 From river Nidd to Blayshaw Scroggs,
 Where Harrison saw both fox and dogs,
 And he on horseback followed them,
 But they were far too swift for him.

Tantivy still—away they went
 Both tooth and nail o'er Ramsgill Bent,
 From Ramsgill Bent to Raygill House,
 With such a vengeance and carouse,
 From Raygill House unto Bongill
 But there was no continuance still.

Right over Heathfield Bents he goes,
 Those dogs they gave him such a close,
 They viewed him over Greenhow Hill,
 Where people ran admiring still,
 To see those dogs in such a chase,—
 The like in Yorkshire never was.

A snuter's wife thought him a hare,
 Cried to her husband—"Run! I swear,
 For they will kill her out of hand,
 She is not able long to stand."
 Next Reynard crossed the Craven bounds,
 Hard chased by those gallant hounds.

From Nursa House to Burnsall Bridge,
 As fast as ever he could tridge,
 And Lupton followed for to see
 What the event of it could be,
 Expecting that he could not 'scape
 Those hounds—they kept so near his back.

Right into Hebden he did fly,
 And earthed there immediately,
 Where in strong castle of wide bounds,
 He safely did defy the hounds;
 And after all the toils they'd passed,
 They were forced to leave him there at last.



O'er hills and dales, mountains and rocks,
 These noble hounds and gallant fox,
 Without a pause, without a stay,
 Ran more than fifty miles that day;
 Though they had their labour for their pain,
 They only wish he would come again.

Here's a health to the lord of this manor free,
 The noble and honourable Aislalie;
 We know he will be glad to see
 The hounds that ran so gallantly.
 And they will be kept at Dallowgill,
 To be a plague to foxes still.

EPITAPHS.

Masham: A Matron: see "Confined as in a bed of dust."

Rothwell: John Westerman, 1774.

An inoffensive man is gone,
 Who gained the love of every one.
 A husband kind and father dear,
 A servant true, a friend sincere.
 In all his dealings steady, just,
 Returns unto his native dust.
 Impartial death will no more spare,
 Therefore to follow him prepare.

OLD THREE LAPS,

Or, William Sharp, of Keighley, died 1856.

ALL ye who read this story strange,
 Know that it is all true;
 That he of whom it speaks about
 Lived not so long ago.

Upon the moors of Keighley town,
 Not far from drear Black Hill,
 He spent his days in sadness, where
 His memory liveth still.

His father was a farmer who
 A fortune fair had made,
 By making figured worsted goods
 For the West Riding trade.

For careful habits he was known,
 And money slowly spent,
 That which by labour hard he'd earned,
 On keeping he was bent.

Once to his tailor he did go,
 And with him cloth did take;
 From which the prick-a-lop was told
 A suit complete to make.

The tailor found the cloth was short,
 Which made the old man say,
 With stammering tongue—"Then give the coat
 Three laps; or any way."



And from that day old Sharp was called
"Old Three Laps," for the fun ;
And when he died the name was left
Unto his luckless son.

Young William was a country lad,
And fond of rustic sport,
And to the tarn to shoot wild birds
He often would resort.

Love acts upon one like a charm
Not to be trifled with,
And William soon did find this out
Regarding Mary Smith.

And she was just as fond of him
As he was fond of her,
And to the courtship there was none
To question or demur.

In time a son was to them born,
Which to a climax led,
And caused each shortly to agree
'Twas high time they were wed.

But fate decreed it otherwise,
Their parents stood between ;
For gold, the lord of many minds,
They bargained long and keen.

Though both were dearly fond of wealth,
"Old Three Laps" bore the palm !
The thought of parting with his cash
Gave him a fearful qualm.

So Mary's father did declare
That she should never be
The wife of one whose parents had
Behaved so shabbily.

Of this poor William did not know,
Or if so did not care ;
So to be married at the church
One day he did repair.

He waited patiently and long,
The bride did not appear :
So to his home he then returned,
And from that time went queer.

There in a room of nine feet square
He passed each weary day ;
With but one window, very small,
To shed a shining ray.

As months and years they passed along
This victim of fond love
Became so fixed unto his bed,
That nothing could remove.

To no one did he ever speak,
But senseless seemed to lay,
Except when people came to look,
Then hid his face away.

His appetite was very good,
And "Three Laps" got quite stout,
But never seemed to trouble how
He best might get about.

One day, 'tis said, the harvest men
Tried each a novel trick,
By seeing who could put his foot
Behind his stubborn neck.

But none this clever feat could do,
So when they went away,
The servant girl thought that she might
Do better far than they.

Her foot behind her neck she soon
Fixed well and so secure,
That when she to remove it tried,
Found 'twas beyond her power.

She called on "Three Laps" to release,
But grumbling he replied,
That she might do it for herself,
If patiently she tried.



Her master chanced to see her thus,
 And helped her from the fix ;
 And then she vowed no more to try
 Such queer gymnastic tricks.

All round about the country wide
 The fame of " Three Laps " spread,
 And many came to see him lay
 Upon his prison bed.

And often through the window they
 Might see him take his aim,
 With out-stretched hand, as if he had
 Some tewits for his game.

For fifty years he thus did live
 And all his friends surprise ;
 From off his bed for all that time
 He never did arise.

Age grew upon him till his hair
 Became as white as snow ;
 And when he'd reached his eightieth year
 Death came and laid him low.

Before he died he found his tongue,
 But little could he say,
 No more than " Poor Bill, poor Bill Sharp,"
 And then he passed away.

Great crowds of people saw him laid
 In his last resting place ;
 For never could they hope to see
 Another such a case.

His coffin looked a great oak chest,
 Which took eight men to lower ;
 A curious funeral like to this
 Was never known before.

'Tis hoped he is the last of those
 Who, loving, cannot wed,
 Feel it so much that they must needs
 Go fifty years to bed.

C. W. CRAVEN.

EPITAPH.

Sawley, near Ripon : William Ibbitson, died 1829,
 aged 11 years.

As blithe as the lark I rose
 And hailed the rising sun ;
 But before my daily course was closed,
 My precious life was gone.

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY SONGS.

There are three or four copies in existence of this very elastic ditty. The earliest known copy has been traced to before 1642, and begins thus:

"All you that desire to merry be,
Come listen unto me,"

and may be found in "Merry Drollery," compleat, pages 312-395; and in an "Antidote Against Melancholy, 1661—Pills to Purge Melancholy," p. 16. The second, entitled "Arthur O'Bradley's Wedding," is inserted in the late J. H. Dixon's "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," p. 138-143, and begins thus:—

"Come neighbours and listen awhile,
If ever you wished to smile." (*See postea.*)

The third version is given by Ritson, at the end of the Robin Hood Ballads and Songs, and begins:—

"Saw ye not Pierce the piper,
His cheek's as big as a miter."

And Ritson says he has seen a version which commences with, "All in the merry month of May." In the old ballad, "Robin Hood—Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage, the song is referred to.

"Before we come in we heard a great shouting,
And all that were in it looked madly;
For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing Arthur-a-Bradley!"

In a 16th century interlude, "The Contract of Marriage between Wit and Wisdom," occurs:—

"For the honour of Atr-bradley,
This age would make me swear madly."

And Thomas Dekker, near the end of the first part of his play, "Honest Whore," 1604, when Bellafront hear that Mattheo is to marry her, exclaims—"Shall he? O! brave Arthur of Bradley, then?" And rare Ben Johnson, in his "Bartholomew Fair," 1614, makes Mooncalf say—"O! Lord; do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations.—Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you do? welcome to the fair! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha?" Dick Braithwaite, in his "Strappado for the Dieull," 1615, a long poem, where he mentions being at Bradford, Wakefield, and Kendall, has—

So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with pleasure
Shall isiffully begin to dance his measure.
One footing actively Wilson's Delight,
The fourth is chanting of his notes so geadly,
Keeping the tune for th' honour of Arthura Bradly;
The fifth so franks he scarce can stand on ground,
Asking who'll sing with him "Mal Disc on's ground."

The same author in his amusing "Shepherd's tales," (1621), mentions some other dance tunes of the olden time—as roundelayes, Irish nayes, logs and rongs, and Peggie Ramsie, Spaniletto, The bonetto, John come kiss me, and Wilson's fancie. In 1654, Thomas Gayton, in "Festivous Notes" on Don Quixote, page 141, has

"Heigh, brave Arthur o' Bradley,
A beard without hair looks madly."

In the "Popular music of the olden time," William Chappell quotes from William Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing Master," 1673, act 1, sec. 2. "Sing him 'Arthur of Bradley,' or 'I am the Duke of Norfolk'." Chappell has also given two tunes to this song, one for the Antidote version, and one for the modern, as sung by Taylor, the comic actor, about the beginning of this century. Much more might be written, but I have said enough to prove that the melody and words of "Arthur O' Bradley" must have been the delight of the peasantry of England, if not also of the gentry, for several centuries. And though in the song the manners of our ancestors may appear a little rough, but let us not say with Goldsmith, "My bear dances to none but the merry genteelst of tunes."

ARTHUR O'BRADLEY: SONG.

ALL you that desire to merry be,
Come listen unto me,
And a story I shall tell,
Which of a wedding befell
Between Arthur of Bradley
And Winifred of Madley.
As Arthur upon a day
Met Winifred on the way,
He took her by the hand,
Desiring her to stand,
Saying: I must to you recite
A matter of great weight;
Of love, that conquers kings,
In grieved hearts so rings,
And, if thou dost love thy mother,
Love him that can love no other,
Which is, oh! brave Arthur, etc.

For in the month of May,
Maidens they will say,
A Maypo'e we must have.
Your helping hand we crave.
And when it is set in the earth,
The maids bring syllabubs forth;
Not one will touch a sup,
Till I begin a cup.
For I am the end of all
Of them, both great and small.
Then tell me yea, or nay,
For I can no longer stay.
With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

Why truly Arthur, quoth she,
 If you so minded be,
 My good will I grant to you,
 Or anything I can do.
 One thing I will compell,
 To ask my mother's good will,
 Then from thee I never will fly,
 Unto the day I do dye.
 Then homeward they went with speed,
 Where the mother they met indeed.
 Well met, fair dame, quoth Arthur,
 To move you I am come hither,
 For I am come to crave,
 Your daughter for to have,
 For I mean to make her my wife,
 And to live with her all my life.
 With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

The old woman shrieked and cry'd,
 And took her daughter aside,
 How now daughter, quoth she,
 Are you so forward indeed,
 As for to marry he.
 Without consent of me!
 Thou never sawest thirteen year,
 Nor out not able I fear,
 To take any oversight,
 To rule a man's house aright;
 Why truly mother, quoth she,
 You are mistaken in me;
 If time do not decrease,
 I am fifteen years at least.
 With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

Then Arthur to them did walk,
 And broke them off their talk,
 I tell you dame, quoth he,
 I can have as good as thee;
 For when death my father did call,
 He then did leave me all
 His barrels and his brooms,
 And a dozen of wooden spoones,
 Dishes, six or seven,
 Besides an old spade, even
 A brassepot and whimble,
 A pack needle and thimble,
 A pudding prick and reele,
 And my mother's own spinning wheele;
 And also there fell to my lot
 A goodly mustard pot.
 With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

The old woman made a reply,
 With courteous modesty,
 If needs must so be,
 To the match I will agree,
 For when death doth me call,
 I then will leave her all;
 For I have an earthen flaggon,
 Besides a three-quart noggin,
 With spickets and gossets five,
 Besides an old beehive;
 A wooden ladle and maile,
 And a goodly old cloating paile;
 Of a chaff-bed I am well sped,
 And there the bride shall be wed,
 And every night shall wear
 A bolster stuf'd with haire,
 A blanket for the bride,
 And a winding sheet beside,
 And hemp, if he will it break,
 New curtains for to make,
 To make all too, I have
 Stories gay and brave,
 Of all the world so fine,
 With oh! brave heart of mine.

With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

When Arthur his wench obtained,
 And all his suits had gained,
 A joyful man was he,
 As any that you could see.
 Then homeward he went with speed,
 Till he met with her indeed.
 Two neighbours then did take
 To bid guests for his sake;
 For dishes and all such ware,
 You need not take any care.

With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

To the Church they went apace,
 And wish'd they might have grace,
 After the parson to say,
 And not stumble by the way;
 For that was all their doubt,
 That either of them should be out.
 And when that they were wed,
 And each of them well sped,
 The bridegroom home he ran,
 And after him his man,
 And after him the bride,
 Full joyfull at the tyde,
 As she was placed betwixt
 Two yeomen of the guests,

And he was neat and fine,
 For he thought him at that time
 Sufficient in every thing,
 To wait upon a king.
 But at thee door he did not miss
 To give her a smacking kiss.
 With oh! brave Arthur, etc.

To dinner they quickly gat,
 The bride betwixt them sat,
 The cook to the dresser did call,
 The young men then run all,
 And thought great dignity
 To carry up furmeevy.
 Then came leaping Lewis,
 And he called hard for Brewis;
 Stay, quoth Davy Rudding,
 Thou goest too fast with th' pudding;
 Then came Sampson Seal,
 And he carryed mutton and veal;
 The old woman scolds full fast,
 To the cook she makes great hast,
 And him she did (scold),
 And swore that the porridge was cold.
 With, oh! brave, etc.

My master a while be brief,
 Who taketh up the beef?
 Then came William Dickens,
 And carries the snipes and chickens,
 Bartholemew brought up the mustard,
 Caster, he carried the hustard.
 In comes Roger Boore,
 He carryed up rabbits before;
 Quoth Roger, I'll give thee a cake
 If thou wilt carry the drake.
 Speak not more nor less,
 Nor of the greatest mess,
 Nor how the bride did carve,
 Nor how the groom did serve.
 With, oh! brave Arthur, etc.

But when that they had dined,
 Then every man had wine;
 The maids they stood aloof
 While the young men made a proof,
 Who had the nimblest heele,
 Or who could dance so well,
 Till Hob of the Hill fell ower,
 And over him three and four.
 Up he got at last,
 And forward about he past;

At Rowland he kicks and grins,
 And he hit William o'er the shins;
 He takes not any offence,
 But gleeres upon his wench.
 The piper played a fadding,
 And they ran all a gadding.
 With, oh! brave Arthur o' Bradley.

THE WANDERER'S REQUIEM,

Feb. 4, 1831; Black Nab, Haworth.

ALONE on the top of yon dark frowning mountain,
 The Oxen Nab, seen in its wildness arrayed;
 Aloof from all vestige of verdure or fountain,
 That cairn marks the spot where the wanderer laid:—
 Benighted and lost, the chill wintry-winds scowling,
 Now shrill, and now hollow, his death-note was howling;
 The snow thickly drifting, his white shroud unrolling,
 For ere he expired, his chill winding-sheet spread.

Not wilder, stern Heckla when frozen and fry,
 Nor where that fair youth laid, a death-smitten lamb,
 Where the wolf had her lair, and the eagle her eyrie,
 The cloud-capt Helvellyn, and Catchedicam;
 Than was the Black Nab, where the wild winds were lashing,
 And born on its red-wing, the red lightning flashing;
 As struggled, bewildered, thro' icy pits crashing,
 The fair child of nature—the cold earth his dam.

Beneath the deep drift as his steed lay extended,
 With none but himself and his dog trembling by;
 As o'er him in sadness and sorrow he bended,
 How sad must his heart have been—heavy his sigh;
 But oh! how despairing, when all efforts thwarted,
 The last lingering hope of recovery departed;—
 As stretched on the chill bosom'd snow, broken-hearted,
 He laid himself down in its cold arms to die.

So dear to his bosom his home was it never,
 That beamed with the last ray of hope on his mind;
 How poignant his anguish, when parted for ever
 From all whom he loved as endearing and kind;
 Yet one better blessing might cheer the expiring,
 That boon that is granted by earnest requiring,
 When all of this earth is seen dimly retiring,
 That boon might the sadly-lorn wanderer find.

How dismal that scene! neither homestead nor haven,
 Wherein the poor wanderer might peaceably die;
 Too wild to be heard the sad shriek of the raven,
 Save one faithful friend, his poor dog, nothing nigh;

How bootless the wish of his friends then expressing,
 How keen must his anguish have been, and distressing,
 The icy cold finger of death on him pressing,
 As burst from his sadly swol'n heart the last sigh.

Upon the cold sheet of the mountain snow lying,
 The child of misfortune looked lovely in death ;
 While round him the vultures were screaming and flying,
 His dog hovered o'er him devoting his breath ;
 His dirge was the howl of that one faithful lover ;
 His requiem, the scream of the grey-winged plover ;
 The wild rites of nature, these obsequies over,
 In peace rest the shade of that victim of seath.

That rudely-piled cairn o'er the mountain-crest nodding,
 As sacred memorial, may silently tell
 The way-wearied hunter, the traveller plodding,
 That rest at its foot, how the wanderer fell ;
 The wild winds shall sigh there till nature dissemble,
 The green rushes quiver, the heather bells tremble ;
 And gray mists shall hover, and dark clouds assemble,
 Like mutes at the dirge, and like dole at the knoll.

JOSEPH HARDAKER.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

A LONG the sands of Heysham, as I took a morning stroll,
 To breathe the fresh health-giving breeze, and see the waters roll,
 I passed two little children, who seemingly had been
 Among the fields which decked the coast with clothes of living green.

Their hands were full of flowers, that made a sweet bouquet
 Of buttercups and daisies, and the pinks so bright and gay,
 With the cattle's honeyed favourite, the clover red and white ;
 These, with the children's happy smiles, made up a pretty sight.

I asked myself why little ones should be so fond of flowers,
 That in the gathering of them they should spend so many happy hours ;
 'Tis a fondness springs from nature, 'twas all that I could say,
 For each are pure and innocent, and give a welcome ray.

When many years have passed away, and these little ones grown up,
 And tasted of the evils that are in life's bitter cup,
 They'll often sweetly think of their childhood's happy hours,
 While their own children in their turn are plucking all the flowers.

CAREY W. CRAVEN, Keighley.

EPITAPH.

Sinnington.

All you that come my grave to see,
 Prepare yourself to follow me ;
 Make sure of Christ while in your power,
 For no one knows his dying hour.

THE WEDDING O' TRUST.

A MAN and maid last month, 'tis said,
At Leeds Old Parish Church were wed.
The ceremony both did say,
Then to the vestry went straightway,
To get it there registered down,
That afterwards it might be shown
If any, in their course of life,
Should say they were not man and wife.
He wrote his name just in one line,
And in the next she her's did sign.
When done, the priest to them did say,
"Now four-and-sixpence you must pay.
The man replied, "Hard is my lot;
I'm sure no money, sir, I've got:
But if you'll grant a little trust,
I'll pay you what is right and just."
"We have no trust, I say, you clown;
So, come, and pay your money down."
His colour rose; his words came quicker;
When, luckily, in came the Vicar,
Who asked whate'er could be the matter,
That made the curate thus to chatter.
"The matter? Why, enough," said he?
"This married man won't pay the fee."
The Vicar, turning to the man,
Said, "Friend, come, pay us if you can;
You know the money must be paid,
We have no credit in our trade."
The man, in answer, said, "You must
To me, sir, grant a little trust,
For I no money have, indeed,
Or from your debt I'd soon be freed."
"Next Saturday at night I'll come,
"And pay you when you are at home.
The Vicar, looking very sad,
Said, "Where nought is, nought can be had.
"However," said he, "Now don't forget
"To come and pay your honest debt."
The man declared upon his oath
He'd not forget. They parted both.
The married man then homeward hied,
His loving partner by his side.
In mirth and glee the day was spent,
When night approached to rest they went,
And pleasure crowned the marriage bed
And former strife took wing and fled:
Next morn they rose for work prepared,
And all the week they laboured hard

To earn the stipulated fee,
By Saturday with decency.
Thus having gained their promised point,
He went at night to buy his joint;
And tho' his wages were but small
For groceries, dues, and joint and all,
Still he resolved the marriage fee
To pay with punctuality.
He walked the shambles thro' and thro'
At length a fine sheep's head or two
His quick attention caught. The price
He asked, and bought one in a trice;
Then put it in his little wicker,
And trudged along to pay the Vicar.
His house he found, and soon began
To rap aloud. The servant ran,
And asked him what he pleased to want.
"To speak to Master." But you can't,
For we've a party here to-day;
So Master cannot come this way.
But if you'll just relate your message,
I'll slily tell him in the passage."
"You're very kind, indeed, my dear,
Pray go whisper in his ear
That such a man has brought his dues,
I think he'll come at such good news."
Away she went, the master came,
"Well John! pray how's your loving dame?"
"She's pretty well, I thank you, sir,
Considering how we've had to stir
This week betimes to earn the fee,
Which now I'm come to pay, you see."
"Well, John, I'm really glad to find
That you possess an honest mind.
May Heaven smile upon your trade,
I see you've got your market made.
"Yes sir, I have, but you must know
This week I've had to buy them low."
"But still I hope you've got to eat
As labourers should, some useful meat."
"Yes, sir, and coming to the point,
I just gave eightpence for my joint,
It was all I had besides the dues,
And you may see it if you choose."
Amazed, his reverence viewed the wicker,
For John had really capt the Vicar.
A joint so cheap made him amazed.
Howe'er the cloth he gently raised,
When lo! within the basket laid,
John's Sunday joint, a fine sheep's head.
Struck with the sight, his reverence thought
The case would please his friends no doubt.

If they but knew the tale complete,
 It certainly would be a treat ;
 So with John's leave he went and told
 The circumstance to young and old ;
 And as a proof of what he said,
 Held up to view, John's fine sheep's head.
 They instant having heard the cause,
 Said he deserved their warm applause.
 " Nay more," rejoined a worthy chief,
 " Such honesty should have relief "
 And quickly threw a shilling down,
 Which all observed and followed on.
 Now when the sun they came to count
 It did, as rumour says, amount
 To thirty shillings, which was paid
 To John, who then approached and said :
 " Ye gentlemen and ladies, too,
 Most humble thanks I give to you
 For such a sum I think 'tis right,
 Since I'm unworthy of your sight.
 With gratitude my heart doth swell,
 But gratitude forbids its thoughts to tell.
 God bless you all ! so now adieu,"
 He said, and instantly withdrew.
 The Vicar followed to the door,
 And said, " Well, John, as you're so poor,
 I freely will forgive the fee,
 Rewarding thus your honesty.
 Go home unto your loving wife,
 And may you lead a happy life.
 Improve your Sabbaths ; do not lurch
 At home, but always come to church.
 Your Bible read and study well,
 In every gospel-truth excel.
 Then when your hearts shall cease to beat
 Your souls will rise to bliss complete."
 He ceased, and home John then did hie,
 First having wished them all good-bye.

This poem was composed by John Yewdall, of Hunslet, written 1818,
 and was published by him, together with others, under the title of "The
 Toll Bar," in 1827.

EPITAPH.

Malton: " Mary, the wife of Charles Jewet ;
 died 1831, aged 49 years."

" Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove ;
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love."

CROCKS OF GOLD: A BALLAD.

A MAN at Upsall dreamt a dream,
Three nights it came and went;
To him a vision clear did seem
To point to London sent.

On London Bridge long time he spent
Awaiting further sign;
And wearied, maddled, discontent,
He lingered hours nine.

A Quaker then came up to him
And asked what made him sad,
He told his dreams, and how this whim
Had nearly turned him mad.

But strange to tell;—the Quaker said:
“Last night, I too, was bid
To search a bush at Upsall Head,
A pot of gold was hid.

Where Upsall is I cannot tell,
But I'm inclined to go;
If you can say,—I wish you well:”
The Upsall man said, “No.”

The Upsall man then left the place,
And hurried home that night;
And in eight days he got a trace
Of treasures out of sight.

Near Upsall Castle was a bush,
And digging there he found
A pot of gold, mid fern and rush,
But three feet under ground.

The pot and lid long time were kept
At public-house close by;
Until a Jew one night there slept,—
The lid he chanced to spy.

On it he read in foreign tongue—
“Look lower, where this stood,
(I tell the truth, no legend wrong.)
Is one quite twice as good.”

So deeper still, the Upsall man
That day went out to dig,
And soon returned with metal pan;
Another quite as big.

And deeper still third time he sped,
And larger treasure found,
The fact is vouched by all, 'tis said,
Who've ever lived around.

And to this day, as Grainge does say
In "Vale of Mowbray" book,
You yet may see this elder tree
In Castle ruins nook.

J. HORSFALL TURNER, Ncv., 1899.



J. Horsfall Turner.

YORKSHIRE ELECTION, 1734.

By Tom Thumb, Boots of the Angel Inn, Doncaster.

A MEETING at York was appointed of late
 By some who'd be thought to be friends of the State,
 In order to fix on a Knight of high birth
 And well famed for his learning, his riches and worth.
Derry Down, &c.

The folk then that came (with a Lord at their head,
 The son of a Lord [Ailesbury] from his country who fled)
 Were what some call Jacks and Non Jurors in plenty
 And high flying priests wanting fifteen of twenty.

But before they proceeded a person to name
 One starting up cryd how much death was to blame
 In taking Sir John [Armytage] at a juncture so nice
 For he sure wo'd have had the general voice.

But since what has happen'd cannot be prevented
 As well as we can we must all be contented,
 And speedily fix our choice on some other
 To fill up the place of our deceased brother.

To naming they went, then to Duncomb the rich,
 Was the first upon whom this assembly did pitch,
 Of the honour design'd he'd a right gratefull sense
 But pray'd they'd excuse him, not liking th' expense.

The M-st-r of Birds-ll came next in their mind,
 But for reasons best known to himself he declin'd
 Fox likewise stood off that they should not endanger
 So hopeful a cause on th' account of a stranger.

Then to show Sir John Kay how much they respected
 Since the others refused it they'd see him clected
 With hearts hands and purses they'd stoutly stand by him
 That Sir Rowland [Winn] or Turner should never come nigh
 him.

But called to mind what a mean disposition
 For his sake they made at the last opposition
 With disdain he flung back and heartily swore
 They never should serve him as they did heretofore.

Then the Rector of Guiseley who oft has chang'd sides,
 Yet true to his interest he always abides
 Who so often has turned the coat on his back
 Yet let him turn't as he will, it will always be black.

This Rector I say for much truth speaking fam'd
 Cry'd, Friends old and new let it never be nam'd
 A man for our purpose that we cannot find
 At so numerous a meeting and so well inclin'd.

You all know the danger to which we're exposed
 It will soon overwhelm us if not soon opposed
 That Gigantic Monster by some called Excise
 Stares dreadfully at us with ten thousand eyes.

Lett us send for the Man of great worth and great prowess
 Who at all times to help us most ready I know is
 Whose very appearance no giant can stand
 Of the brood of such monsters he'll soon clear the land.

The man whom I mean is the mighty Tom Thumb.
 The meeting gave signs of applause with a Humm,
 And there never was shown such a general joy
 As at naming this hero a Parliament Boy.

The tall man at Wortley will send all his power
 Such offers he makes as he ne'er did before
 He swears to the tune of five hundred he'll spend
 But Tom Thumb the great to St. Stephen's he'll send.

KING JAMES I. AND THE TINKLER :

From the recital of Francis King, the Rylstone minstrel, by DR. DIXON.
 Frank was drowned Dec. 13th, 1844, when returning from a Gargrave merry-making.

AND now to be brief let's pass over the rest,
 Who seldom or never were given to jest,
 And come to King Jamie, the first of our throne,
 A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

As he was a hunting the swift fallow-deer,
 He dropped all his nobles; and when he got clear,
 In hope of some pastime away he did ride,
 Till he came to an alehouse, hard by a wood-side.

And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
 And him in kind sort he so freely did greet:
 "Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
 Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?"

"By the mass!" quoth the tinkler, "it's nappy brown ale,
 And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;
 For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
 I think that my twopence as good is as thine."

"By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,"
 And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;
 They drank to the King, and they pledged to each other;
 Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

As they were a drinking the King pleased to say,
 "What news, honest fellow, come tell me I pray?"
 "There's nothing of news beyond that I hear
 The King's on the border a-chasing the deer."

And truly I wish I so happy may be
 Whilst he is a-hunting the King I might see ;
 For although I've travelled the land many ways
 I never have yet seen a King in my days."

The King, with a hearty brisk laughter, replied,
 "I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
 Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
 To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King."

"But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
 And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray?"
 "Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there ;
 The King will be covered, his nobles all bare."

He got up behind him and likewise his sack,
 His budget of leather and tools at his back ;
 They rode till they came to the merry green wood,
 His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
 He slyly did whisper the King in his ear,
 Saying "They're all clothed so gloriously gay,
 But which amongst them is the King, sir, I pray?"

The King did with hearty good laughter reply,
 "By my soul! my good fellow, it's thou or it's I ;
 The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round,"—
 With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground,
 Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,
 Then on his knees he instantly gets,
 Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said—
 "Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

Come tell thy name?" "I am John of the Dale,
 A mender of kettles, a lover of ale."

"Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here,
 I make thee a knight of three thousand a year."

This was a good thing for the tinkler, indeed ;
 Then unto the court he was sent for with speed,
 Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,
 In the royal presence of King and of Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,
 At the court of the King who so happy as he?
 Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,
 And the budget of tools which he wore at his back.

EPITAPH.

Scarbrough Church, 1717.

Alas, short was his life and sudden was his end ;
 Reader, observe, so may yours be, take care how you it spend.

THE ANGLIAN BOYS AT ROME.

* *
 AND this was Gregory, surnamed the Great,
 When he ascended the pontific chair,
 A private man was he of low estate.
 The blooming count'nances complexions fair,
 Of Anglo-Saxon children, lovely youths,
 Reminded him of the most sacred truths.
 "What are they?" Thus the future pope would know,
 From him who held in thrall these Anglian boys;
 "Angles," the vile slave merchant muttered low,—
 He who had bought them like so many toys:
 "Angels," the enraptured Gregory did say,
 "'Tis pity Satan hath so fair a prey."
 "What is their province?" further questions he;
 "Deira," was the answer quickly given;
 "Deira, that is goodly news to me—
 Called to the mercy of the God of Heaven!
De ira! from God's anger they are freed,
 In all the glories of the Christian Creed.
 Who is their King? What is his gracious name?"
 "Ælla or Alla is Deira's King."
 "Then *Alleluia!* sound the sweet acclaim,
 And thanks and praises unto God we'll sing
 Over the fatherland of these fair boys
 And teach barbarians pure religious joys."

* * *
 ELIJAH RIDINGS, Manchester, 1846.

A NEW BALLAD:

Or a Bob for Sir Rowland [Winn], 1734.
 Tune—"A Cobbler there was."

A N Election there was or 'twas said there would be
 Of two Parliament Knights out of Candidates three,
 They were Stapylton, Turner, and Sir Rowland Winn,
 And a canvassing first the last-nam'd did begin.

Derry down, &c.

Thus jades at Newmarket though oft they get start
 Their want of blood hoping to make up by art,
 Yet waiting the event, they must certainly find
 They'll show their false mettle by lagging behind.

He sets off with letters in which he gave proof
 Geneva had stock'd him with learning enough
 If not to write English, yet how to save cost
 For he wisely took care to send by the post.

But lest his Epistles so learned and prevailing
The design they were sent for, should happen to fail in.
Himself follow'd after to show his good breeding
And thus he discharges his rhetoric and reading.

"Your vote, Sir, I ask, why you won't sure deny me
Let me tell you both country and court will stand by me."
The last we believe, Sir, but further forbear
Till from York at the General Meeting we hear.

The country assembled, Sir Rowland appears
Attended indeed with some few of his peers,
Excisemen twice three, esquires under a score,
Three hands, a Church Proctor, and not a soul more.

Their Knights they proposed, the objections demanded,
Assertions were made, then how well he was landed,
How in all points they deem'd him a Candidate fit,
And therefore resolved in the House he should sit.

Reply none was offer'd, good manners forbid it
Yet for merit great numbers thought Stapylton had it,
Superior at least in his country's opinion
As much as W——n P——y to any court minion.

Let the Vicar of Wragby, let friends to Excise
Solicit and treat them, all they that are wise,
All that value their country, religion or trade
For no bribe, drink, or money will sell him their aid.

For Sir Miles they will vote all, and so tell Sir Rowland
No principles formed in Geneva or Holland
They will trust in the Senate their sense to relate
Nor Laws to prescribe 'em in Church or in State.

OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

From a broadside.

AN Outlandish Knight came from the North lands
And he came a wooing to me,
He told me he'd take me unto the North lands
And there he would marry me.

Come fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted on her milk white steed,
He on the dapple grey,
They rode till they came unto the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.

Light off, light off, thy milk white steed,
And deliver it unto me,
Six pretty maids I have drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

Pull off, pull off, thy silken clothes,
And deliver them unto me,
Methinks they look too rich and too gay
To rot in the salt sea.

If I must pull off my silken clothes,
Pray turn your back unto me,
For it is not fitting such a ruffian,
An undressed woman should see.

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green,
She caught him round the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He dropped high, and he dropped low,
Until he came to the side,
Catch hold of my hand my pretty Polly,
And I will make you my bride.

Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me,
Six pretty maidens have you drowned here,
And the seventh has drowned thee.

She mounted on her milk-white-steed,
And led the dapple grey,
She rode till she came to her own father's house
Three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high,
And hearing the lady, did say,
I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you have tarried so long away.

Don't prittle nor prattle my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Although its now made of a tree.

The King being in the chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot did say,
What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day.

Its no laughing matter the parrot did say,
But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I am afraid they will have me.

Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
 Well turned, well turned for me,
 Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
 And the door of the best ivory.

Note—The drowning incident is often introduced in the ancient ballads. In "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy," inserted in Bishop *Percy's Reliques*—, the lady when in danger,—says,

"Looke yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray,
 Methinks I now discover
 A riding upon his dapple grey,
 My former constant lover.

"On tip-toe peering stood the Knight,
 Fast by the river's brink-a;
 The lady pushed with all her might:
 Sir Knight, now swim or sink-a.

"O'er head and ears he plunged in,
 The bottom faire he sounded;
 Then rising up, he cried amain,
 Helpe, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

"Now fare-you-well, Sir Knight, ad'eu!
 You see what comes of fooling:
 That is the fittest place for you;
 Your courage wanted cooling."

BITE BIGGER!

AS aw hurried throo t' taan ta me wark
 (Aw wur lat, for all th' buzzers had gooa),
 Aw happened ta heear a remark
 At ud fotch tears throo th' heart ov a stooan.—

It wur raanin, an snawin, an cowl,
 An th' flagstoans wur covered wi muck,
 An th' east wind booath whistled an howled,
 It saanded like nowt but ill luck;

When two little lads, donned i' rags,
 Baght stockings nr shoes o' ther feet,
 Coom trap'esin away ower t' flags.
 Booath on em sodden'd wi t' weet.—

Th'owdest mud happen be ten,
 T'young en be hauf on't, nooa moor;
 As aw luk'd on, aw sed to misen,
 God help fowk this weather 'at's poor!

T'big en sammd summat off t' graand,
 An aw luk'd just ta see what 't cud be;
 'Twur a few wizend flaars he'd faand
 An they seem'd to ha filled him wi glee:

An he sed "Come on, Billy, may be
 We sal fihnd summat else by an by,
 An if net, tha mun share thease wi me
 When we get ta some spot weer its dry."

Leet-hearted they trotted away,
 An aw follo'd, coss t'wor i' mi rooad:
 But aw thowt awd neer seen sich a day—
 It worn't fit ta be aght for a tooad.

Soo in th' big en agean slipt away,
 An sammd summat else aght o' t' muck.
 An he crihd aght, "Luk here, Bill, to-day
 Arn't we blest wi a seet o' gooid luck?"

Here's a happle, an t' mooast on it's saand:
 Watt's rotten aw'll throw inta t' street—
 Worn't it gooid ta lig theear to be faand?
 Naah booath on us con have a treat."

Soa he wiped it an rubbd it an then
 Sed, "Billy, thee bite off a bit;
 If tha hasn't been lucky thisen
 Tha sal share wi me sich as aw get."

Sooa t'little en bate off a touch,
 T'other's face beamed wi pleasure all throo,
 An he sed, "Nay tha hasn't taen mich,
 Bite agean, an bite bigger; nah do?"

Aw waited ta hear nowt na moor,—
 Thinks aw, there's a lesson for me!
 Tha's a heart i' thi breast if tha'rt poor.
 T'world wur richer wi moor sich as thee."

Tuppence wur all t'brass aw had,
 An awd ment it for ale when coom nooin,
 Bud aw thowt aw'll goa giv it yond lad,
 He desarves it for what he's been doin,

Soa aw sed, "Lad, here's tuppence for thee,
 For thi sen,"—an they stared lihk two geese;
 But he sed, woll t'tear stood in his ee,
 "Na, it'll just be a penny apiece."

"God bless thi! do joost as tha will,
 An may better days speedily come;
 Tho clammd, an hawf donnd, mi lad, still
 Tha'rt a deel nearer Heaven nrr some."

JOHN HARTLEY, Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Scarb' Church, 1726.

All you that do behold my stone,
 O, think, how quickly I have gone!
 Death does not always warning give,
 Therefore be careful how you live.

FEWSEE LEETS, A HAWP'NY;

Street Idyll bi a Ruff Heeded Lad, 1873. *Yorks. Magazine.*

A S aw rammell'd threw t'tahn on a cowl winter's neet,
 An t'wind it wor blawin like mad;
 Aw seed standin on t'pavestun an wet threw wi sleet,
 A pooar little barefooited lad.
 Ay! an t'poor little chap he fair tremmell'd wi cowl,
 His limbs wor reyt stiffen'd an blue;
 An aw seed he wor rooarin as he sung aht aloud,
 'Just buy a box, mayster, cum dew!'
 'Ye's hev two fur a hawp'ny, ther t'best o' fewsees,
 An t'boxes is full—see ye, lewk!
 Awl nut ax ye agean, if ye'll nobbut buy thease!'
 Soat' hawp'oth o' matches Aw tewk.
 An his face breetend up, as 'Aw thank ya' he sed,
 As ditherin he stud theer i' t'wind;
 'Aw can nah run off hoam, fur Aw've t'pay fur a bed
 Fur Jim—that's mi bruther at's blinnd.'
 'Tha's a bruther at's blinnd, then? Hah owd may he be?'
 'He's nobbut just goin i' five,
 Bud he's wakely an ill; an Aw'm flayd, d'ye see,
 He'll noan be sa long here alive.
 He's as thin as a lat, an theres nowt dus him gooid,
 An sumtimes Aw think at he'll dee;
 Awma wurk as Aw will, yet he's piuin fur food
 An niver cumplains, sir, ta me.
 Oh! if owt happend Jim, sir; mi awn little Jim!
 Tho helpless he is, an sa pooar;
 Aw sud then hev noa hooam, bud i't' churchyard wi him,
 Aw'd lig on his grave aht o' dooar.'
 Then Aw tewk him bi t'hand, an whol tears fill'd mi een,
 An t'wurds seemd ta stop up mi throat;
 Aw sed 'God bless tha, lad! tha's best trump at Aw've seen,
 Despite thi owd buttonless koit.
 Theer's thahsens o' men at awns hatfuls o' brass,
 Meer creeturs o' fortun an luck,
 'At 'ud kick sich as thee aht o' t'rooad as they pass,
 An treyd ye like wurms into t'muck.
 Tha'rt a king, lad, ta them, tho' tha's niver a hooam,
 An scarce gets a malithful o' cake;
 Tha'rt a God-beluv'd creetur: wheere'er tha ma rooam,
 He'll help thi fur thi helpin t'wake (weak.)
 An may heaven's richest blessins be piled up i' stoar,
 An shabrd i' wealth at thi feet;
 Here, mi lad, tak this brass, an Aw wish it wur mooar,
 Soa gooid neet, lad! God bless tha! gooid neet.'

JANE OF SEAMER;

Died Jan., 1868.

AS fair as a lily was sweet pretty Jane,
 I remember her glance with a sigh;
 On earth her sweet face I shall ne'er see again,
 Nor the light of her beautiful eye.

Her voice to my ear was the music of Spring,
 For so gentle and pure was the strain,
 I may hear its tone when the blithe birdies sing,
 But shall never behold her again.

To the earth in days past, angels came, I am told;
 Came to comfort and soothe the oppressed,
 She may come in spirit, as they came of old,
 A bright angel to cheer the distressed.

For Jenny had learnt, when she wandered below,
 A poor mourner's misfortunes to feel,
 If she was permitted she would come, I know,
 Come some torn bleeding bosom to heal.

The pride of the village was sweet pretty Jane,
 She was pure as the lily, and pale;
 There stands the old cottage; I view it with pain
 Now fair Jenny has gone from the vale.

See, yonder she sleeps, where the wild daisies bloom,
 Sadly waves the green grass on her bed;
 The white dewy blossoms peep up through the gloom,
 Smiling, tell us her spirit hath fled.

MATTHEW HARMAN, Scarborough.

THE TWA CORBIES.

[The writer of this gruesome, ancient poem is unknown, but the North Yorkshire dialect of the times of the Roses' War is clear.]

AS I was walking all alane
 I heard twa Corbies making a mane;
 The tane unto the t'other say
 'Where sall we gang and dine to day?'

In behint yon auld fail dyke,
 I wot there lies a new slain knight;
 And naebody kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
 His lady's ta'en another mate,
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
 And I'll pick out his bonny blue een ;
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Mony a one for him makes mane,
 But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair.

THE YORKSHIRE FARMER.

[From Logan's Pedlar's Pack of Ballads.]

A SONG I will sing unto you—
 A song of merry intent ;
 It's of a silly old man
 That was going to pay his rent.
 With a fal de ral, fal, &c.

And as he was riding along—
 A-riding along the highway—
 A gentleman thief steps before the old man
 And thus unto him he did say :

“ My friend, how dare you ride alone,
 For so many thieves there now be,
 If any should but light on you
 They'd rob you of all your money.”

“ If that they should light upon me,
 I'm sure they'd be very ill-spel ;
 For, to tell you the truth, my kind sir,
 In my saddle my money I've hid.”

So as they were riding along,
 And going down a steep hill,
 The gentleman thief slipped before the old man,
 And quickly he bid him stand still.

The old man, however, being cunning,
 As in this world there are many,
 He threw the saddle right over the hedge,
 Saying, “ Fetch it if thou wouldst have any.”

The thief being so greedy of money,
 He thought that of it there'd been bags,
 Whipt out a rusty old sword,
 And chopped the saddle to rags.

The old man put his foot in the stirrup,
 And presently he got astride,
 He put the thief's horse to the gallop,
 You need not bid the old man ride.

"Nay, stay! nay, stay! says the thief,
 And half the money thou shalt have;"
 "Nay, by my troth," says the old man,
 "For once I have cheated a knave."

And so the old man rode along,
 And went with a merry devotion,
 Saying, "If ever I live to get home,
 T'will enlarge my daughter's portion."

And having arrived at home,
 And got there with merry intent;
 Says he, "Landlord, show me a room,
 And I'll pay you your half-year's rent."

They opened the thief's portmanteau,
 And from it they took out so bold,
 A hundred pounds in silver,
 And a hundred pounds in gold.

TO MARY.

AS the thirsty desert wanderer seeks the oasis green and fair;
 As for pardon seeks the penitent, with tears and fervent prayer;
 As youth seeks fame, and age seeks rest, and the life-sick look above
 As all in hope seek happiness, so have I sought thy love.

With blushes mantling on thy cheek, with modesty and grace,
 With tears and smiles alternating upon thy lovely face;
 With murmurings soft and sweeter far than music of the grove,
 With faith and trust and purity, thou gavest me thy love.

As misers guard their golden god; as maidens prize their fame;
 As honest men would keep through life a pure and spotless name;
 As hope is held to wretched hearts; as pity shields the dove;
 So I guard, I prize, I hold, I keep, thy pure and priceless love.

Than radiant life more lustrous, than life itself more dear;
 Richer than all the riches of this transitory sphere;
 Outliving change and death, in eternity above;
 This has been, Mary! this is now, this e'er shall be, our love.

JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A., born at Hull, 1806.

EPITAPH.

Knottingley Churchyard:
 A virtuous wife in the prime of life
 Was snatched away
 Her soul is blest and gone to rest
 Her flesh is gone to clay.
 She's left behind a husband kind
 And a beloved son
 Which must prepare to meet again
 For true love is never done.

TOMMY AND THE APPLES;

A Child's Idyll.

AS Tommy was walking one fine summer's day
 Some cherry-cheeked apples he saw on his way,
 Saw on his way, saw on his way,
 Some cherry-cheeked apples he saw on his way.

Some cherry-cheeked apples so pleasant to see,
 They seemed to say "Tommy! come climb up the tree;

Chorus—Climb up the tree, climb, &c.

So Tommy made haste and did climb up the tree
 To get the sweet apples so pleasant to see;

Chorus—Pleasant, &c.

The bough it did break and poor Tommy did fall
 And down came poor Tommy and apples and all;

Chorus—Apples, &c.

THE WELL OF ST. AGNES.

A STORY there runs of a marvellous well
 Near fair Florence city (so travellers tell,)
 To St. Agnes devoted,
 And very much noted
 For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.
 With all new-married couples, the story thus goes,
 Whoever drinks first of the spring there that flows,
 Be it husband or wife,
 That one shall, for life,
 On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

O, the well, &c.

Young Claude led Claudine to the church as his bride,
 And wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling was tied;
 But the clerk's nasal twang
 Amen! scarce had rang,
 When the bridegroom elop'd from his good woman's side.
 Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he,
 Till reaching the well, dropping plump on his knee,
 Dear St. Agnes! he cried,
 Let me drink of thy tide,
 And the right to the breeches establish in me.

He quaff'd till nigh bursting, again turn'd to quaff,
 Till the bride in pursuit reach'd his side with a laugh;
 Lifting briskly his head,
 To the lady he said,

I'm first at the well, spouse, so bow to the staff!
 The dame to her hubby, replied with a sneer,
 That you're first at the well after marriage is clear;
 But to save such a task
 I fill'd a small flask

And took it to church in my pocket, my dear!

TOAST—*May every couple exist free from strife,
 And endeavour to sweeten the miseries of life.*

A broadsheet. Forth, Printer, Bridlington.

THE ORIGIN OF HARROGATE:

A Ballad.

A STRANGER stood upon the heath
 As the sun was sinking down;
 Before him rose the streets and towers
 Of a fair and pleasant town:

An aged sire with locks of grey
 Stood near that stranger man;
 When to him turned the wondering one
 And thus to speak began:

“Say, canst thou tell me, aged man,
 What is the place I see?
 Or why so fair a town was built,
 'Midst such sterility?”

For, unlike towns of ancient date,
 It stands upon no rock;
 No mighty castle's walls are seen,
 The warriors' strength to mock.

It sleeps not in the sheltered vale,
 Where oaks and wheat abound;
 But proudly stands to brave the gale
 In strength, with splendour crown'd.”

“The place thou seest,” the old man said,
 “Is not unknown to fame;
 Though young in years 'tis widely known,
 And Harrogate its name.

The reason why it stands so high,
 Exposed on every hand,
 Is that health-giving fountains flow
 From out the barren land.

Had they not been, thou ne'er hadst seen
 Yon town before thee stand;
 But wide had spread the forest dread
 O'er all the savage land.

Now thousands come when summer smiles
To drink the waters rare ;
And health and strength and beauty gain,
Breathing this mountain air.

“ Most wonderful,” the stranger cried,
“ The great Creator’s plan ;
How watchful is His providence !
How great His care of man !

Say, canst thou tell me who he was
Who made these waters known ?
Is he forgot ? or is he named
With honour and renown.”

“ Not quite forgot,” the old man said,
“ Nor yet with great renown,
This benefactor of mankind
Has to our days come down.

Sir William Slingsby was his name,
A warrior tried and brave ;
And centuries twain have passed away
Since he sunk to the grave.

Yet in his time he was well known,
In courts and camps no stranger,
Well tried in war by sea and land,
In peril and in danger.

He had the wisdom of a sage,
When hardly past his prime ;
He’d gathered knowledge rich and rare
In many a foreign clime.

He’d roamed through fair and sunny France,
Holland and Germany,
Stern mountain-guarded Switzerland,
And sweet song-loving Italy.

And when beneath the ocean’s wave
That guards our island round,
The proud Armada—boast of Spain
Invincible—was drown’d ;

When England’s sons for vengeance armed,
No man was then a coward !
He shared the noble enterprise
With Essex and with Howard.

Soon to the Spanish land they came
With fire and sword and thunder,
Which made King Philip’s heart to quail
And all the world to wonder.

His richest town they quickly took,
His strongest fleet they fired;
Then plundered, and did as they would,
And when they would, retired.

A courtier next, in James's days,
He served his noble Queen;
So you may judge from what I say,
How much this knight had seen.

At that time all the forest ground
Was desolate and wild;
No cultured soil for miles was found,
No humble dwelling smiled.

And where yon dome the fountain guards
From rude intrusion now,
The waters, as they rose to light,
Through weeds, could scarcely flow.

A miry swamp, dirty and damp,
Around was widely spread;
And the spongy soil, that ye passed with toil,
Trembled beneath the tread.

None but the eye of the learned sage
Saw aught uncommon there;
Yet Slingsby, when he saw it rise,
Deemed it had virtues rare.

With eager lip he bent to sip
The water as it ran;
At every taste more pleased was he,
That sage, experienced man.

He bade the workmen cleanse the spring,
And guard it round about,
To keep the precious waters in,
And vile pollution out.

He of its many virtues told,
Almost beyond belief;
And sick and feeble came and drank,
And many found relief.

And from such small beginnings rose
The town thon seest around;
It started, grew, and widely spread
And who shall fix its bound?

And if I may the future guess,
From what I know and see,
A greater day is yet to come.
A nobler destiny.

The equal hand of Providence,
 That makes mankind its care,
 Does blessings round to all dispense !
 Yes, all receive a share.

To some the golden mine is given,
 To some the corn and wine ;
 But water—peerless water !
 O Harrogate, is thine ! ”

[For the above ballad, I am indebted to Mr. Wm. Grainge, of Harrogate, who was the author also of “The Widow’s Lament,” “The Collingham Ghost,” and “The Chase of the Black Fox,” three excellent Yorkshire ballads.]

THE BETTER PART.

A POOR owd man wi tottring gait,
 Wi body bent an’ snowy pate
 Aw met one day :—
 An daan o’th’ rooadside grassy banks
 He sat to rest his weary shanks ;
 An’ Aw to wile away my time,
 O’th’ neighbouring hillock did recline,
 An’ bade ‘ gooid day.’

Said Aw, “ Owd friend, pray tell me true,
 If in your heart yo niver rue
 The time ’ats past.
 Does envy niver fill your breast
 When passin fowk wi riches blest ;
 An do yo niver think it wrang
 ’At yo should have to trudge along
 Soa poor to th’ last ? ”

“ Young man,” he said, “ Aw envy nooan ;
 Bud ther are times Aw pity some,
 Wi all my heart :—
 To see what troubled lives they spend,
 What cares upon ther hands depend ;
 Then Aw in thankfulness declare—
 A little cattle little care—
 Is th’ better part.

Gold is a burden hard to carry,
 An’ tho’ ‘ Dame Fortune ’ has been chary
 O’ gifts to me,
 Yet still Aw strive to feel content,
 An’ think what it for th’ best is meant ;
 An’ th’ mooast ov all Aw strive for here,
 Is still to keep mi conscience clear
 Fro’ dark spots free.

JOSEPH, A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Yorkshire Chapbook.

AS Joseph was a walking he heard an angel sing ;
 ' This very night shall Christ be born the Angel's
 Lord and King.

His birth-place shall be neither in housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise, but in the oxen's stall.

He neither shall be clothed in silver nor in pall,
 But in the linen white and fair, that usen babies all.

He neither shall be rocked in purple nor in gold,
 But in a wooden manger rude that resteth on the mould.

He neither shall be washen with white wine nor with red,
 But with the water from the spring that on you shall be shed.'

As Joseph was a walking, thus did an angel sing,
 And Mary's son at midnight hour was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year,
 And light ye up your candle for his star it shineth clear.

And all in earth and heaven, a joyous carol sing ;
 And lo ! to us a child is born, and all the bells do ring.

SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

A SWEEPER'S lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slape-shod shun had leamed his feet :
 He called to see a good awd deame,
 'At monny a time had trigged his wame,
 For he wor then fahve miles fra yam :
 He axd i' t' lair (lathe, barn) to let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day ther chimlars sweep.
 They supper'd him wi country fare
 Then showed him tul his hooal i't' lair.
 He crept intul his streay bed,
 His poak o' seeat beneath his heead,
 He wor content, nor cared a pin,
 An his good frind then locked him in.
 The lair fra t' hooose a distance stood,
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.
 Aboot midneeght or nearer moorn,
 Two thieves brak in to steel ther coorn ;
 Heving a leeght i' lantern dark,
 They seean to winder fell to wark ;
 And wishing they'd a lad to fill,
 Young Brush (wheea yet had ligged quite still)
 Thinkin 'at t' men belanged to t' hooose,
 An' that he noo mud be of use ;

Jumped doon directly on to t' fleear,
 An' t'thieves then beath ran oot at t' deear.
 Nor stopt at owt, nur thin, nur thick,
 Fully convinced it wor awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght seean
 T' t' hoose, an' telled em what wor deean.
 Maister an' men then quickly raise,
 An' ran to t'lair wi hoaf ther clais.
 Twea horses, seeks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t'thievish band;
 Theese roond i' t' neybourhead they cryd,
 But nut an awner e'er applyd,
 For neean durst horses awn, or seks,
 They wor se freeghtend o' ther necks;

Yan horse an sek wor judged the sweeper's share,
 Because he kept the farmer's coorn an' lair.

DAVID LEWIS, 1815.

JOHNNY WEES AND NANCY LEES.

This humorous composition is by Henry Garrs, a native of Bradford, who removed to Sheffield many years ago.

AS we sat 'neath the shady trees,
 I on a stump, Nance on my knees,
 Amongst the flowers, the birds, the bees,
 Now, somehow, I felt ill at ease.
 Says Nance, "What ails thee, John? Is't fleas?"
 Says I—But just then my ideas
 Went nowhere, like a shower of peas;
 Said I again, "Oh, Nancy Lees!"
 Says she, "Oh, John, you are a teaze;"
 Says I, "It's warm:" says she, "It ees;"
 Says I, once more, "Of all fair she's,
 Thou art the fairest lass of Lees."
 Says she, "Of all the fairest he's,
 Thou art the rarest, Johnny Wees;"
 Says I, "Thou'rt wine;" says she, "Thou'rt teas;"
 Says I, "Thou'rt bread;" says she, "Thou'rt cheese,
 So let's get wed, John, if you please."
 Says I, "Who'll pay the parson's fees,
 For I've no brass—my breeches squeeze,
 You'll find them empty to the knees."
 I gave a sigh, she gave a sneeze,
 And cried, "Begone from Nancy Lees,
 For empty breeches will not please,
 So off you go, you mouldy cheese."



THE YEAR'S FEASTS.

[From a copy possibly badly transcribed. J. H. T.]

AT Ewle we wonten gambale, daunce to carol and to sing,
To have gud spiced sewe and roste, and plumpies for a king,

At Fastens Eve pampuffes ; gangtide gates (Rogation Day beating bounds) did aile masses bring,
 At Paske begun our Morris, and ere Pentecoste our May.
 Robin Hood, liell John, Friar Tucke and Marian deftly play ;
 And laird and ladie gang till kirk with lads and lasses gay ;
 Fra Masse and E'ensong sae gud cheere, and glee on e'ry greene,
 As, save oure wakes twixt Eames and Sibbes, like gam was never seen,
 At Baptis day, with ale and cakes 'bout bonfires neighbours stood ;
 At Martlemas wa turned a crabbe, thilke told of Robin Hood,
 Till after long time Myrke, whan blest were windowes, dares and lightes,
 And pailles were filled and hearths were swept 'gainst fairy elves and sprites ;
 Rock (St. Roche, August harvest) and Plow Monday gams sal gang with Saint feasts and Kirk sights.

SONG OF THE ANGLO SAXONS ON THE VICTORY OF BRUNANBURGH.

ATHELSTAN, King
 of Earls the lord
 rewarder of heroes,
 and his brother eke,
 Edmund Atheling,
 elder of ancient race,
 slew
 with the edge of their swords
 the foe at Brumby.
 The sons of Edward
 their board-walls clove,
 and hewed their banners,
 with the wrecks of their ham-
 mers.

So were they taught
 by kindred zeal,
 that they at camp oft,
 'gainst any robber
 their land should defend,
 their hordes and homes.
 Pursuing fell
 the Scottish clans ;
 the men of the fleet
 in numbers fell ;
 'Midst the din of the field,
 the warrior swate.
 Since the sun was up
 in morning tide,
 gigantic light !
 Glad over grounds,

God's candle bright,
 eternal Lord !
 'tell the noble creature
 sat in the western main
 there lay many
 of the Northern heroes
 under a shower of arrows,
 shot over shields ;
 and Scotland's boast,
 a Scythian race,
 the mighty seed of Mars !
 with chosen troops,
 throughout the day
 the West Saxons fierce
 pressed on the loathed bands ;
 hew'd down the fugitives,
 and scattered the rear,
 with strong mill-sharpened blades
 The Mercians too
 the hard hand-play
 spared not to any
 of those that with Anlaf
 over the briny deep
 in the ship's bosom
 sought this land
 for the hardy fight.
 Five kings lay
 in the field of battle,
 in the bloom of youth
 pierced with swords.

So seven eke
of the earls of Anlaf;
and of the ship's crew
unnumber'd crowds.
There was dispersed
the little band
of hardy Scots
the dread of Northern hordes,
urged by the noisy deep,
by unrelenting fate!
The king of the fleet
with his slender craft
escaped with his life
on the felon flood;
and so too Constantine
the valiant chief
returned to the North
in hasty flight.
The hoary Hildrine
cared not to boast
among his kindred.
Here was his remnant
of relations and friends
slain with the sword
in the crowded fight.
His son too he left
in the field of battle
mangled with his wounds,
young at the fight.
The fair-hair'd youth
had no reason to boast
of the slaughtered strife.
Nor old Inwood
and Anlaf the more
with the wrecks of their army
could laugh and say
that they on the field
of stern command,
better workmen were
in the conflict were
in the conflict of banners,
the clash of spears,
the meeting of heroes,
and the rustling of weapons,

—*Saxon Chronicle*, by Ingram, London, 1823.

which they on the field
of slaughter played
with the sons of Edward.
The Northmen sail'd
in their nailed ships
a dreary remnant
on the roaring sea;
over deep water
Dublin they sought,
and Ireland's shores
in great disgrace.
Such then the brothers
both together,
King and Atheling
sought their country
West Saxon Land
in fight triumphant.
They left behind them
raw to devour
the fallow kite
the swarthy raven
with horny nib
and the hoarse vulture
with the eagle swift
to consume his prey;
the greedy gos-hawk,
and that greybreast
the wolf of the weald.
No slaughter yet
was greater made
e'er in this island,
of people slain
—before this same
with the edge of the sword
as the books inform us
of the old historians
since hither came
from the eastern shores
the Angles and Saxons
over the broad sea,
fierce battle-smiths,
o'ercame the Welsh,
most valiant earls,
and gain'd the land.

[The Rev. Dr. Hume, obtained, from the Harleian MSS., the whole of the Saxon victorious song. Mr. Thomas Wright, in his *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, gives another (in Latin) recording Athelstane's victory, which was discovered among the Cotton MSS. in the library of the British Museum, together with a prayer (also in Latin) said to have been made by the English King before the engagement.]

A SHEFFIELD ANGLING SONG.

AT length the First of April
 Once more is come again ;
 Again the Derwent Fishing Club
 Have opened their *champagne*.
 Of all the joint stock companies,
 As far as I can learn,
 There is not one succeeds so well
 As our joint-stock concern.

For our joint stock's the Derwent Bank,
 Which answers to our wishes,
 That is when we get credit there,
 And draw large drafts of fishes.
 For sovereigns and notes are not
 Held by the Bank of Derwent,
 But what of that if fishes pass,
 And silvery streams are *current*?

That trout and turnips are akin,
 We cannot well deny,—
 Since everybody knows that both
 Are taken with the fly,
 Yet this at all times will not do
 Tho' Turton's self should dub—
 And so the better to get through
 We start well stocked with grub.

The wisdom of our ancestors—
 (A well-known fact I'm stating)—
 Thought bulls and bears, as well as hooks
 Were suitable for baiting.
 But now this most degenerate age
 Destroys half our resources ;
 We've nothing but our hooks to bait,
 Unless we bait our horses.

We dearly love the finny tribe,
 And court with all our powers,
 Presenting silks and feathers too,
 To win them to be ours.
 We don't, indeed, by word of month
 Say, " Trout, will you be mine ?"
 The way we " pop the question " is
 To drop the fish a line.



They never send with their reply
 From Derwent's rocky shelves ;
 But when the fish yield to our wish
 They always come themselves.
 Now p'haps I've sung you all to sleep ;
 If so, when home you're stealing,
 Don't dream you've hooked some splendid fish,
 And on the road go reeling.

Yorks. Weekly Post, Aug. 1884.

MARY OF MARLEY.

AT Marley stood the rural cot,
 In Bingley's sweet sequestered dale,
 The spreading oaks enclosed the spot
 Where dwelt the beauty of the vale.

Blessed was the small but fruitful farm,
 Beneath the high majestic hill,
 Where nature spread her every charm
 That can the mind with pleasure fill.

Here bloomed the maid, nor vain nor proud,
 But like an unapproached flower,
 Hid from the flattery of the crowd,
 Unconscious of her beauty's power.

Her ebon locks were richer far
 Than is the raven's glossy plume ;
 Her eyes outshone the evening star ;
 Her lovely cheeks the rose's bloom.

The mountain snow, that falls by night,
 By which the bending heath is pressed,
 Did never shine in purer white
 Than was upon her virgin breast.

The blushes of her innocence
 Great Nature's hand had pencilled o'er ;
 And modesty the veil had wrought
 Which Mary, lovely virgin, wore.

At early morn each favourite cow
 The tuneful voice of Mary knew ;
 Their answers hummed—then wandering slow,
 From daisies dashed the pearly dew,

When lovely on the green she stood,
 And to her poultry threw the grain,
 Ringdoves and pheasants from the wood
 Flew forth and glittered in her train.

The thrush upon the rosy bower
 Would sit and sing while Mary stayed ;
 Her lambs their pasture frisked o'er,
 And on the new-sprung clover fed.
 She milked beneath the beech tree's shade.
 And there the turf was worn away,
 Where cattle had for centuries laid
 To shun the summer's sultry ray.
 Lysander, from the neighbouring vale,
 Where Wharfe's deceitful currents move,
 To Mary told a fervent tale,
 And Mary could not help but love.



John Nicholson, The Airedale Poet.

The richest might have come and sighed ;
 Lysander had her favour won,—
 Her breast was constant as the tide,
 And true as light is to the sun.
 When winter, wrapped in gloomy storm,
 Each dubious path had drifted o'er
 And whirled the snow in every form,—
 To Mary oft he crossed the moor.

When western winds and pelting rain
 Did mountain snows to rivers turn,
 These swelled and roared and foamed in vain,
 Affection helped him o'er the bourne.

Until the last, the fatal night,
 His footsteps slipped—the cruel tide
 Danced and exulted with its freight,
 Then lifeless cast him on its side.

How changed is lovely Mary now!
 How pale and frantic she appears!
 Description fails to paint her woe,
 And numbers to recount her tears.

JOHN NICHOLSON, Bingley.

THE INN OF CARE.

AT Nebra by the Unstrut, so travellers declare,
 There stands an ancient tavern, it is the Inn of Care.
 To all the world 'tis open, it sets a goodly fare;
 And every soul is welcome that deigns to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers, (he is a stalwart host),
 To please his guest still labours with *bouilli* and with *roast*;
 And ho! he laughs so roundly, he laughs and loves to boast,
 That he, who bears the beaker may live to share the toast.

Lucus a non lucendo—thus named might seem the inn,
 So careless is its laughter, so loud its merry din;
 Yet ere to doubt its title you do, in sooth, begin,
 Go, watch the pallid faces, approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut, may all the world repair
 And meet a hearty welcome, and share a goodly fare;
 The world! 'tis worn and weary, 'tis tired of guilt and glare,
 The inn! 'tis named full wisely, it is the Inn of Care.

SAML. WADDINGTON, born at Boston Spa in 1844.

[Mr. Waddington is the biographer of Arthur Hugh Clough. Other ballads of his may be found in Andrew Lang's "Ballads of Books" and Gleeson White's "Ballades."]

EPITAPH.

Idle Church, 1856: see also page 19.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
 Physicians were in vain;
 Till God above out of His love
 Did ease me of my pain.

1832, Another gives—Till death did seize and God did please,
 To ease me of my pain.

PATELEY REEACES, 1874.

A TTENTION all, baith grate an' small,
 An' dooant screw up yer feeaces;
 While I rehearse i' simple verse,
 A count o' Pateley Reeaces.

Fra all ower mooers they com' bey scores
 Girt skelpin' lads an' lasses;
 An' cats an' dogs, an' coos an' hogs,
 An' horses, mules an' asses.

Oade foaks wer thar, fra near an' far,
 At cuddant fairly hopple;
 An' laffin brats, as wild as cats,
 Ower heeads an' heels did topple.

The Darley lads, arrived i' squads,
 Wi' smiles all ower ther feeaces;
 An' Hartwith yooths, wi' screwed up mooths,
 In wonder watched the reeaces.

Fra Menwith Hill, and Folly Gill,
 Thorngat, an' Deacon Paster,
 Fra Thrucross Green, an' t' Heets wer seen
 Croods cumin' thick an' faster.

'Tween Bardin Brigg and Threshfield Rig
 Oade Wharfedeale gat a thinnin';
 An' Gerston plods laid heavy odds
 On Creaven Lass—for winnin'.

Sich lots wer seen o' Hebbin Green,
 Ready seean on i' t' mornin',
 While Aprick chaps, i' carts and traps,
 Wer' off to Pateley spernin'.

All Greenho Hill, past Coddstone's kill,
 Com taltherin an' singin',
 Harcastle coves, like sheep i' droves,
 Oade Pahmer Simp wer bringin'.

Baith short an' tall, past Gowthit Hall,
 T' up dealers kept on steerin',
 For ne'er before, roond Middles Moor,
 Had ther been sitch a clearin'.

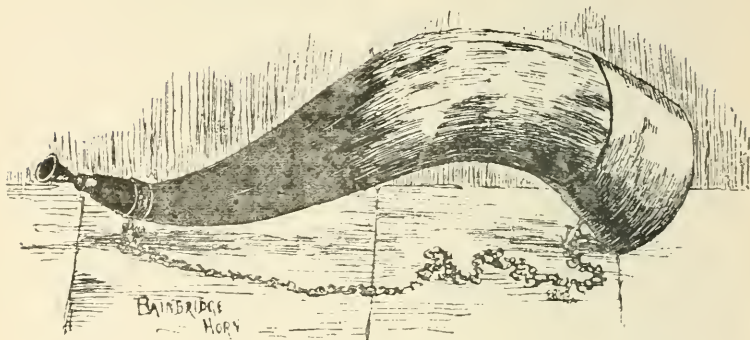
All kinds and sorts o' games an' spoarts,
 Had Pateley chaps provided,
 An' weel did t' few ther bizness dew
 'At ower 'em all persided.

'T'wad tak a swell a munth ta tell
 All t'ins an' t' hoots o' t' reeaces,
 Hoo far the' ran, witch horses wan,
 An' witch wer' back'd for plaices.

Oade Billy Broon lost hofe-a-croon
 Wi' Taty-Hawker backin'.
 For Green Crag flew, ower t' hurdles trew,
 An' wan t' match like a stockin'.
 An' Creavan Lass won lots o' brass,
 Besides delitein t' Brockils,
 An' Eva danc'd, an' rear'd and pranc'd;
 As giff she stood o' Cockals.
 But t' donkey reeace wer star o' t' plaice,
 For oade an' jung observers;
 'Twad meeade a nun fra t' convent run
 An' near agane bi nervous.
 Tom Hemp fra t' Stean, cried hoot, "Weel dean,"
 An t'wife began o' chaffin;
 Wal Kirby Jack stak up his back,
 An nearly brast wi' laffin.
 Sly Wilsill Bin, fra een ta chin,
 Wer plaister'd up wi' toffy,
 An' lang-leg Jane, he browt fra t' Plain,
 Full bent on winnin t' coffee.
 Young pronsy flirts, i' drabbl'd skirts;
 Like painted peacocks stritches;
 While girt chignons like milkin' cans.
 On ther top-garrits perches.
 Fat Sal fra' t' Knott scarce gat t'a t'spot,
 Afoare she'y lost her bussal,
 Witch sad mishap quite spoil'd her shap,
 An' meeade her itch an' hussal.
 Lile pugnoas'd Nell, fra Kettlewell,
 Com in her Dolly Vardin,
 All frill'd an' starcht, she'y proodly march'd
 Wi' squintin Joe fra Bardin.
 Tha're cuffs an' falls, tunics an' shawls,
 An' fancy pollaneeses,
 All sham displays, ower tatter'd stays,
 An' hard-worn rag'd shineeses.
 Tha're mushroom fops, fra' fields an' shops,
 Fine sigeretts wor sookin,
 An' lots o' yooths, wi' beardless mooths,
 All kinds o' pipes were smookin.
 An' wen at last the spoorts wer past,
 All heeameward turn'd theer feeaces;
 Ta ne'er relent, 'at e'r the' spent
 A da' wi' PATELEY REEACES.

[This spirited ditty is copied from the "Nidderdill Olminac, compiled be'y Nattie Nydds," and published by Mr. T. Thorpe, of Pateley Bridge. An extremely witty and amusing journal.]

THE LEGEND OF SEA-MER-WATER.



Bainbridge Horn.

“ AT the base of mighty Addlebro', fair glimmers Seamer Water,
Where the dales send many a stalwart son, and many a soft-
eyed daughter,

To linger 'neath the larches, and watch the bright becks leap
From Raydale and from Bardale, to their home in Seamer deep,

From the crest of mighty Addlebro', outstretching far away,
The pilgrim sees through Seamerdale the Bain's bright waters play ;
At the top of mighty Addlebro' the massive cairn still stands,
For the cists that lie on Stone Raise were framed by Roman hands.

Deep in the heart of Wensleydale fair Seamer Water lies,
Where the lark springs up to carol in the pale blue northern skies,
Where the trout and bream are leaping, where the silvery willows
quiver,
Where long-haired birches wave their locks when June's soft breezes
shiver.

And yet eight hundred years ago ere ever Conan gave
The meadow lands, where Byland's monks built Jervaulx' stately
nave,

The traveller scaling Addlebro' gazed from the summit there,
On towers, and streets, and guarded walls that girt a city fair.

One summer eve the sinking sun shone full on Whitefell Foss,
As an aged man strove wearily the brawling stream to cross,
As through romantic Cragdale he tottered feebly on,
And sought for rest and welcome from hearts that gave him none.

At priestly door, at serf's low hut, at baron's lordly hall,
He pray'd for food and shelter, and prayed in vain to all,
Till old and worn, and lonely, the cruel streets he left,
And crawled into a lowly cot hid in the mountain's cleft.

"For the sake of Christ, I pray you for charity," he said.
 The peasant brought his cup of milk, he brought his crust of bread,
 And shared his scanty pittance with the wanderer who came
 To ask for human mercy in the God of mercy's name.

The old man ate and drank, and lo, his form and aspect seemed
 To change before the peasant's eyes, as unto one who dreamed;
 Right royally he trod the floor, right royally he spoke,
 "My blessing on the homestead, where the bread of life I broke."

Out on the steep hill-side he strode, he raised his staff on high,
 He shook it where the sleeping town lay 'neath the evening sky,
 "I call thee Seamer Water, rise fast, rise deep, rise free,
 Whelm all, except the little house that fed and sheltered me!"

And fast rose Seamer Water in answer to his word.
 From the becks and foss and tribute-stream, the floods obedient poured.
 And all the air seemed booming with a mighty funeral knell.
 Mid shriek and shout and frantic prayer, to earth the peasant fell.

And when at sunrise, painfully, he roused him from his swoon,
 His cot stood safe, and from his side his awful guest had gone;
 But, where at eve the city proud, stood busy, strong, and gay
 Fair Seamer Water glittered to hail the wakening day.

It is eight hundred years ago, and legends dim and fade,
 But still men say at Hallowe'en beneath the larches' shade,
 Whoso in Seamer Water at sunset gazes down,
 Sees tower, and street, and battlement—the shadow of the town.

S. K. PHILLIPS.

AUNT NANCY.

AUNT [Ont] Nancy's won o't saavin soart,
 At niver lets t'chonce pass;
 Yet woddnt du owt meean and low
 Fer t' sake ov gettin t' brass.
 Her hoam's az clean az need be seen,
 Whoa ivver maay goa in;
 An az fer Nancy, dear-a-me,
 Shoo's like a new-made pin.
 Shoo's full ov thrift an full ov sense,
 An full ov luv beside;
 Shoo rubs an scrubs throo morn ta neet,
 And maks t' owd haase her pride.
 Her huzband—wen hiz wark iz dun,
 Sits daan e t' owd arm chair!
 Fergets his trubbles az he owt,
 An loises all hiz care.

Wi pipe an book et chimly newk,
 Time flies on noizeless wing;
 Shoo sits an knits, wi plezant faice,
 He'z happy az a king.
 Wi tattlin foaks shoo's nivver seen,
 E ally, loin, or street;
 Bnt goas her waay wi modest step,
 Exact, an cleean, an neat.
 Her naabors sumtimes watch her aght,
 An saay shoo's praad an stiff;
 But all ther gossip cums ta nowt,
 Aunt Nancy's reight eniff.
 Wi basket oft shoo walks abrooad,
 Ta sum poor lonely elf;
 Ta ivvery won shoo knaws t' reight waay,
 At's poorer ner herself.
 Shoo nivver speiks ov what shoo givs,
 Kind gentle-minded sowl;
 E charety, her hands find wark,
 Shoo's gud alike ta all.
 He nivver tells her wat he thinks,
 Ner flatters, ner reproves;
 Hiz life iz baand wi golden bands
 Ta t' wumman at he luv.
 God bless her, shoo's a dimand breet,
 Boath gud e mind an heart;
 An angel spreedin light an luv,
 That plays a noble pairt.
 Shoo's wurthy ov a monark's choice,
 Hur wurth can neer be towld;
 Shoo cam ta mak foak's hearts feel glad
 Shoo's wurth her weight e gowld,

J. H. ECCLES, Leeds.

EPITAPH.

Howden:

"Also here lieth the body
 of J. C.
 Died 28th February
 18 & 53.
 Who's had prosperity,
 Aged 73.
 Ended in adversity,
 Have charity.
 Now leaves all to posterity,
 Wealth and misery."

MAY DAY SONG :

Transcribed by JAS. CAMPKIN, Leeds, 1854.

A WAKE, awake, good people all,
 Awake and you shall hear,
 How Christ he died for our poor souls,
 Who lov-ed us so dear.

So dearly has Christ lov-ed us,
 And for our sins was slain ;
 He bids us leave off wickedness,
 And turn to him again.

Remember us poor Mayers, all ;
 And thus we do begin
 To lead our lives in righteousness,
 Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
 And almost all the day ;
 And now return-ed back again,
 We've brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
 And at your door it stands ;
 It's but a sprout, well budded out
 By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges, trees, they are so green
 As green as any leek
 Our heavenly Father watereth them
 With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
 Our paths are beaten plain ;
 And if a man's not too far gone
 He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
 It flourishes like a flower ;
 We're here to-day and gone to-morrow,
 And all gone in an hour.

The moon shines bright, the stars give light,
 A little before it's day ;
 So God bless yon all, both great and small,
 And send you a joyful May.

 EPITAPH.

Idle Church, John Neale, 1875.

A sudden death change, I in a moment fell,
 I had no time to bid my friends farewell,
 Make nothing strange, death happens unto all,
 My lot to-day, to-morrow you may fall.

THE INVASION :

(About 1810.) An Eclogue.

A WANTON wether had disclaimed its bonds
 'At kept him cleese wivin And Willie's grunds,
 Brakt thruff t' hedge an' wandered far astraa,
 He kenned nut whither, alang t' and to'npik waay.
 Ez Willie wrowt wi' neea larl care
 T' fence wi' stake an' thorns t' gap ti repair,
 His neighbour Roger, heeam fra t' fair reto'n'd,
 Then cam i' seet, i' rahding graith (apparel) weel donn'd,
 Wheea seean ez Willy, fast drawing nigh he spies,
 Thus tiv his frinnd fra t' back o' t' hedge he cries.

WILLY. "Noo then, what Roger! 'a'e ya been ti' t' fair?
 Hoo gans things? Maad ya onny bargaans theer?"

ROGER. "Ah knaw nut, Willy, things deean't leek ower weel;
 Coorn saddles fast, thoff becas'll fetch a deal.
 Ti sell t' and intak barley, Ah desaugred
 Bud eudn't git a bid ti' suit mah mahnd.
 What wi' rack rents, an' sike a want o' traad,
 Ah knaw'n't hoo yan's ti git yans landloord paad;
 Mairower an' that, tha saay i' t' spring o' t' yeear
 T' Franch is *in-tarmined* ti 'tack uz here."

WILLY. "Yea, mun! What are tha cummin hither foor?
 Depend on't, they'd far better nivver stor."

ROGER. "True, Willy, nobbut Englishmen 'll stand
 By yan anuther; o' ther awn good land
 Tha'll nivver suffer, Ah s' be bun ti' saay,
 T' Franchmen ti tak a singl' sheep awaay;
 Feightin foor heeam upo' ther awn fair field,
 All t' poo'er o' France eud nivver mak 'em yield."

WILLY. "Whya, seear yan cannot think, when put ti' t' pinch,
 'At onny Englishmen 'll ivver flinch.
 If t' Franch deea cum, wha, Roger, Ah'll be hang'd,
 An tha deean't git thersens reet soondly bang'd,
 Ah can't bud think—thoff Ah may be misteean—
 Nut monny on 'em 'll git back ageean."

ROGER. "Ah think nut, Willy; bud sum fauk 'll saay
 Oor English fleet let t' Franch ships git awaay
 When tha war laid, thoo knaws, i' Bantry Bay,
 'At tha eud nivver all 'a'e gi'en 'em t' slip,
 Bud t' English wanted nut ti tak a ship."

WILLY. "Eah, that's all lees"!

ROGER. "Ah dunnot saay it's trew,
 It's all unknown ti sike ez me an' yow.
 Hoo deea wa knaw when t' fleets deea reet ur wrang?
 Ah whoop it's all on't fause, bud seea talks gan.

Hoosivver, this Ah know, 'at when tha please,
 Oor sailors allus beeat 'em upo' t' seesas,
 An' if tha nobbut sharply leek aboot,
 Tha needn't let a singl' ship cum oot;
 At leeast, tha'll drub 'em weel, I dunnot fear,
 An' keep 'em fairly off fra landing here."

WILLY. "Ah whooap seea Roger; bud an' if tha deea
 Cum ower, ah then s'all sharpen mah an'd leea
 What thoff ah can bud ov a lahtle boast.
 Ya know yan wadn't 'a'e that lahtle lost.
 Ah's send oor Molly an' all t' bairns awaay,
 An' Ah mysen 'll byv t' and jamsteead staaay.
 Ah'll feight, if need; an' if Ah fall, wha, then
 Ah's suffer all t' warst mishap mysen.
 War ah bud seear my weyfe an' bairns war seeaf,
 Ah then sud be ti dee content eneeaf."

ROGER. "Reet, Willy, mun! What an tha put uz teea 't,
 Ah will mysen put forrad mah best feeat;
 What thoff Ah's aud, Ah's unt seaa easily scar'd,
 On his awn middin, an and cock feights hard,
 Tha saay a Franchman's to'ned a different man.
 A braver, better sojer ten ti yan;
 Bud let t' Franch be to'ned ti what we will,
 Tha'll finnd 'at Inglishmen are Inglish still,
 O' ther awn grund tha'll nowther flinch na flee,
 Tha'll owther conger, or tha'll bravely dee."

THE LONDON WIZARD.

Air.—"There's no luck about the house." *A Bradford broadside.*

A WIZARD once, of famous skill,
 Would spread his high renown,
 And many a "card," and many a "bill"
 He scatter'd up and down.
 Thus, simple fools he made his tools
 By grimace and by grin,
 And spun his lying speeches long,
 As the beard upon his chin.

Chorus—And still the knave would stamp and rave,
 And cry, my friends, walk in!
 I turn Old England upside down,
 Just going to begin!

A juggle box, quite orthodox,
 I've got, of tricks profound,
 And when I speak, no dog should bark,
 In all the country round.
 On sleight of hand I take my stand,
 Or thimble-rig the peas,
 And sometimes, tho' I act the saint,
 The devil I can raise!

I tramp the country up and down,
 With wallet on my back;
 Sometimes I act the *pious* clown,
 Sometimes a very *black*.
 For worth, or fame, or noble name,
 I never care a pin,
 I've run my race—I *want* a "place"—
 Ye ninuies, get me in.

From London town he hastens down,
 With winning words, and bland;
 And now he tries, with subtle lies,
 To twist a rope of sand;
 And still his note—give me your vote!
 Would make each simple ass
 Believe he can blow out the sun,
 And light the world with gas.

The mighty wizard takes his rod,
 And "presto" goes his hand;
 And every temple of our God
 Must tumble through the land.
 A wonder of the age is here.
 Walk in, my friends, walk in,
 I confiscate both Church and State,
 Just going to begin!

Ye bishops tremble in your sleeves,
 Ye watch-dogs of the fold.
 This Alchymist will try his fist,
 To turn you all to gold.
 Ye steeples, tremble to your base,
 The Lie-alls [Miall] and the Kells
 Will turn to brass your painted glass,
 And melt your merry bells.

I'm *every thing* and *any thing*,
 Just only get me in,
 And I'll make St. Stephen's stand in awe
 Of this beard upon my chin.
 Your trade is done, your race is run,
 Ye Tories and ye Whigs,
 Like Cromwell, I'll kick out the mace,
 And knock down all "Big Whigs."

I've nothing, gentle folks, to *lose*
 But everything to *win*,
 Except perhaps, my tramping shoes,
 And these are very thin.
 A sturdy beggar up and down,
 I come to seek a place,
 If Bradford men won't get me in,
 My *curse* upon the *race*.

EPITAPHS.

Darrington: William Shackleton, of Cridling Park,
Died 1775, Aged 76 years.

After a long life spent in rural cares
Amongst his flocks and pastoral affairs,
The grand sweeper death seiz'd on his grey hairs.

His farm at Cridling Park was his delight,
Toiling all day he sweetly slept at night.

Noise and hurry of towns he did not love,
But retir'd close to supplicate Great Jove.

His barns with corn his house with plenty stow'd,
The kind blessings which God on him bestowed.

Yet mortals being subject to decay,
When his Creator called he did obey.

Erected by Joseph Goodall.

Beverley Minster, 1560.

All yow that reade this wrytynge aparant
Geve thank to God for Rycherd Ferrant
Which in his lyfe wrought faythefullye
And dyed also ryght Chrystyanly
He had xii chyldrene withe Joane his wyfe
Which ar vii Sonnes and Dowghters fyve.
Of London he was as wyll appeere
A fre Citizen and a Drapeere
Of Robert Ferrant he was the sone
Which at Skypton in Cravenge dyd wonne
Hys bodye ys burryed nuder this stone
Hys sowle to rest with God ys gone
The yere of Chryste nether lesse nor more
A thowsand fyve hundrethe and thre score
And also yn the mouethe of Maye
He dyed the fyve and twentyethe daye.

"In memory of David Johnson, of Old Malton; who died 27th of May,
1845, aged 59 years."

"A loving husband, and a father dear,
Beneath this earth, alas, lies buried here!
Great is the grief to those he left behind!
He's gone, we hope, eternal joys to find."

On his three grandchildren:

"Dreams never pictured, or World so fair
as that, where William, and Harriet, and Mary Jane, are."

The "*fair*" in the last line but one was, in the first instance, engraved
"*fare*."

Skipton Churchyard: Wm. Wilson, 1848.

A tender husband, a father dear,
A faithful friend lies buried here;
Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek patience filled his breast,
His coat of arms—an holy life,
An upright heart—his crest.
Quartered therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran:
A conscience void of all offence
Before both God and man.
In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands will wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

Thomas Depledge, murdered at Darfield, Oct. 11, 1841:

At midnight drear by this wayside
A murdered man poor Depledge died,
The guiltless victim of a blow
Aimed to have brought another low,
From men whom he had never harmed,
By hate and drunken passions warmed.
Now learn to shun in youth's fresh spring
The courses which to ruin bring.

Idle Church. William Mann, 1850, aged 50.

A husband and a father dear,
A faithful friend lies buried here.

James, his son, 1854, aged 22—
Just in the prime of life you see,
It pleased the Lord to call for me;
O reader! therefore do beware,
For you are sure my fate to share. [?]

Idle Church. Elizabeth Garth, 1853.

A loving wife, a friend sincere,
A tender mother lieth here,
In hope she lived, in faith she died,
Her life was asked, but God denied.

Idle Church. Mary Ann Ryecroft, 1871.

A loving wife, a mother dear,
A faithful friend lieth here,
This toilsome world she has left behind
A crown of glory for to find.

Beverley Minster, 1855.

A soldier lieth beneath the sod,
 Who many a field of battle trod;
 When glory calle'd, his breast was bared,
 And toil and want and danger shared.
 Like him through all thy duties go,
 Waste not thy strength in useless woe,
 Heave thou no sigh and shed no tear,
 A British soldier slumbers here.

Trinity Church, Sheffield: Richard Smith, 1757.

At thirteen years I went to sea;
 To try my fortune there;
 But lost my friend, which put an end
 To all my interest there.
 To land I came as 't were by chance,
 At twenty then I taught to dance,
 And yet unsettled in my mind,
 To something else I was inclined;
 At twenty-five laid dancing down,
 To be a bookseller in this town,
 Where I continued without strife,
 Till death deprived me of my life.
 Vain world, to thee I bid farewell,
 To rest within this silent cell,
 Till the great God shall summon all
 To answer His Majestic call,
 Then, Lord, have mercy on us all.

Scarbro' Church, 1730.

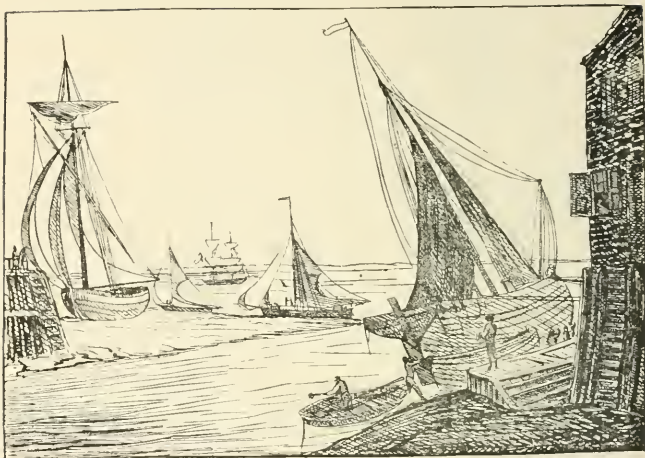
Awake, arise, behold thou hast
 Thy life a leaf, thy breath a blast;
 At night lie down, prepared to have
 Thy sleep, thy death, thy wat'ry grave.

Idle Church. Kitchen, 1867, aged 17.

A lovely girl, a mother's pride,
 A mother's hope with tears of love,
 For she was constant by her side
 Till called to that bright home above.



THE MARINERS' CHURCH.



Ships of Humber.

BANKS of the Humber! afar and on high—
 Masts, like a pine forest, crowding the sky!
 Crowds on the waters! and crowds on the shore!
 This way and that way, a rush and a roar,
 Steamboat and omnibus, each with its load,
 Churning the billow, and shaking the road!
 Crowds, like dead leaves by the whirlwind uplifted,
 Hitherward, thitherward, hurried and drifted;
 Hubbub and tumult for ever and ever,
 Dust on the highway, and foam on the river.
 Pleasure boats start to the sound of the fife,
 Friends of dear friends take the last look in life;
 Labourer's sweat-drop and emigrant's tear,
 Fall down together and darken the pier;
 Harlots in satin, with graces untold,
 Offer yon friendship, love, all things for gold;
 Harlots in tatters too! smelling of gin—
 Wrecked long ago on the breakers of sin!
 Merchant! whose warehouse is half of a street,
 Passing poor Lazarus, crouched at his feet.
 Ladies and dandies perfuming the air;
 Troops of rank sweaters all heated and bare;
 Numbers unnumbered, and mixed with the throngs,
 Men of all nations, and kindreds and tongues!

Spot on the world's deck, where pass in review
Types of the races that make up her crew!
Messmates that still through Time's watches employed,
Man the great Air-ship that sails thro' the void.

Thro' the dense multitudes—handsome and brave—
Moved a stout sailor boy, fresh from the wave,
Dealing out freely the jest or the curse;
Joy in his countenance—gold in his purse—
Riot, wild revel, and brawl in his plans,
Daring the sea's wrath, and laughing at man's!
Onward he goes till a sound in his ears
Startles his soul and he bursts into tears;
Suddenly, softly, steal forth into air
Words of thanksgiving, repentance, and prayer.
Low near his feet, like a dove on her perch,
Sits on the still wave the Mariner's Church!
There some poor seamen, each finding a brother,
Sing of Christ Jesus, the God of his mother;
Sing, too, the words that in life's dawning years
Lips, silent now, sweetly sang in his ears!
Enters the prodigal, leaving without
Laughter and uproar, the curse and the shout.
Enters, and humbled, and melted and shaken,
Turns to the Father, forgotten, forsaken;
Heeding not, hearing not, what men are saying,
Down on his knees he is weeping and praying;
Weeping and praying while lovingly o'er him
Hovers an angel, the mother that bore him;
She, whose delight was to shield and caress him,
She, whose last words were a whispered "God bless him."

Home of the homeless one—found without search—
Blessings rain on thee, O Mariners' Church;
Friend of the friendless one, found without search,
Stand thou for ever a Mariner's Church.

BENJ. PRESTON, Bradford.

EPITAPH.

Penistone Churchyard: Margaret Wood, 1760, aged 43.

Beneath this stone there lies a maid,
Who in her lifetime often said;
Let virtue be my daily choice,
That with the Lord I may rejoice.
In pain a mournful time she spent,
But God at last heard her complaint.
If more of her then should be said,
She was an inoffensive maid;
To death she gave, and Christ in view;
Praise, and bade this world adieu.

A JUVENILE STORY OF HEAVEN.

BEFORE a lowland cottage,
With climbing roses gay,
I stood one summer's eve, to watch
Two children at their play.
All round the garden walks they ran,
Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired and sate them down
Beneath an old oak tree.
They were silent for a little space,
And then the boy began :—
“ I wonder, si-ter dear, if I
Shall ever be a man.
I almost think I never shall
For often in my sleep,
I dream that I am dying—
Nay, sister, do not weep !
It is a joyful thing to die ;
For though this world is fair,
I see a lovelier in my dreams,
And fancy I am there.
I fancy I am taken there
As soon as I have died ;
And I roam through all the pleasant place,
With an angel by my side.
To that bright world I long to go ;
I would not linger here,
But for my gentle mother's sake,
And your's, my sister dear !
And when I read my book to her,
Or when I play with you,
I quite forget that glorious land,
And the blessed angel too.
But oft when I am weary
Of my books and of my play,
Those pleasant dreams come back again
And steal my heart away.
And I wish that you, sweet sister,
And my mother dear, and I,
Could shut our eyes upon this world
And, all together, die.”
Then spake his fair-haired sister,
In tones serene and low :—
“ Oh, if heaven is such a pleasant place,
Dear brother, let us go !

Our mother wept when our father died,
 Till her bright eyes were dim;
 And I know she longs to go to heaven,
 That she may be with him.

So let us all together go!"
 The thoughtful boy replied—
 "Ah no! we cannot go to heaven,
 Until that we have died.

And sister, we must be content
 Upon this earth to stay,
 Till the Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ,
 Shall call our souls away."

Before the next year's roses came,
 That gentle call was given;
 And the mother and her two sweet babes
 Were, all of them, in heaven.

THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR, Bradford.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

From Dr. Dixon's Collection.

[Said to be older than James II.'s time, founded on an early French chanson. The third verse was probably committed to print by Dr. Dixon for the first time.]

BEAGONE, dull care! I prithee begone from me;
 Begone, dull care! Thou and I can never agree.
 Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;
 But i' faith dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey;
 Too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it is the wisest thing,
 To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care! I'll none of thy companie;
 Hence, dull care! Thou art no peer for me.
 We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
 So merrily pass the day;
 And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
 We'll drive dull care away.

THE MODEL OF THE STATUE OF MR. OASTLER WITH THE
GROUP OF CHILDREN, NOW EXHIBITING IN THE
SHOW ROOM OF MR. ODDY, MARKET STREET, BRADFORD,
1869.

"I have told you often, and I tell you again with tears; you shall not make such pretty babes become Old England's slaves."—*R. Oastler's speech*. See also "Friends—"

BEHOLD them here, in grief they stand,
The victims of a weary toil;
Are these the sinews of our land?

Are these the strength of Britain's isle?

Behold them here—ye sons of wealth,
Behold each slender, drooping form,—
Strangers to comfort and to health.

Whose days are one continued storm.

Nipp'd in the bud ere bloomed the flower,
Or ere its stem could bear the blast,
Whose every day, from hour to hour,
Was toil—to toil, whilst life did last.

The warning voice from heaven above
Fell heedless on the selfish heart;
Nor tears, nor sighs, nor aught could move
Till thou, great champion, took their part.

Thou struck'st the blow, the deed was done,
Humanity made good her claim;
And now the noble work begun,
Will ever bear thy honoured name.

ABM. WILDMAN.

EPITAPH.

Kirkleatham: Sir Charles Turner, Bart., 1810.

Beneath this hallowed vault, this awful shade,
Amidst his generous forefathers laid,
Lo Turner sleeps!—the latest of his race!
In prime of manhood given to death's embrace,
Heir of their name, and of their virtues heir,
His heart was liberal, courteous, brave, sincere:
Nor that his only praise; his patient mind,
Cheerful in grief, in agony resigned,
Long bore the tedious hours of cureless pain,
Which love and friendship strove to soothe in vain.
Farewell, dear consort of my happier days!
To thee this duty thy Teresa pays;
Lamenting still for thee, till fate shall join
Her kindred spirit and her dust with thine.

THE BALLAD OF YOLONDE.

A Legend of Wakefield Bridge, Dec., 1460.

[From *Leeds Mercury Supplement*, about 1880.]

BENEATH the ivied abbey walls
The first fresh snowfall lies ;
And one lone birdling sits and chirps
Under the chill grey skies.

A Ladye rests on weary bed
Within arch-vaulted room,
Lonely and dank that chamber is,
As though 'twere living tomb.

The Ladye counts her rosary beads
With thin cold finger-tips ;
The hills' ribbed snow was not more white
Than her wan shrunken lips.

Her rippled raven tresses droop
Like slain bird's stricken wing ;
Her tears fall on the coverlet
Like dews of evening.

In her sweet youth all sweet Ladyes
More beautiful beyond
Was she so pale who lieth there,
The loveable Yolonde.

No Yorkist's favour, the white rose,
Had tenderer grace than she ;
Lake-lily's flower was not more fair
Than was her fair bodie.

Close by a Sister with clasped cross
Sayeth her orison ;
The carved niche-saint of stone were scarce
More mute to look upon.

And still she kneels an hour and more,
Until her tired eye swims ;
The very flag whereon she knelt
Grew warmer than her limbs.

Meanwhile the sun has set behind
Yon hills of flushed rose-white,
Has looked his last upon the face
Of the year that dies to-night.

Whilst line by line fade in the west
The even's purple bars ;
And one by one each to its place
Come forth the pallid stars.

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour
We seek thy sacred shrine:
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour
We hail thee all divine.

"Ave Maria! Maiden pure
On thy throne in Paradise,
Plead now for me as only can
Pure heart and purest eyes.

"Ave Maria! hear the prayer
Of suppliant at thy feet;
Bend down thine eyes, which too have wept,
On me, O Mother sweet.

"Ave Maria! Mother sweet,
Who know'st the love for child,
O give me thy most holy calm
To still this heart so wild."

Ave Maria! murmurs she,
Yolonde, with wandering lips:
Each murmured Ave said, a bead
Through her gem-set rosary slips.

And with every murmured Ave, tears
Through silken lashes swim;
For memories of her happier days
Those wild dark eyes make dim.

But hark! what grave sweet sounds are borne
Down the long corridor?
It is no Sister who speaks low,
Her words on convent floor.

The cowed monks in the lit chapelle,
On bare and bended knees,
Chant for the brave departed dead
Their requiem litanies.

They pray for souls that in battle died
When Wakefield Bridge ran blood,
That day when Clifford's slain well-nigh
Had choked the Calder flood.

"Ah, years ago, it seems so long,
That blood-red winter eve!
Its memories haunt me and can yield
Hardly an hour's reprieve.

"See, those same stars come forth that lit
That night, that hour, that place—
The same sweet stars that showed the last
Of my Maurice's comely face.

"Breast hath no heavier weight than heart
That breaks yet will not die;
And eyes their saddest vigil keep
That live, yet know not why."

The Sister, with a touch as light
As the flake had earthward slid,
Smoothed her long raven hair, and kissed
Each cold eye's blue-veined lid:

"These things are past, and in God's hands
The dead are safe, my child;
I deem it sin to weep the lost
With wandering passion wild.

"And know, the priests will not forget,
In the chanted requiem prayer,
The soul of Maurice, who died so brave,
And young Rutland, that boy so fair.

"And I marked among their symbol gifts
Sweet rosemarie they bore,
Remembrancer of those we love,
The loved we see no more.

"I ween, too, taper lights are lit
In the shrine of the bridge-chapelle,
And that now they sing the holy mass
For those who thereby fell."

"Sister, your words are very sweet,
And sweet your lips' soft kiss,
But nor words nor lips can reach the wound
Of the heart that broken is."

The mass-priest sings, and louder comes
The dirge-hymn on the air:
But heart and thought of pale Yolonde
Are not in the requiem prayer.

"Five years ago this woeful eve
They told me how Maurice fell;
Each word went through me like a spear.
My heart beat its own knell.

"Sister, 'tis just five years ago,
Methinks I have counted the hours,
Since I watched that bleak December day
On stately Sandal towers.

"For the Yorkists that day did fight the foe
On the fields by Wakefield Bridge;
I marked the lance and pennon flash
As they trooped o'er Stanley ridge.

“ Brave Lord, brave Knight, full many an one
Were a noble sight to see,
For I marked that morn all gay ride by
York’s goodliest chivalry.

“ The ranks closed in again and again
In onset swift and keen,
Each clashing sword was like levin brand
And the shouts were fierce between.

“ I watched the fight the livelong day,
For, O, my Maurice was there ;
I had marked his triple-feathered plume,
As he rode on his jet-black mare.

“ But I felt so lone on the cold watch-tower,
There was none to succour me ;
So I thought of the blessed saints, and told
The beads on my rosary.

“ And my heart did ache, and my heart did ache,
As I had dropped down and died ;
I felt the babe unborn up-leap
Against my pained side.

“ But one by one I saw afar
That the White Rose banners fell ;
I knew for brave dear hearts there rung
The last wild deathly knell.

“ At last the sun went down ; no more
Flashed gleam of spear or shield ;
The long grey shadows coldly hid
The dim red-reeking field.

“ ’Twas then a horseman came and told
How the hot fierce fight had sped,
How York was slain, the battle lost,
And Sir Maurice left for dead.”

Yolonde sat up upon her couch,
And tore her raven hair,

“ Listen, my child, they remember *them*
In yon holy requiem prayer.”

Yolonde’s face took a strange wild light
Lost souls were scarce more dire ;
The corpse in coffin were not more pale,
And her eyes were eyes of fire.

“ Ah ! then I sped from Sandal towers
My heart grew dizzily sick ;
My fleet foot sought the battle-field,
Where the dead lay and the quick.

“A kerchief veil upon my head,
With fingers swift I donned,
To shroud my bright and raven hair,
That none might know Yolonde.

“Sure, never girl’s foot in her teens
On sadder errand pressed,
And never girl’s will laid on itself
A balefuller bequest.

“O God, ’twas a fearful thing to see
Wide eye-balls glazed in death !
And O, ’twas a fearful thing to hear
The last thick gurgling breath !

“And some did pray, and some were mute
And died with clenched teeth set ;
And some did curse with last fierce curse
The merciless Margaret.

“Some murmured the name of wife and child,
As men speak in a swoon ;
Parched lips for one drink of water begged,
Begged as a dying boon

“Yet on I sped from file to file,
As I stole through the sheltering dark,
Searched for the one dear face I knew
Among those corpses stark.

“I slacked not in my woeful quest
Till I came to Wakefield Bridge,
Where bodies blocked the path and made
A yard-deep piled-up ridge.

“O God, my silken dress was dragged
With wet blood to the knees ;
And my hands were crimson as though deep-dipped
In the heart’s red agonies !

“Yet I envied the sleep of the sleepers there,
And would to God I had died,
For sore the dead weight at my heart,
And the living weight at my side.”

The Sister kneeling with clasped cross
Did make the holy sign,
And took the silver cup and touched
The wan lips with the wine.

Vain ! for the soul’s wings beat the bars
Of their shattered prison frame ;
The heart of fire is well-nigh dust,
And the passionate love spent flame.

"O the stars shone clear, and I found at last
The spot where Maurice fell;
'Twas where the fair young Rutland lay
Close by the bridge-chapelle.

"Less slack my step, I had been too late,
Bootless had been my quest;
For I saw by the stars and the shot north lights
The life's blood ebbed from his breast.

"O and I doffed his helmet casque,
And smoothed his gold blonde curls,
Which clustered round his bonnie brows
That sweet were as a girl's.

"And with water lapped from Calder flood
I slaked his burning drouth;
I stanchd his wound with my raven hair,
And with kisses kissed his mouth.

"My silken scarf I swift undid,
And wiped his clammy brow;
His eyes had not yet lost their light,
But his blood did flow and flow.

"O and he knew me, though his eyes were wan,
And his lips too pale to speak,
So I knelt me down in the red pool at my feet
Till his breath was on my cheek:

"And I said, 'O darling, look up to me;
Dear, speak, 'tis your own Yolonde';
But my tears would come like molten flame,
And drenched his locks so blonde.

"Then his smile for one brief fleeting glance,
Was the smile it was of old,
When he kissed me on bride-bed in the bower,
And I stroked his locks of gold.

"But ah! his weary eyelids drooped,
His lips were lips of snow;
He seemed as though he would something say,
But his blood did flow and flow.

"I clasped him with my swift, keen hands,
With a mute clasp and a wild,
I held him in my lily-white arms
As though he had been but a child.

"Then I heard within his hollow breast,
(His lips could scarcely stir)
His last death-words, which were breathed as though
They came from the sepulchre.

"*Yolonde, farewell! Farewell, Yolonde!*
 In my ears for ever wake :
Yolonde, farewell! Farewell, Yolonde!
 Do I hear till my heart shall break.

"And aye beneath the wild, weird stars
 There sounds the wild death-knell;
Yolonde, farewell! Farewell, Yolonde!
 And ever, and ever, *Farewell!*"

F.

OLD YORKSHIRE.

BE not our title scorned: if wide domain,
 If smiling nature, if triumphant art,
 If high tradition, vindicate the strain,
 Yorkshire may claim, and will maintain her part.

List, doubting jester—if there be that jest—
 While, with faltering voice, and trembling hand,
 I call proud names from their historic rest,
 And point to all the beauties of our land.

Go, where the Don's young waters brightly glide,
 'Mid tufted woods, and legendary caves;
 No Dragon (1) prowls on Wharnccliffe's sylvan side,
 Or scares the current of the peaceful waves:

Then onward Sheffield's busier haunts survey,
 Where art and industry their power reveal,
 The power that moulds with well-adjusted sway
 Each pliant form of adamant steel.

Pass not the lordly pile of Wentworth's line (2)
 To patriot worth, and social friendship dear;
 There love yet gilds Fitzwilliam's mild decline,
 And gentle virtues weep round Milton's bier. (3)

Where Wakefield rears her fair and lofty spire,
 No banner'd roses float o'er fields of gore; (4)
 Gay villas 'mid their clustering groves retire,
 And golden Ceres piles her massive store.

The Muse, less daring than the Argive raft,
 Shrinks from the classic region of the Fleece; (5)
 How vain an artless rhymster's craft,
 To hymn the trophies of Britannia's peace.

Still, Commerce, thine unfettered track pursue,
 Court torrid zephyrs, brave the icy gale,
 Rivet Creation's severed links anew,
 With thy light rudder, and thy roving sail.

Crowned with the myrtle, vine, and olive leaf,
 Before thy peaceful keel chase gory strife.
 Waft to each want, that visits man, relief,
 The lamp of knowledge, and the Cross of life.
 But thou, coy Maiden of the rustic shell,
 Hie from yon peopled haunts, where Airedale leads (6)
 My silent step, o'er tangled brake and dell,
 Through wooded slopes, and intermingled meads.



Bolton Abbey.

Or where romantic Wharfe, 'mid milder steeps,
 Tosses the gladness of his torrent spray,
 Round Bolton's shrine with softer murmur creeps,
 Then winds through opening plains her ampler way.
 All lovely Bolton! though no incense roll
 O'er cloistered courts by holy footsteps trod,
 Where from earth's thousand altars, could the soul
 Hold a more rapt communion with its God?



Barden Tower.

As Clifford (7) erst in Barden's neighbouring tower,
 The Shepherd Lord, unscathed by civil jars,
 Undazzled by the blaze of sudden power,
 Trained his meek spirit 'mid the silent stars.

Vaunt not Helvetian hills, Ansonian vales,
 Vaunt not each painted, each poetic scene,
 Still, still, I cling to Craven's pastoral dales,
 Their purple heather, and their emerald green.

Pause, my bewildered harp, nor leave unpraised
 Farnley's green upland, Harewood's stately glade,
 The antique pile, (8) by mail-clad Templars raised,
 Hackfall's wild glen, or Bramham's alleys shade.

Ye towers of Pomfret ! in your blighted round,
 No rose shall blossom, and no muse shall sing ;
 Blood, blood, bedews the rank and tainted ground,
 Of unarmed nobles, (9) and an uncrowned King. (10)

Nor gaze unmoved on Ebor's ancient wall ;
 The purple Masters of Imperial power, (11)
 Changed for its guarded hold, at honour's call,
 Their Latian mount, or bright Byzantine bower :

Our peaceful streets no stranger legions fill,
 No Eastern pomps in gay procession smile ;
 But, say can Roman power, or Grecian skill,
 O'ermatch the grandeurs of our Gothic pile ?

This lyre might linger with too fond a praise,
 O'er Vanburgh's airy domes, (12) and sculptured halls.
 On to the sterner works of earlier days,
 Byland's rent faue, and Gilling's ivied walls.

In Helmsley's tower no Villiers revels now, (13)
 On yonder hills he met untimely doom ;
 At Rivaulx' shrine no sandalled beadsmen bow,
 But nature's self has canonised their tomb.

See Fountains' yet more massive glories rise,
 On Studley's lawns see spring eternal bloom ; (14)
 Let Wensley's fertile vale arrest thine eyes,
 Richmond's gay terraces, and castled gloom.

From Calder's fount to Cleveland's mossy hill.
 From Humber's wave to Skipton's mountain hold,
 All forms and hues the varied canvas fill,
 The rich, the soft, the fertile, and the bold.

Mark where yon rocky barrier fronts the main,
 And seems the guardian of the favoured land ;
 Oft has its iron strength repelled the Dane,
 Or the armed barks of Norway's rugged strand.



Skipton Castle.

Mark Scarbro's keep, and Whitby's shattered aisle, (15)
 Once the proud sea-mark of the troubled deep;
 While Mulgrave's tower still views old Ocean smile,
 From its lone crag, and wood-embosomed steep.

The darker spoils domestic troubles yield,
 May not on page so light as mine be read (16)
 How York-shire mourned o'er Towton's crimsoned field,
 How Fairfax triumphed, while her bravest bled. (17)

Not now the theme—may all her future years
 In peace, in wealth, in freedom, roll along,
 Unstained by crimes, by conflicts, and by tears,
 Brightened by virtue, and adorned by song.

1. The Dragon of Wantley is the subject of a well-known legend.
2. A Mausoleum is erected in Wentworth Park to the memory of the Marquis of Rockingham, containing the busts of his principal associates and friends.
3. Viscountess Milton, obit 1830.
4. A Chapel of small and delicate proportions upon the bridge at Wakefield, is supposed to have been built to commemorate the decisive battle fought near by between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians. But it would be nearer the truth to state that this chapel was rebuilt after that battle, as a chapel stood on the bridge before that date, which had been erected by the citizens of Wakefield. [See *Scatcherd's Pamphlet*.]
5. Here begins the great woollen district of which Leeds is the centre.
6. In this most pleasing valley stands the picturesque ruin of Kirkstall Abbey.

7. The history of Henry, the Shepherd Lord, may be found in *Whitaker's Craven*.

8. Temp'le Newsam.

9. The Earl of Salisbury, and twelve Yorkist chiefs, after the battle of Wakefield: Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, &c, upon the death of Edward IV.

10. Richard II.

11. Adrian, Caracalla, Geta, and probably Theodosius, served—Septimius Severus, and Constantius died. It is supposed that Constantine was proclaimed Emperor, and perhaps born at York.

12. Sir John Vanburgh was the architect of Castle Howard.

13. George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, died in the house of his agent from a cold, caught while seeing a fox dug out. The other two places named are in the beautiful Duncombe Park.

14. The evergreens at Studley are particularly fine.

15. A considerable part of the very striking ruins of the Abbey at Whitby fell some years ago.

16. At the battle of Towton, fought in the year 1461, 37,000 Englishmen are said to have fallen.

17. Thomas, Lord Fairfax, a great general and a worthy man.

Penned in the year 1832, by Geo. Howard, Earl of Carlisle when Lord Morpeth. He died at Castle Howard in 1864. They were contributed to the "Yorkshire Annual," published in that year, and edited by Mr. C. F. Edgar, of Park-lane, Leeds. It was a book of 358 pages, and filled with very creditable literary matter, the lines quoted above forming the leading paper. Yet, good as it was, the experiment was never repeated. Mr. Edgar was the author of a long poem, "The Harp of Judah," and some smaller poems.

BIND YOUR HAIR WITH BLUE.

BIND your hair with blue, my love,
 Bind your hair with blue!
 It is the colour of the brave,
 The watchword of the true!
 It is the emblem I would wear
 Your trustful heart to woo,
 So bind your hair with blue, my love,
 With love's own ribbon blue.

Bind your hair with blue, my love,
 With faithful royal blue!
 Believe it in its stainless truth
 Sincerely bound to you!
 Oh, trust me, love's own colour is
 Your fittest favoured blue,
 So, trust my love, and bind it well
 With your bright hair and blue.

Bind your hair with blue, my love,
 Heaven's own celestial hue,
 And glitter as the brightest star
 In skies serenely blue!

It suits your beauty well, my love,
 And binds me more to you,
 So bind your hair with blue, my love,
 With love's own ribbon blue!

WM. BERRY, Leeds.

THE YORKSHIRE HIRINGS.

BLEAK wintry days were nearing fast,
 Through half-stripped woodlands roared the blast,
 The brown leaves whirled in sportive round,
 Or, sere and withered, strewed the ground;
 No flowerets dipped with sparkling dew,
 On sunny bank or meadow grew,—
 No songster chaunted from the thorn,—
 No blithe-toned milkmaid charmed the morn:
 The kine by night in straw-roofed shed,
 On hay or juicy turnips fed;
 No steeds on naked pastures browsed,
 But champ'd their fodder snugly housed:
 O'er fields late decked with smiling corn,
 The hunter rode while twanged the horn;
 The sportsman with relentless aim,
 Spread death amongst the flying game;
 The patient swains, with ceaseless care,
 For future crops the soil prepare,
 In fondest hope the well-tilled earth
 Might bless them with her richest birth.

One morning in that season chill,
 (Which makes dull spirits gloomier still)
 Though light her earliest streaks displayed,
 No gorgeous tints the East arrayed;
 As though to greet men's gaze too proud,
 The sun rose, veiled in dismal shroud,
 When plodding on a lonely lane,
 Were seen a motley rustic train;
 The whole trimmed neatly in their best,
 Spake this a day of welcome rest;
 These worthy children of the soil,
 Had bid a short adieu to toil,—
 Brute, slave, and man, alike must play,
 For 'tis the annual Hiring Day.

A simply clad, time-honoured man,
 In steady order led the van;

Though life's brief sand was sinking low,
 Yet dignity sat on his brow;
 The sinew large, and bony limb,
 Showed vigour once had dwelt with him.
 His rugged hand most truly told.
 A life in usefulness "grown old."
 One son, beside his buxom dame,
 A man of stout and hardy frame,
 Walked next, with firm, resounding stride,
 Rejoicing in his manhood's pride;
 From one of those great lords of land,
 Who o'er wide regions stretch the hand,
 A farm he held, of scanty bound,
 Where toil a bare subsistence found;
 His sons advancing fast to men.
 Two sturdy youths, were with him then;
 A daughter stayed in charge at home,
 With prattling bairns too small to come;
 Their cot the honoured grandsire graced,
 While life declined with gentle waste;
 Experience proved a rich resource,
 When ruder powers had lost their force.
 Their orphan niece, Susannah fair,
 Tripped light behind the honest pair;
 Loved scenes she left and bosoms kind,
 Another home—less dear—to find.
 Her playful eye and artless mien
 Declared that brilliant age—eighteen;
 Dark curls those cheeks did sweetly shade,
 Where joy with rosy beauty played.
 A comely yonth, robust and tall,
 Bid love's kind glance on Susan fall;
 And as a mutual fervour burned,
 His smile she bashfully returned,—
 First kindled at a country feast.
 The flame had ever since increased:
 On love's light wing he now had flown,
 To guard his dearest to the town.

The lively, bustling town they gain,
 Whose wonders greet the simple train;
 Sights 'passing all they ever saw,
 Loud praise from young admirers draw.
 Here showmen's booths present to view
 Fine pictures, not to nature true;
 On rows of stalls, are gaily spread.
 Toys, trinkets, tape, and gingerbread,—
 All, smartened up, in decent pride,
 The rustics flock from every side,
 While dialects, of various twang,
 Are heard in homely brief harangue;

Loud laughter roars, when, in the street,
 Two old acquaintance chance to meet :
 With eager and unbidden glee,
 One bawls "Ae, Bess lass, is that thee :
 "Ha ar' ta yet? Ha gets ta on?"
 "O, hearty lass—an hae's yoor John?
 "An hae does Sall and Dolly do!"
 "All weel, an they're come hither too."

The house at times, like these, so dear,
 Invites them to inspiring beer;
 In comfort set, and happy ease,
 They relish well their bread and cheese;
 A favourite place our rustics sought,
 Where welcome kind was freely bought,
 Around a joyful blazing fire
 They dried their dripping wet attire;
 Concluding there at eve to meet.
 They took their stations in the street.

The sun burst from his cloudy veil;
 Gave brighter grace to features hale,
 And whispered hopes of evening mild
 To those whose early walk was wild.
 From youths and maidens thronged in rows,
 Employers now their servants chose;
 Each youth prepares this answer true,
 To "Na, my lad, what can ta deu!"
 While vacant eyes they downward fix,
 And scrape the pebbles with their sticks,—
 "Wha, aw can plew the streitest furra,
 An' so', and mo', an' team, an' 'arra
 As weel as ony man o't spot,—
 An good's the carrier aw've got."
 The girls to each enquiring dame,
 Their merits testified the same,—
 "Well, I can wash, an' bake, an' brew,
 An' milk, an' manage t' dairy teu."
 The numbers hired were rather small,
 And low the binding terms with all;
 A dame on modest Sue had cast
 A glance which almost through her passed.
 And was about to speak a word,
 When interrupted by a third;
 For Sue was beckoned to a friend,
 Who this advice did freely lend—
 "If yo wi' her agreement make,
 The bond you'll shortly want to braak;
 I kno' her weel—a screwing jade,
 Who finds a fau't where none is made."
 At this the matron they forsook,
 Who threw on both a scowling look.

But soon the youth who loved her best
 His charming Susan thus addressed—
 " Since thou hast got no place to day,
 Let me thy hiring-penny pay ;
 At thy ill speed I somehow feel
 Delight, not easy to conceal ;
 For if divided, how forlorn
 Thy best endearments I should mourn ;
 As thou alone my pain could'st ease,
 And in my weariest moments please ;
 Who waked, in my fond breast, a store
 Of joys I never knew before."
 Then soft replied the maiden dear,
 " Though all is sweet while thou art near,
 Yet when from service I am free,
 What home of comfort waits for me ?
 My uncle, he is free and kind,
 But has enough his own to mind."
 " Then hear me Susan," cried the youth,
 " Thou wilt not, canst not, doubt the truth,—
 Our courtship now has lasted long,
 The tie that binds our hearts is strong,
 With thee I never could repine,
 Whatever sky's above—be mine ;
 For not chill, daunting poverty,
 Shall quench the flame of love in me ;
 A fair employ I now possess ;
 If small my wage my cost the less :
 Although my savings are but bare,
 My scanty all with thee I'll share ;
 And we, by dearest union blest,
 Must brave all weathers like the rest."
 The yielding maid held down her head
 To hide the streaks of deeper red ;
 Then lightly by her lover's side,
 To view the scenes of wonder, hied.

For now, the hiring business done,
 Intent to close the day with fun,
 In various ways the rustics sped,
 By pleasure and by fancy led.
 Some first the splendid shows survey,
 With painted canvas waving gay,
 These, creatures hold from every land,
 Those, pantomime, or sleight of hand ;
 But spite of music, lies and din,
 More gaze without, than enter in.
 Some to the shops and stalls repair,
 To spend what trifle they can spare,
 Or, round the ballad-mongers crowd,
 Who chaunt their jingling strains aloud ;

But far the greater number swarm,
To reeking tavern, dry and warm,
And then, in draughts of cordial brown,
Both sense of thirst and trouble drown.

The sun now bade our clime farewell,
And swift the gathering shadows fell,
The night clouds, as they blackening rolled,
Of distant home the sober told.
The group I oft have named before,
All duly met—with many more;
Though night, in gloom, o'ercast the road,
Their spirits felt no weighty load,
In mellow, fear-despising frame,
Returning merrier than they came;
All, timid bashfulness forsook,
Each youth his favourite damsel took;
By talk beguiled, and lively sport,
The long black march appeared but short;
Fair Susan, and her goodly swain,
Breathed forth, apart, the fervent strain;
With joys, which only lovers know,
Again they pledged the sacred vow.

Abridged from "The Rustic Wreath. Poems, Moral, Descriptive, and Miscellaneous," by Thomas Lister, Barnsley. Leeds, printed for the author, by Anthony Pickard, Cross-court, top of Briggate, 1834, pp. 204, 12mo.

T'BRAHDAL BANDS.

BLUSHIN, theer oor Peggy sits stitchin' fahn stitchin',
Luv knots roond her brahdal bands, witchin', bewitchin'.

T'brahds maids all mun deea a stitch, stitchin', &c.

An' tha* mun binnd it roond her leg, witchin', &c.

Bud sun bauf swain 'at's soond o' puff, stitchin', &c.

'l claim † his rect ti tak it off, witchin', &c.

An' he aroond his awn luv's leg, stitchin', &c.

'l lap it roond ti binnd his luv, witchin', &c.

Whahl sha sweet maid 'll wear his troth, stitchin', &c.,

Mahnding each tahn sha taks it off, witchin', &c.

That daay when sha will 'a'e ti wear, stitchin', &c.

Nut yan, bud twee, a brahdal pair, witchin', &c.

Oh, happy day, when sha s'all stitch, stitchin', &c.

Her brahdal bands, the wearing which

Maks maids bewitchin'.

* The bridegroom, on the wedding morn.

† By racing first from the church to the bride's abode.

BARNABY OF BOROUGHBIDGE.

BOLD Barnaby Burrowbrig lives by the Ure,
Where the de'il in his mirth flung his darts* on the
muir,

And slyly enjoying his joke, with a grin
The lord of misrule threw bold Barnaby in.

Oh, Barnaby bold is a roystering wight,
He frolics by day and he revels by night;
And the lasses all know, twixt the Ure and the Nidd,
The reckless careering of Barnaby's steed.

A dozen fat oxen are his on the moor,
And wethers and gimmers full many a score;
But he cares not for beeves, be they ever so prime,
For there's deer in the forest, though to kill them is crime.

On the parish he's played the stern bishop, in jest
He disrobed of stole, cassock and surplice the priest;
And in spite of his threatening penance and loss,
He has preached at the vicar from Aldbro' Cross.

Bold Barnaby loves with his betters to sport,
He met the lord bishop in haste to the Court,
He shewed him the ford, where ford there was none,
And laughed as he left him to get out alone.

Oh, Barnaby bold, the king's men ye deceived,
Ye promised to lead them where Barnaby lived;
With tales ye beguiled them till daylight was o'er,
And left them to wander all night on the moor.

A rebel at heart, and a Roundhead in speech,
Naught Barnaby likes in the law but its breach;
And parson and squire may threaten and frown;
Bold Barnaby cares not for mitre or crown.

While there's ale in the flagon, a stag in the wood,
A steed in the stall of high mettle and blood,
He will ride gay and free o'er moor, park, and hill,
He will feed on the best, let them threaten who will.

Bold Barnaby came with the first to the fair,
As fearless and fierce as when Fairfax was there;
But a yeoman of Scriven stole Barnaby's steed,
And a troop of king's horse ran him down in the Nidd.

O Barnaby bold—O Barnaby bright,
Would ye rob a good man, though a king, of his right?
Would ye plunder and ravin like rebel or Scot?
Would ye give those brave limbs on the ramparts to rot?

* Devil's arrows.

Ho, Barnaby bold, there is welcome and cheer,
 A steed and good long sword, an' thou'lt wear the king's gear;
 So pledge ye the prince in this right royal liquor,
 We'll forgive thee the deer and forget the good vicar.

REV. RICHARD ABBAY, M.A.

BRADFORD SCOTCH :

By JAMES SMEATON,

Born in Scotland in 1819, resided many years at Bradford and Menston.

BRADFORDIAN Scotch! as you revere
 Your ancestry and country dear,
 Obey the call to volunteer

Into the Bradford Scottish.

All who their Scotch descent can trace,
 Thro' Sassenach or Celtic race,
 Are welcome to take up their place
 Among the Bradford Scottish.



Perchance a Murray from the Tilt,
 Where Celt fought Saxon hilt to hilt!
 Then let him don the tartan kilt,
 And join the Bradford Scottish.

If Campbell from the land of Lorne,
 With badge of clauship on his sporan,
 And silver-mounted sneeshin-horn,
 Rank with the Bradford Scottish.

A Struan from the banks of Tay,
 If on him your hands could lay,
 And put him in the kilt-array,
 Would grace the Bradford Scottish.

All the great families of Mac,
 Who wield the pen or bear the pack,
 Unless they calves or courage lack,
 Must join the Bradford Scottish.

A Bruce or Douglas from the Nith,
 Stout of limb and strong of lith,
 Let him in gartered hose forthwith
 March with the Bradford Scottish.

Let any Englishman *pur sang*
 Who for the kilt has a penchant,
 Go wed a Scottish lass 'slap bang',
 He's free to join the Scottish.

Let Scotch and English now unite
 To uphold Great Britain's might;
 If need be, foremost in the fight
 Will be the Bradford Scottish.

THE BINGLEY FOX CHASE:

January 14th and 21st, 1851.

BRIGHT Phoebus shone clear, and the morning was fair,
 When the huntsman's loud halloo was heard on the Aire;
 Each sportsman light hearted from hamlet and town
 Hied up the Brown Hill, where the Fox was set down.
 Tally ho! hark forward! away: Tally ho!

Each sporting-clad rider that morning appear'd
 On his high-mettled steed, as no danger he fear'd,
 When the signal was given, bold Reynard must go,
 They made the dale echo with loud Tally ho!
 Tally ho!

Up Brown Hill the people ascended and stood,
 But alas for the Fox! there was not a wood:
 The cry of the men as he leapt at a wall
 Confused bold Reynard, and caused him to fall.
 Tally ho!

Brave Stormer, the hound so seldom seen spent,
 Struck the air of the cry, and foremost he went;
 Then Rockwood and Blueman, two hounds of great store,
 Led Justice and Ranter o'er Bingley Moor.
 Tally ho!

Now while the brave hounds ascended the Fell
 The bugle was heard, and the chorus did swell;
 The rays of bright Sol were adorning the rocks,
 While pursued by the hounds ran the Lincolnshire fox.
 Tally ho!

O'er the bleak tow'ring moors that stand far and wide,
 Jer. Scott, the brave huntsman, was seen for to ride;
 The sound of his voice, which was heard on the plain
 When far o'er the hills, re-echoed again.
 Tally ho!

Squire Cowgill appear'd, on his beautiful grey,
 Resolving to give bold Reynard a day;
 His halloo was heard while crossing Drake Fell,
 Which inspir'd the brave hounds as they enter'd the dell.
 Tally ho!

Some tell of bold Cliffords, the hunters of yore,
 But had they been with us on Bingley Moor,
 The feats of young Ferrand, which he seemed to enjoy,
 Would have shown the best Clifford he was but a boy.
 Tally ho!

Like the son of young Percy, on his chestnut nag,
 Squire Outersides flew over many a crag;
 He insighted Wharfedale while the echo was good,
 As he enter'd with Stormer the Hollinghall Wood.
 Tally ho!



The cry of the hounds will ne'er be forgot,
 The feats of Squire Outersides, Passant, and Scott,
 The coursers they rode they scarce could control,
 For they flew through the Bar without paying the toll.
 Tally ho!

Brave Coney, the sweep, may his speed never fail,
 Pursued the fleet hounds over many a dale ;
 To overtake those who had long gone before,
 He threw off his shoes, which he left on the moor.
 Tally ho !

The workmen from quarries, shops, foundries, and mills,
 Ran forty-five miles right over the hills :
 Young Tanner, though spent, proved Reynard's best friend,
 For he caught him alive at Skipton Town-end.
 Tally ho !

The Clerk of the Parish, or some such a man,
 To Reynard's new lodgings for damages ran ;
 His garden, in which grew laurel and box,
 Was trodden and injured with catching the Fox.
 Tally ho !

On the following week, to the former old spot,
 Bold Reynard was ta'en by the orders of Scott ;
 The morning was fair, and scores on the plain
 Had the pleasure of seeing bold Reynard again.
 Tally ho !

Now the Harriers of Airedale ascended the Fell,
 But six of the sportsmen, I am sorry to tell,
 Pursuing the chase, were bogg'd on the fen,
 And the huntsman will tell you the names of the men.
 Tally ho !

I'd mention Lord Foulds, but scarcely I dare,
 Who was bogg'd in a marsh, on his favourite mare ;
 He dismounted the nag, and then did prevail
 On the footmen to pull his mare out by the tail.
 Tally ho !

Squire Foster and Cockshott began for to lag,
 And finished their hunting on Ilkley Crag :
 Far back on the moor we left them to mince,
 And they've never been seen at Bingley since.
 Tally ho !

"Hark forward !" together the huntsmen did cry,
 "Though the Squires be lost, bold Reynard must die."
 Squires Outer and Ferrand to Scott seemed to cling
 And with their loud halloos they made Otley ring.
 Tally ho !

Squires Outersides, Ferrand, Cowgill, and Scott,
 And Knowles (the brave sportsman must not be forgot),
 Each pursued the Winn Fox till they could do no good,
 So they left him for pity in Squire Fox's Wood.
 Tally ho !

Should you wish to know more, at the sign of the Queen,
 Old Snowden, the giant, and Scott may be seen;
 There Tanner and Teno will hum it for years,
 And Glover relate it when shedding his tears.

Tally ho!

ROBERT WEST.

The author of this ballad, who used to subscribe himself "Bard of the Glen," resided in Prospect Street, Bingley, and was employed as a woolcomber by Mr. William Anderton, late of Dubb Mills.

One who saw this famous hunt writes:—"Why the fox was called the Winn fox was because it was brought from the Winn Covers in Lincolnshire. Brown Hill is now the Prince of Wales Park, Bingley."

HENRY AND EMMA.

BRIGHT shone the lunar orb Athwart the foliated dale,
 Where verdure's dews absorb And softly flows the gale,
 As Henry distant sped, Beneath the shelving rocks,
 Unconscious every tread, His only track the flock's.

Tinged with a hazy red, Behold the lunar beam,
 Gloom, 'stead of brightness, shed O'er mountain, dale and stream,
 Portentous viewed the sign, Loud cries a shepherd, wise,
 "Nor genial blasts are thine, Fair vale, but angry skies.

Soon shall the welkin, prest By airy currents, roll
 In torrents down thy breast, In direful tempest's howl.
 As when a calm, serene, Allures the stately barge
 Far from each verdant scene, Midst ocean's vast at large;

Till high uprears the gale, Mounts on fierce mountains rise;
 Crashed are, or hull or sail; She sinks—her captain dies;
 So lures the calm thy head, Unconscious youth, from far
 To yon fell glen, bested With torrents none should dare.

O stay, O stay my son, Nor tempt the mighty gloom;
 Behold the storm begun; Avert thy instant doom.
 Bend to my cot thy way, A shepherd's fare is thine,
 And soon as peers the day To point thy path be mine."

Impetuous youth, he heard But Henry scorned to fear,
 Love, mutual love endeared And Emma's cot was near.
 Mourn, lovely Emma mourn! Thy Henry's mangled corpse
 Still rolls adown yon bourn, Borne by the torrent's force.

Fierce beat the storm, amain The impetuous torrent dashed;
 The rustic bridge in twain, Awful, beneath him crashed.
 Instant he sank, he rose; On Emma loud he cried;
 Tossed, dashed, o'erwhelmed, in throes, Mangled he sank, he died.

WM. COLDWELL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BRING hither, boys, the holly bough,
 With berries bright and red ;
 The ivy from the ruined tower,
 Where owls shriek o'er the dead ;
 The mistletoe with mystic power ;
 And winter's garland weave,
 And the yule log's blaze shall shed its rays,
 To cheer our Christmas eve.

The rack rides fast, deep howls the blast,
 Where is the linnet now ?
 And where the rose of sunny June ?
 The blossoms of the sloe ?
 They're gone but they'll return again ;
 And meantime lest we grieve,
 We'll warm our hearts with wassail cups,
 And cheer cold Christmas eve.

Come Betty dear—no voice of love
 In nature now we hear—
 But angels near us whisper it
 Through all the varied year.
 In cold or heat, in gloom or shine,
 The heart it shall not leave,
 For as when sultry summer reigns,
 It burns at Christmas eve.

We'll wake the viol's merry strings,
 While tempest clouds advance ;
 And while the pane cracks with big hail,
 We'll tread the careless dance,
 Thus shall the soul's warm summer shine,
 Till changeful earth we leave ;
 And the yule fire and the wassail bowl,
 Shall cheer our Christmas eve.

STEPHEN FAWCETT, Bradford, 1872.

EPITAPH.

Otley: Mary Beck, 1801, aged 22.

Ah ! was she not too young to find
 The grave, bedewed with many a tear ;
 Too much beloved to be resign'd,
 Too bright to disappear.
 Though worms upon her beauties feed,
 Soon shall she rise in heavenly bloom ;
 And bright immortal joys succeed
 The darkness of the tomb.

BARNSELEY PATRIOTIC SONG, 1805.

BRITONS rouse, your country's cause
 Claims your best exertions;
 Bold in arms proud France oppose,
 And blast her vain assertions.

CHORUS—

Man your fleets with heroes brave,
 Form your line full hearty;
 Give the French a watery grave,
 In spite of Bonaparte.

Let these vile usurpers find,
 Pride will but deceive 'em;
 If to invade us they're inclined,
 Like Britons we'll receive 'em.

Do they think that weak we're grown
 Torn with strife and faction?
 To their cost our strength they'll own,
 United all for action.

France, with wild romantic schemes,
 Ne'er shall subjugate us;
 Till with more than madman's dreams,
 By sea and land they beat us.

Hearts of Oak make no delay,
 Treat with naval thunder;
 Wide your banners round display,
 And strike with dread and wonder.

High and low with speed advance,
 Join in each condition;
 Humble restless, haughty France,
 And curb her mad ambition.

Boldly still in arms remain,
 Brave each different season,
 Till you lasting peace obtain,
 And bring your foes to reason.

Yorkshire heroes, freedom's sons,
 Let no vain threats dismay ye;
 Learn the use of swords and guns,
 And join with Colonel Harvey.

Beat your drums, your trumpets sound,
 Manly and united;
 Danger face—maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.

WASSAIL BALLAD:

About 300 years old.

BRYNGE us home good ale, syr, brynge us home good ale ;
 And for our der lady, lady love, brynge us som good ale.
 Brynge us home no beff, syr, for that is full of bonys,
 But brynge home goode ale ynough, for that my love alone ys :
 Brynge us home no wetyn brede, for yt be ful of branne ;
 Nothyr of no ry brede, for yt is of yt same ;
 Brynge us home no porke, syr, for yt is veric fatt ;
 Nothyr no barly brede, for neyther love I that ;
 Brynge us home no mnton, for that is tough and lene ;
 Nethyr no tryps, for thei be seldyn clene ;
 Brynge us home no veell, syr, that do I not desyr ;
 But brynge us home good ale ynough to drynke by ye fyer ;
 Brynge us home no syder, nor no palde wyne,
 For and yu do thow shalt have Criste's curse and mine.

TO MY DAUGHTER CATHERINE.

BY the Church of the Holy Trinity,
 My Catherine has her rest ;
 In the quiet and seclnded grave,
 On her dear brother's breast.

They lie in a green and flowery nook,
 Fast by the holy wall ;
 The whispering west wind knows the spot,
 And there soft star beams fall.

It is railed apart from the green churchyard,
 That no ungentle tread
 May press upon the sacred turf,
 Where sleep the blessed dead.

On the Sabbath day, and at holy tide,
 Sweet anthems linger there ;
 And the Miserere's solemn chant
 Lies softer on the air.

A pew in the church is near that grave,
 Beneath the gallery screen,
 The living there are by their dead
 With but the wall between.

On the Sabbath-day and at holy-tide,
 The severed links draw near ;
 Beside them their fond mother prays,
 And kneel their brothers dear.

Flowers of the prime, and fresh green leaves,
 On every Sabbath-day,
 The tokens of undying love,
 On that dear grave they lay.
 O let me there beside them rest
 Within the anthem's sound;
 For the waft of unseen angel wings,
 Is o'er that holy ground.

FREDK. W. CRONHELM, Halifax.

EPITAPHS.

Cawthorne, Richard Greene, 1669.

As thou dost walk on earth soe once did I,
 But now that I am dead soe here I lie,
 And must do still untill that glorious day.

Hampsthwaite: Jane Ridsdale, died 1828, aged 58, height $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Blest be the hand divine which gently laid
 My head at rest beneath the humble shade;
 Then be the ties of friendship dear;
 Let no rude hand disturb my body here.

Scruton gravestone, Ripon Cathedral yard.

Bold infidelity turn pale and die,
 Near to this stone, six infants' ashes lie;
 Say, are they lost or saved?
 If Death's by sin, they sinned because there here;
 If Heaven's by works, in Heaven they can't appear;
 Reason, ah, how depraved!
 Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied,
 They dy'd for Adam sinned, they live for Jesus dy'd.

Saville Chapel, Thornhill: 1529.

Bonys among stonys, lyes here ful styl
 Quililst the sawle wanders where God wyl.

Barmborough: Rebecca Lyster, 1761.

Beneath this stone a social friend is laid,
 Who hath the common debt of nature paid,
 She was too good to live on earth with me,
 But I not good enough to die with she;
 Farewell, dear wife, since it must be so,
 Thou can't return, but I to thee must go.

Ripon: John James, cook of Newby, 1707.

Banes among stanes do lye fou still
Whilk the soul wanders e'en where God will.

(This is probably older date than 1707; and a pun on the Baines family.)

Slingsby:

Behold! dear friend, as thou go'st by,
As thou art now so once was I!
As I am now, soon must thou be:
Prepare thyself to follow me.

My hour is come, and angels round me wait,
To take me to their glorious happy state;
Where—free from sickness, death, and every pain—
I shall with God in endless pleasures reign.

We had our share of worldly care,
While we were living as you are,
Our glass is run; Our time is spent;
Dear friends, prepare! Cease to lament!

Praise [up]on tombstones is but vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument.

Joseph Bramfit, aged 32, and his daughters Susanna and Phoebe,
buried at Coley, Halifax, July, 1733:

Behold a loving husband, and his two daughters lay;
They smothered were by smoke all on one day.

Easington: John Overton, Esq., and Joan his wife.
Ne famam perimat marmor longæva vetustas, &c., 8 lines.

Be index marble to their fames,
Record their virtues with their names,
Which art needs not to represent
Virtue's its own true monument,
For blood not minds, but minds adorn
Their blood: who're better than great boru:
If so, know Reader, in one word,
Here's more than Madame or my Lord!

Robertus, filius mœrens, scripsit, anno 1651. Surely Col. Robert Overton deserves his name amongst Yorkshire poets, particularly if line four is original.

Four infants, Moakes, 1784, Scarborough.

Beneath this stone there rests the mortal part
Of Four, who once delighted parent's heart,
How good each was, and what their virtues were,
Their Guardian Angels can alone declare.

On a worn-out gravestone close by the entrance to Tadcaster Church, was the following epitaph :

Beneath this stone lies Thomas Wood,
 Who sexton here has been,
 And without tears, sixty-six years,
 That awful trade hath seen.
 At length grim death did him assail,
 And thus to him did say—
 "Forsake thy trade lay down thy spade,
 Make haste and come away."
 Without reply, or asking why
 The summons he obeyed;
 And aged eighty-eight, resigned
 The shuttle and the spade.

The parish, for his long and faithful services, erected this stone to his memory [? about 1750]

CEASE, O WAR :

A Song by Robert Carrick Wildon, a Native of Bradford,
 Author of "Tong; The Forbidden Union; and other Poems."
 Leeds, 1850; pp. xv. 127.

CEASE, O war, thy dread commotion,
 Stem, O stem, thy fearful flood;
 Sheath thy sword o'er land and ocean,
 Longer shed not human blood.
 Let thy cannons roaring loudly
 Let thy banners waving proudly;
 Lie unused in gentle peace;
 Cease, O war, thy thunders cease!

Quit, O war, thy fierce contentions,
 Desolating this fair land;
 Quit thy dark, thy wild dissensions,
 And thy martial troops disband.
 Let thy blood-stained sabres glancing,
 Let thy chargers snorting, prancing,
 Let them rest in happy peace,
 Cease, O war, thy thunders cease!

MANY a heart thou wing'st with sadness,
 Fill'st with tears a thousand eyes;
 MANY a wretch thou driv'st to madness,
 Disuniting warmest ties.
 Spears and lances brightly gleaming
 Over wounds all redly streaming,
 Let those weapons lie in peace,
 Cease, O war, thy thunders cease!

Many a hall and many a bower,
 Echo with the widow's moans,
 Many a strong embattled tower
 Drowns the pent up prisoner's groans.
 O, thy trumpets hoarsely sounding,
 Booming drums with tones astounding,
 Let them lie in silent peace,
 Cease, O war, thy thunders cease!

Longer spread not fear and wonder
 O'er our valleys, hills and plains;
 Stay thy course of scathe and plunder,
 Blood and carnage, death and pains.
 Cot and mansion share thy terrors,
 Lord and peasant feel thy horrors,
 All alike are lost to peace,
 Cease, O war, thy thunders cease!

Warrior, turn thee towards thy dwelling,
 Sires, your weeping children seek,
 Soothe the hearts with sorrow swelling,
 Dry the tear-drop from the cheek.
 Doff, O doff your fearful armour,
 Leave, O leave the strife and clamour;
 Find your homes, reside in peace,
 Let war's dreadful thunders cease!

FAIRY SONG.

CEASE, ye plaintive winds of night;
 Wherefore blow so loud and chill?
 While each merry mountain sprite
 Dances by the crystal rill—
 The crystal rill, the crystal rill—
 Where sportive fairies play,
 And sweetly sing, in jocund ring,
 Till the moonbeams fly away.

Hark! I hear the waterfall,
 While the stars above us shine,
 Listen! listen! sisters all,
 Listen to those sounds divine—
 Those sounds divine, those sounds divine—
 For ever sweet to hear;
 While here we dance in Cynthia's glance,
 And greet her with a cheer.

Haste away, the morn appears,
 Stay not sisters to be seen;
 Ope your eyes, and ope your ears,
 Dress yourselves in darkest green—

In darkest green, in darkest green—
 And follow to the woods ;
 There sleep all day, nor dare to stray
 But by moonlight, to the floods.

WILLIAM DIXON, Steeton, 1853.

CORN-LAW RHYME.

CHILD, is thy father dead ?
 Father is gone !
 Why did they tax his bread ?
 God's will be done !
 Mother has sold her bed ;
 Better to die than wed !
 Where shall she lay her head ?
 Home we have none !

Father clammed thrice a week—
 God's will be done !
 Long for work did he seek,
 Work he found none.
 Tears on his hollow cheek
 Told what no tongue could speak ;
 Why did his master break ?
 God's will be done !

Doctor said air was best—
 Food we had none ;
 Father, with panting breast,
 Longed to be gone.
 Now he is with the blest—
 Mother says death is best !
 We have no place of rest—
 Yes, we have none.

EBENEZER ELLIOT, died 1849.

EPITAPH.

Idle Church, John Scott, 1834.

Children forbear to mourn and weep,
 Whilst sweetly in the dust we sleep ;
 Mourn not for us nor sorrow take,
 But love each other for our sake ;
 Our wearied limbs are now at rest,
 Suffering and pain with us are o'er
 We meet our friends, whom God (h)as blest,
 In Heaven where we shall part no more.

PADDY AND THE MORMON.

An Episode of Idel Green :

From one of the flysheets, "Flowers of Ideldom," by J. Horsfall Turner.

CHILDE Evins was a citizen Of credit and renown,
A Mormon Elder too was he Of famous Utah town.

His latest wife said in his ear— "Tho wedded we have been
These twelve long tedious months yet we No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day And we will then prepare
To take a voyage o'er the sea, To greet the old folks there.

Sall, Ruth, and Ann, and Tabitha, Thy other wives, shall stay
To nurse their bairns and keep the home The time we are away."

He soon replied, "I do admire Of womankind the lot,
But thou art she, my dearest dear, The largest portion got.

I am a mason, hale and bold, As all the province know,
I'll have a mission o'er the sea, And thou with me shalt go."

Said Mistress Betty, "That's well said, Because we then shall be,
As missionaries of the Church, From all expenses free."

Childe Evins kiss'd his best lov'd wife, O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the permit brought, The mission to fulfil,
His wives and numerous progeny, He leaves against their will.

The wives did weep, the children screamed Round came the elders all,
And every Utah citizen A blessing down did call.

Away went Evins—who but he? His fame! his fame redound!
In missioning commissioned is To spend a thousand pound.

At Liverpool his loving wife Would fain have settled down,
And bid good bye to Utica, And every Mormon town.

Childe Evins yet was not a whit Inclined to tarry there,
For why? he had some friends of youth At IDEL, I declare!

Old Johnny Long, and Willy Short, And little Simon Slack,
On Idel Green each day were seen To welcome Evins back.

But sorely plagued were they to find Teetotaler he had turned:
Tobacco rude he now eschewed—More startling still they learned.

'And that's the way,' they heard him say "We practice o'er the sea,
I wish that you would take my view And pious Mormons be."

A lot he said that fill'd their head With wonder and amaze,
But yet they were not well dispos'd, T' accept the Mormon ways.

He preached, and promptly to the time, Said "Friends, my train is due
Next Monday night, on Idel Green, Again I'll preach to you."

Again he came, again he went, No converts could he find;
Opponents true each night he knew Did burn to tell their mind.

Being thus rebuked—His mettle stirred, He says “On Monday next,
To give you chance the truth to test, I’ll take a little text.

And all who wish to catechize, Shall then have ample chance,
To ask me questions, or refute The doctrines I advance.”

The Monday next, on Idel Green There was a concourse large,
For it was rumoured, far and wide, There’s sure to be a charge.

And so it was, for Pat McKay, So lanky and so lean,
Had walk’d from Father Flaunagan’s To be at Idel Green.

“Och sure!” says he, “I’ll be the fust This prophet false to stay;
His blasphemies shall not insult, The ear of Pat McKay.”

The Elder boldly took his place, And gravely spoke a while
About St. Peter and St. Paul, Till Pat did ‘fairly boil.’

Says Pat McKay, “In thruth to-day, I came to hear you speak
On Brigham Young and Elder Smith, Och shure, I’ll smite your cheek.

St. Peter’s name no more proclaim, But answer what I ask,
An’ if you’ll answer like a man, An’ sure you’ll have your task.

An’ fustly Pat McKay demands If ye e’er learnt to speak
The language of the Holy Writ, The Hebrew or the Greek?

Now answer that, now answer that, Now answer that I say,
I’ll have no answer which will not Be aither yea or nay.”

This elencher reached, Pat looked askance, He’d danced till he was
tired,

He’d spluttered forth a hurricane, By Irish ardour fired.

“An secondly, an’ shure I’d know If t’ Bible or the praist
Shall be my guide, in weal or woe, From this world to the naist.

An’ shure I am a haythen, You’ve come across to save,
By t’ Mass, I’d have ye tell to me Who you the power gave?’

The boys did shout, the girls did scream, Confusion reigned around,
The Elder gained the sympathy, And Pat soon lost his ground.

So Pat McKay had lost the day; Although his aim at ‘fust’
To vanquish was, all heresy, He had come off the ‘wust.’

It was debate of wondrous fame, Such Idel ne’er had heard,
Two cocks a-crowing to the notes Of some melodious bird.

Now let us strive while we’re alive, The truth in peace attain,
And may we ne’er such jangling hear On Idel Green again.

EPITAPH.

Idle Church: Ann Stansfield, 1836.

Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted Heaven e’en while she lingered here;
Oh, happy saint, may we like thee be blest,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

ROBERT ASKE'S REBELLION IN 1536.

This song was discovered among the "Miscellanea" of the Exchequer, Treasury of Receipt, in the York box 33, No. 77, relating to the rebellion generally, known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Mr. Hewlett, who has contributed it to the "Antiquary" for November, 1880, states of the song that it is "very crude and clumsy, but is spirited enough to answer its purpose, which probably was that of a song to cheer the men when undergoing the fatigues of a long march, while it embodies very completely the ideas and feelings of that heroic but ill-fated rising." As a specimen of the English as written in Yorkshire at the time, it is also valuable.

BALLAD ON THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE.

I.

CRIST erceifyd! For thy woundes wide
Vs commens gnyde! Which pilgrames be.
Thurgh godes grace, For to purchache
Olde welth and peax Of the spiritualtie.

II.

Gret godes fame Doith Church proclame
Now to be lame And fast in boundes,
Robbyd, spoled and shorne From catell and corne,
And clene furth borne Of housez and landes.

III.

Whiche thynges is clere Agaynst godes lere (a)
As doith appere In detronomio,
Godes law boke. Open and loke,
As moysez spoke, Decimo nono. (b)

IV.

Ther may be founde: The lyuing grounde
May not lay downyng Sesare nor kyng.
Which olde fathers And the right heires,
For ther welfares, At theyr endyng.

V.

Gaif to releif, Whome for amice(c) greve,
Boith day and even, And can no wirke;
Yet this thay may, Boith night and day
Rusorte and pray Vnto godes kyrke.

VI.

Thus interlie Peax and petie.
Luf and mercie, For to purchache
For manny mysdeyd, And wrongfull crede
Most fer myslede, Throght lack of grace.

(a) Precept (Halliwell).

(b) "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark."—Deut. xix. 14. Tyndale has "Thou shalt not remoue thy neighbours marke which they of olde tyme haue sett in thyne enheritaunce that thou enhiretest."

(c) The first of the sacerdotal vestments (Halliwell).

VII.

Suche foly is fallen And wise out blawen
 That grace is gone And all goodnes.
 Then no marvell Thoght it thus befell,
 Commons to mell To make redresse.

VIII.

Right well myndyng The foresayng
 And prophesiying Of Esayas:
 That prynces shuld Remeve fixt molde,
 Which fathers colde To sounde compas.

IX.

Bot on thing, Kynges Esayas saynges
 Like rayn down brynges Godes woful yre.
 Harryng the subiect Ther dewtis to forgett
 And prynceez let Of suche disyre.

X.

Alacke! Alacke! For the church sake
 Pore comons wake, And no marvell!
 For clere it is The decay of this
 How the pore shall mys No tong can tell.

XI.

For ther they hade Boith ale and breyde
 At tyme of nede, And succer grete
 In alle distresse
 And hevynes, And wel intrete.

XII.

In tronbil and care, Where that we were
 In maner all bere Of our substance,
 We founde good bate At churche men gate,
 Withoute checkmate Or varyaunce.

XIII.

God that right all Redresse now shall,
 And that is thrall Agayn make fre,
 By this viage And pylgramage
 Of yong and sage In this countre.

XIV.

Whome god graunt *grace*! And for this space
 Of this ther trase Sende theyn good spede,
 With welth, helth and spede, Of synnys releys
 And joy endleys, When they be deyde.

XV.

Church men for euer So yon remember,
 Boith fyrst and latter, In your *memento*
 These pilgramez poore, That take such cure
 To stabilisse sure, Wiche dyd vndoo.

XVI.

Crim, crame, and riche(*d*) With thre elli(*e*) and the liche
 As sum men teache, God theym amend!
 And that Aske may, Without delay,
 Here make a stay And well to end!

(*d*) Gairdner's note: "Cromwell, Cranmer, and Rich." "Calendar of State Papers, Henry VIII., vol. xi.

(*e*) Gairdner: "Legh, Leighton, and Latimer" (?).

CHRIST crucifyd for thy wounds wide,
 Us comons quyde which pilgrames be,
 Through God's grace for to purchache,
 Olde welth and peax of the spualtie (spirituality).

Gret God's fame doith church proclame,
 Now to be lame and fast in bounds (bands),
 Robbyd spoled and shorne from catell and corne,
 And clene furth borne of housex and lands.

Which thing is clere agaynst God's lere,
 As doith appeare in *De tronomio* ;
 God's law boke open and loke,
 As Moysex spoke *Decimo nono*.

There may be founde the lymyt grounde,
 May not lay downyn Sesar nor Kyng,
 Which olde fathers and yr right heirs
 For ther welfares at theyr endyng.

Gaif to relief whome soraunce greve,
 Boith day and even and can no wirke,
 Yet this thay may boith nyght and day,
 Resorte and pray unto God's Kyrke.

Thus interlie peax and petie
 Luf and mercie for to purchache
 For Manny's mysdeyd and wrongfull crede
 Most for mislede throght lack of grace.

Suche foly is fallen and wise out blawen
 Y† grace is gone and all goodnes,
 Then no marvell thought it thus befell
 Commons to Mell to make redress.

Right well myndyng the foresayng
 And prophesiying of Essayas,
 That princes shuld remove fixt molde
 Which fathers colde to founde compas.

But on theys kings Essayas sayngs
 Like rayn down bryngs God's woeful yre,
 Harryng the subiect ther dewtis to forgett,
 And prynees let of such desyre.

Alacke, alacke, for the Church sake,
 Pore comons wake, and no marvell,
 For clere it is the decay of this
 How the pore shall mys no tong can tell.

For ther they hade boith ale and breyde,
 At tyme of nede and succer grete,
 In all distresse and hevynes,
 And wel intrete.

In troubil and care, where that we were
 In maner all bere of or substance,
 Nor found good bate at Church men gate,
 W† oute checkmate or varyaunce.

God that right all redresse now shall,
 And that is thrall agayn make free
 By this viage and pylgrimage
 Of yung and sage in this cuntre.

Whom God graunt grace and for this space,
 Of this ther trase sende theym good spede,
 W† welth, helth, and spede of Synny's releys,
 And joy endleys when they be deyd.

Churchmen for ever se you remember
 Boith first and latter in your memento;
 These pilgrames poore that take such cure,
 To stabilisse sure whyche dyd undoo.

Crim crame and riche W† thre III (Lords) and yr liche,
 As sunn men teache God theym amend;
 And that aske may W† out delay,
 Here make a stay and that to end.

CHRISTIANS! AWAKE.

Byrom of Manchester, 1692-1763.

Sung to Wainwright's Tune, "Yorkshire" or "Stockport."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
 Let us adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
 With them the joyful tidings first begun,
 Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.



Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
 To you and all the nations upon earth;
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
 To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
 And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
 To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
 The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
 Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss
 From the mean manger to the bitter cross,
 Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again take place.



Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
 To join, redeemed, a glad, triumphant throng;
 He that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all His glory shall display;
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

The last line of each verse is always sung twice in the tune *Yorkshire*. The hymn maintains its popularity in this County more than in Lancashire, where Byrom lived.

FISHERMAN'S BOAT SONG.

COBLEMEN, row! coblemen, row!
 The wind's asleep; the sky is clear;
 Steady the oar! hasten from shore!
 Ere ebb is run we'll stretch our gear.
 Coblemen, row! coblemen, row!
 The wind's asleep; the sky is clear.



Coble.

Gaily we go! gaily we go!
 Over the deep to meet the day.
 The stars shine bright to yield us light,
 As off to the rock we paddle away.
 Coblemen, row! Over the deep to meet the day.
 The sun will glow! the sun will glow!
 We soon may cease to tug the oar;
 The tide will flow: the breeze will blow;
 And waft us with our fish to shore.
 Coblemen, row! We soon may cease to tug the oar.

Coblemen, row! coblemen, row!
 For home and friends to us are dear.
 While lands-men sleep, we roam the deep;
 The hardy fisher scorns to fear.
 Coblemen, row! For home and friends to us are dear.

MATTHEW HARMAN, Scarbro'.

COLVITH THE SHEPHERD.

COLVITH left his humble cot,
 Left his cot to tend his herd;
 Not a breeze blew o'er the spot;
 Not a breeze of morning stirred.

Sweet the kiss his children felt;
 Cilma gained his last adieu;
 But in Cilma's heart he dwelt,
 Dwelt in true affection's view.

Now the winds begin to rise,
 Now the fleecy snows descend,
 Now the cottar homeward hies,
 In his hut the day to spend.

Evening throws its gloomy vest
 O'er the mountains clothed in white;
 Prowling wolves retire to rest
 Martens dread the blasting night.

Cilma walks around her dome,
 Views the scene and cries with dread,
 "Colvith! whither dost thou roam?
 Colvith! whither art thou fled?"

Evening sits on every vale,
 Rests on every towering hill;
 From the north the flying gale
 Makes my body deadly chill.

Yet thou wendest not thy way,
 Wendest not thy way to me:
 Colvith! whither dost thou stray
 From the heart that sighs for thee?

Lo! thy children oft inquire
 Why thou dost so long delay,
 Come then, let them see their sire,
 Come, oh come, nor longer stay.

Yet, perhaps, the raging storm,
 Bade thy steps a shelter seek;
 Still a fear besets my form,
 Still a tear is on my cheek."

Now she oft for Colvith weeps,
 Where he is, she cannot know :
 Little thinks she that he sleeps
 'Neath yon hills of drifted snow.

WM. PAVAR, York, 1834.

THE ANGLERS' DINNER.

(The Angler inviteth his brethren to peg into it.)

COME all-jovial anglers, set-to with a will,
 If we work like good fishers our creels we may fill ;
 This truth is apparent—you'll own I am right—
 Just for once in a way we're all sure of a bite.

(And becometh poetical.)

Let the winter wind howl o'er the snow-cover'd dale,
 Let Jack Frost whistle loud in the northernly gale ;
 The curtains are closed, and our rods are laid by,
 Till the primrose is out and the lark's in the sky.

*(He sneereth at ye bloodthirsty shooter and ye
 reckless foxhunter.)*

The shooter may boast of his death-dealing gun,
 The foxhunter swear that the fox likes the fun ;
 The angler, contented, will gladden his eyes
 When a splash on the river betokens a rise.

(He alludeth tenderly to ye breeding trouts.)

As we sit round the table while rivers run chill,
 A toast we'll all drink and a bumper we'll fill ;
 Here's a health to all couples—the newly-matched pairs,
 That for our sakes are busy with family cares.

(And windeth up with a general incitement to go-it.)

Then come, jolly anglers, come fill ev'ry glass,
 We'll toast absent brothers and each pretty lass ;
 In spirit they're with us, for all are agreed
 That fishers, like fishes, should now and then feed.

INVITATION CARD, Leeds, 1886.

THE CRAVEN FOX CHASE.

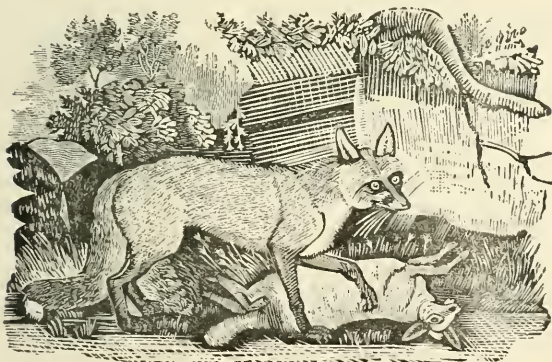
COME, all ye bold sportsmen, who live far and near,
 Who delight in fox hunting or chasing the deer,
 I'll sing of a chase—no doubt 'tis the best
 That ever was seen or known in the west.

Chorus—Tally ho ! hark ! forward ! away ! tally ho !

Bright Phœbus in splendour look'd down on the sports,
 And fair was the moon on Stainton old Coates.
 Pride danced on the brow of many a squire,
 While the rustics with joy the red coats did admire.
 Tally ho, etc.

Forty-five gallant horsemen were seen at the chase,
 And hundreds of footmen who hi'd to the place.
 When the fox broke his cover, the huntsman did cry,
 "Hark! forward"! to Chaser, bold Reynard must die.
 Tally ho, etc.

On Winterlay's pasture and Coniston Moor,
 Such feats of fence-leaping were ne'er seen before!
 Squire Johnson surmounted the mountain and rocks,
 Who had lost at that time both the hounds and the fox.
 Tally ho, etc.



The two gallant knights, who were oft heard to boast
 How their chargers in hunting had cleared every coast;
 But these brave sons of Mars, ere they'd chance a fall,
 Dismounted their horses to pull down a wall.
 Tally ho, etc.

Squire Waddilove pursu'd o'er wild moors and frost;
 On fells and wild mountains this sportsman was tossed:
 He was heard for to cry, when climbing the brow,
 "Pray, where are the two gallant officers now?"
 Tally ho, etc.

Now young Squire Holdforth made a terrible push—
 'Twas oft thought by scheming he'd handled the brush—
 He crossed and re-crossed where the hounds never went,
 And, like a true sportsman, every effort was spent.
 Tally ho, etc.

Bold Reynard was seen to fly through the gale,
And Rattler, with Lowler, close up to his tail.
Over Winterlay Moor, over marsh, rough and wide,
Like pigeons in flight, the true sportsman did ride.
Tally ho, etc.

Then up came Squire Watkinson on his bonny Prince;
At a river or gate he was ne'er known to wince:
His horse leap'd the fence, but the rider that day,
Fell flat on the ground, and the nag got away.
Tally ho, etc.

Bold Nimrod and Gulliver, that were ne'er known to fail,
Were led by old Rattler through Kirkley's sweet dale.
The cry of the hounds from that woody spot,
Re-echoed for miles, and will ne'er be forgot.
Tally ho, etc.

Squire Blake and Tom Mawson cross'd over the Glen,
And leap'd all the fences like two gallant men.
Young Clitheroe Bob, who cared not one pin,
Made a leap at a brook, and his horse tumbled in.
Tally ho, etc.

Our judge of the greyhounds was lost in the chase,
And we found him at Settle, his favourite place;
But the knight of the physic, with bottle and lance,
Left horses and men to their action of chance.
Tally ho, etc.

Squire Petty lash'd on—in the sport he felt warm—
With one stirrup off, which he hung on his arm.
Squire Waddilove rode through a marsh at full speed,
And cried, "Mr. Petty, I'll now try your breed."
Tally ho, etc.

Lord Varley then mounted the towering fell,
But long before this the hounds bid him farewell,
Like a stag of the forest he gazed on the plain,
Expecting to meet with bold Reynard again.
Tally ho, etc.

Then up came Squire Wasney, who dreaded no flaw,
Though last in the hunt, he's first in the law:
No doubt he'd have been close up to the hounds,
Had he left his top-coat, which weighed twenty-nine pounds.
Tally ho, etc.

Bill Geldert, Esquire, I shall mention, of course,
Who miss'd all the sport for want of a horse;
'Tis true he was mounted, according to rule,
If not on a horse, why it must be a mule.
Tally ho, etc.

There were Wilson and Coulthurst, the two noted squires,
 Who wished they were young to pursue their desires,
 With glasses they mounted the top of a hill,
 And viewed the bold horsemen exerting their skill.

Tally ho, etc.

And bold Ned, the huntsman, who flew like a spark,
 Through the wild hanging wood and perils so dark,
 Was led by the fox thirty miles o'er the grounds,
 And fearless of danger kept up with the hounds.

Tally ho, etc.

The sport it was good, as Malham they near'd,
 Bold Rattler led on, for no danger he fear'd,
 And seizing the fox at the edge of the Cove,
 They fell from the height, as together they strove.

Tally ho, etc.

Yes! three hundred feet they fell through the air,
 While the hounds at the sight gave yells of despair;
 When they saw that bold Rattler laid dead by the fox,
 All mourned him in howls as they sat on the rocks.

Tally ho, etc.

While the bright sun of summer shall dance on the Cove,
 And lovers of Malham for pleasure shall rove,
 The feats of this chase many a sportsman will tell,
 While they gaze on the rocks where old Rattler fell.

Tally ho, etc.

February 18th, 1848.

BARD OF THE GLEN (Robt. West).

THE CRAVEN FOX CHASE.

February 18th, 1848.

By WILLV BOLTON, buried at Burnsall, Sept., 1881:
 see Dr. J. H. Dixon's account of him.

COME all ye brave men who for sport are inclined,
 And listen to me—you shall hear what I've rhymed;
 'Tis of a brave Fox that was run in the west,
 When the Sportsmen with hounds and fox did their best.
 CHORUS.—Tally ho! tally ho! hark forward! away! tally ho!

The morning was frosty, the wind in the west,
 When the sportsmen aroused from their slumbers of rest;
 But like all gallant men they were true to their posts
 At the hour of meeting at Old Stainton Coates.

The field it was good, and each nag full of pride,
 Their hearts did rejoice as each man got astride;
 'Twas then thirty-five of them capered about,
 And seemed for to fancy the fox had gone out.

Bright Phœbus at twelve he then showed them fair play,
And told to them all that the frost could not stay;
So 'twas then that the huntsman received his charge
To un-couple the dogs and set them at large.

Then to Winterley Cover they now made a rush,
Determined to seek and to try for the brush;
Old Rattler requested, and Nimrod made play,
Captain Johnson then echoed—away! gone away!

Bold Reynard stole then o'er the pastures apace,
And each horseman became then enrolled in the chase;
The cry was—hark forward!—bold Reynard must die,
The dogs doubled their mouths, and onward did fly.

The fox then stole onward for Coniston Moor,
'Twas now that the fences they were to get o'er;
Squire Watkinson rode his old favourite Prince,
But fell off at first wall, and has heard of it since.

But not long in this way did he lay on his back,
Regaining the saddle he soon took the pack;
Forgetting the fall he was then heard to say,
'Hark forward!' to Chaser, he now leads the way.

The route was by Switcher's, and switching it was,
For each horse was then switched his opponent to pass,
'Twas here Major Waddilove handled the whip,
And off from the others he onward did slip.

It was now the two Counts from the Palace and Hall
Pulled up their horses to pull down the wall,
Then up came Squire Mason on his gelding grey
And said to the Counts 'We have no time to stay.'

It was now Squire Blake and a few took the lead
And showed the half-breds their default when in need;
Squire Holdforth slipped up with a sharp double thong,
And cried, 'Now my boys, for the brush come along.'

Then across the North Western the hounds going straight
The bulk took the left, but a few took the right;
There were seven in number of this gallant pack,
Old Rattler now leading them in the right track.

Now then was the time that bold Ned with his mare,
Entered Otterburn Moor o'er a *rasper* just there;
He was followed by Thompson and one or two more,
But not by young Hodson who then had signed o'er.

For he tried at the water-gap over the pole,
But his horse tumbled back, and on him did roll,
'Twas here that his cap and his head were at stake,
Had he then not been rescued by young Squire Blake.

Cultivation then followed o'er Otterburn Moor,
 For the subsoil in showers began for to soar,
 The ploughing was deep, and the furrows were wide,
 For a land was turned up, just at every stride.

'Now,' said Thompson, to one that was hard on his flank,
 'To find I am done, I must give up my rank ;'
 In earnest he then to himself did propose,
 To turn round his mare, and go back to Primrose.

Now the time was arrived, when the fox he was blown,
 And onward to Kirby's deep Gill he had flown,
 There to seek refuge, which he could not find,
 For he listen'd and heard the brave harriers behind.

Now this was the place, on the nags to take stock,
 Only six being the number, out of the whole lot ;
 And the Gill it was found, yes, a *pozer* to cross,
 For each man unmounted, and led down his horse.

Reynard made then for Maun Pike, o'er the heather,
 And 'twas now that Lord Varley had arrived hither,
 Regardless of danger in search of the fox,
 For he now felt at home amidst the Moor-cocks.

Squire Petty came next, but in truth by the bye,
 His nag it look'd sleepy, having only one eye ;
 He'd then lost a stirrup, yet onward did ride,
 'Never mind it,' said he, 'for its on the blind side.'

Now Geldert was next, on Contractor he rode,
 Tho' young was the horse, he well carried his load ;
 But his Jock recollect was well up to the scheme,
 For before that he started he turn'd on the steam.

There are others I'm sorry who cannot be placed,
 And though left behind they are not disgraced ;
 Top coats weighing heavy would slacken their speed
 While some were humane, stopt their horses to feed.

Captain Johnson on Bendigoe now made a push,
 While Mason then thought he was smelling the brush ;
 'Twas now the Grey Gelding went on like a dart,
 And showed to the rest he was up to the mark.

Thus advancing along now came the last fence,
 The horsemen were stopping the fox going hence ;
 Up canter'd Old Prince with his tune in full force,
 Clearing first the last wall like a true gallant horse.

The fox then made an angle along by the Tarn,
 But felt he was fast out spinning his yarn ;
 Still determined as long as he could for to rove,
 For onward he drew to Malham's high Cove.

But while he was running along by the steep,
 Old Rattler in view then forced him to leap;
 And *grabbing* him just at the edge of the Cove,
 Went a hundred yards down as together they strove.

Now Bonny Lass came, but the height did alarm her,
 And then arrived Chaser, with Nimrod and Charmer,
 But when they looked off seeing Rattler and fox,
 They sat themselves down and howled on the rocks.

Four horsemen now skirting the edge of the rocks,
 Went down to the place where kill'd was the fox;
 The huntsman found Rattler dead when took up,
 And Malham Cove echoed the solemn 'Who-Whop.'

Here was Bendigoe now, with Contractor and Prince,
 And the huntsman's old mare, that never did flinch
 With poor Reynard and Rattler, tied on in possession,
 They march'd to the inn in triumphant procession.

All the rest were gone home, as each man he did yield,
 Yet the Major and Mason were in the same field;
 The *death-hall* to them in the wind was conveyed,
 'Bold Reynard is killed' to each other they said.

When arrived at the village the people came out,
 Surrounding the foxhunters there for to shout;
 Bold Reynard was cured, the dog was embalmed,
 Had you been there, you would have been charmed.
 Tally ho! tally ho! hark forward, away! tally ho!

EPITAPH AND ACROSTIC.

Christopher Kay, Masham, 1689.

C onfined . in . a bed . of . dust
 H ere . doth . a . body . lye
 R aised . again . it . will . I . trust
 I nto . the . Heavens . high
 S in . not . but . have . a . care
 T o . make . your . calling . sure,
 O mit . those . things . which . trivial . are,
 P rise . that . which . will . endure;
 H ang . not . your . mind . on . secular . things,
 E ach . one . doth . fade . apace,
 R iches . the . chief . of . we . have . wings

K eeping . no . certaine . place
 A diet . your . selves . unto . his . conversation,
 Y our . purchase . heaven . for . your . habitation.

On Jane Nicholson, his grandmother, 1690.

A matron grave is here interred
 Whose soul in heaven is preferr'd
 After her grandson lost his breath
 She soon surrendered unto death.

THE POACHER'S SONG.

COME all ye brethren of the night,
 Who range the mountain, wood, and vale,
 And in the moonshine chase delight,
 May our true friendship never fail!
 Then drink around, your cares confound,
 Ye champions of the wire;
 The field, the moor, will we range o'er,
 Nor care for lord nor squire.

The parliament, such youths as we,
 With laws may strive to bind;
 But they as soon in cords might tie
 The lightnings or the wind!
 By Cynthia's beams we cross the streams,
 To fetch the game away;
 Then here we rest, with bumpers blest,
 And banish fears away.

The lord upon the hunting day
 - Such pleasures never knew,
 When Echo bore the sounds away,
 The hounds—the fox in view;
 As when the hares are caught in pairs,
 Upon the glittering frost!
 Should we be fined, what need we mind,
 Since others pay the cost?

So long as planets rise and set,
 Or timorous hares can run,
 The Poacher true will hang his net,
 And level sure his gun;
 The high park wall, spring guns and all,
 And keepers strong with beer,
 We value not, nor shun the spot,
 If hares are frisking there.

We stop not at the rivers deep,
 The frost or winter's snow;
 The lazy keepers soundly sleep,
 When tempests wildly blow.
 Of rain and hail let Jove's great pail
 Be emptied from on high;
 The darker night the more delight,
 The greater numbers die.

JOHN NICHOLSON.



THE WORLD ON CREDIT.

[C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.]

COME all you brisk and jovial blades,
Who're out of work for want of trade,
Cheer up your hearts, be not dismay'd,
Although there is no working,

Ne'er complain that you are poor,
Drink up your beer, and call for more,
The landlord will rub off your score,
When you are paid for working,

Now since we have no work to do,
Let's go to fairs and races too,
And to the statntes let us go,
Since that there is no working.

We'll call for liquor by the way,
Drink round, my hearts, there's nought to pay
What can the silly landlord say,
He knows we've nought for working.

There's many a tradesman in the street,
That's scarce got shoes upon his feet,
Their nose and chin do almost meet,
Since they've had nought for working.

Their lanthorn jaws grow very thin,
Their mouths are scarcely to be seen,
Pray, don't you think it is a sin,
Men are not paid for working.

Now to the workhouse we must go,
For something to support us through,
Alas! what can poor people do,
Since there's no pay for working.

Come, then, my lads, let's be in haste,
The poor rate now must be increased,
What shame it is in time of peace,
Men should have nought for working.

But cheer my hearts, & don't complain,
I'm sure that trade will once again
Relieve us straight from Bondage chain,
And set us all a working.

O then the bells shall sweetly ring,
The poor shall all rejoice and sing,
What pleasant days will then be seen,
When men are paid for working.

THE CROPPER'S SONG.

COME all yon croppers, stout and bold,
 Let your faith be stronger still,
 These cropping lads in the county of York,
 Broke shears at Horsfall's mill.
 They broke the shears and the windows too,
 Set fire to the tazzling mill;
 Then formed themselves all in a line,
 Like soldiers at the drill.

The wind it blew, and the sparks they flew,
 And awoke the town full soon.
 People got up in the middle of the night,
 And they went by the light of the moon.
 When these lads around the mill did stand,
 And they all did vow and swear,
 Neither bucket, nor can, nor any such thing,
 Should be of service there.

Then straight to Wakefield the master went,
 To get some law for them—
 Neither attorney, clerk, nor judge could he find,
 To do any good for him.
 Then straightway home he took his way,
 His heart with grief full sore;
 He went and told his workmen all
 His mill should run no more,
 Until those reprobated lads
 Be brought to grief and shame—
 "O, then I will renew my mill,
 And soon work shears again"

KING JAMES AND HIS KNIGHTS.

During the reign of King James the First a good deal of fun and merriment was common on the singular penchant of that King for making Knights and Baronets on insufficient grounds. Allusions and ridicule are common in the ballads and dramas of the time. There is a ballad in the British Museum, Additional MS., No. 5, 832, folio 205.

Verses upon the order for making Knights of such persons who had
 £46 per annum in King James I.'s time.

COME all yon farmers out of the country,
 Carters, plowmen, hedgers and all,
 Tom, Dick and Will, Ralph, Rodger and Humphrey,
 Leave off your gestures rusticall
 Bidd all your home-sponne russetts adue,
 And sute yourselves in fashions new;
 Honour invites you to delights:
 Come all to Court and be made Knights.

He that hath forty pounds per annum
 Shall be promoted from the plowe:
 His wife shall take the wall of her grannam,
 Honour is sould soe dog-cheap now.
 Though thou has neither good birth nor breeding,
 If thou hast money, thou art sure of speeding,
 Knighthood in old time was counted an honour,
 Which the best spirrits did not disdayne:
 But now it is used in so base a manner,
 That it's no credit, but rather a staine:
 Tush, it's noe matter what people doe say,
 The name of a Knight a whole village will sway.
 Shepheards, leave singing your pastorall sonnets,
 And to learn compliments shew your endeavours:
 Cast off for ever your two shilling bonnets,
 Cover your coxcombs with three pound beaver,
 Sell carte and tarbox new coaches to buy,
 Then "*Good Your Worship.*" the vulgar will cry.
 And thus unto worshipp being advanced,
 Keep all your tenants in aw with your frownes;
 And let your rents be yearly inhaunced,
 To buy your new moulded maddams new gowus,
 Joan, Sisse, and Nell shal be all ladified,
 Instead of hay-carts, in coaches shall ryde.
 Whatever you doe, have a care of expenses,
 In hospitality doe not exceed:
 Greatness of followers belongeth to princes:
 A Coachaman and footmen are all that you need:
 And still observe this, let your servants meate lacke,
 To keepe brave apparell upon your wives backe.
 Now to conclude, and shutt up my sonnett,
 Leave off the cart-whip, hedge-bill, and flaile,
 This is my counsell, think well upon it,
 Knighthood and honour are now put to saile.
 Then make haste quickly, and lett out your farmes,
 And take my advice in blazing your armes.
 Honour invites, etc.

See "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," Act 2, Scene 1. These Knights will
 hack! At page 327 of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Mr. Wm.
 Chappell gives the music.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

COME, cheer up, my old wife, and put by that knitting,
 Remember 'tis just fifty years since to-day,
 We two were made one as we stood at the altar,
 And to this old homestead I brought thee away.

I then loved thee well, but of this I am certain :

That deeper has grown my affection for thee,
Through the lapse of the pain-laden years that have vanish'd,
And strengthen'd the love-links which bound thee to me.

When first I beheld thee, a frolicsome maiden,
A dash of the dawn in thy bonny blue eyes,
And the sheen of the summer-sun dancing around thee,
O, greatly did heave my sad bosom with sighs !

I ne'er shall forget with what ardent devotion
Together we roamed in the spring of our love,
By the soft-flowing river, or through the sweet woodlands,
And echoed the love-languid notes of the dove.

Since then we have felt the full force of the tempest,
And oft on life's sorrow-tide drifted we far ;
Yet always has shone through the darkness around us,
To keep from despair, the soft light of Love's Star.

And though from thy step there has gone all the lightness,
And thy once golden hair now is silv'rn instead ;
Yet that which is better than beauty or vigour—
Love in thy time-ripen'd heart is not dead.

Our day is far spent, and the night-shadows gather,
And only one wish now remains in my heart :
That, having completed our life's work together,
We both may, when death comes, together depart.

REV. HARRY SHAW, Leeds, 1894.

THE CROPPERS' SONG :

"The Luddites," by FRANK PEEL, Heckmondwike.

COME, cropper lads of high renown,
Who love to drink good ale that's brown,
And strike each haughty tyrant down,
With hatchet, pike and gun !

CHORUS—

Oh, the cropper lads for me,
The gallant lads for me,
Who with lusty stroke the shear frames broke,
The cropper lads for me.

What though the specials [constables] still advance,
And soldiers nightly round us prance ;
The cropper lads still lead the dance,
With hatchet, pike and gun !

And night by night when all is still
And the moon is hid behind the hill,
We forward march to do our will
With hatchet, pike and gun !

Great Enoch (sledge hammer) still shall lead the van ;
 Stop him who dare ! stop him who can !
 Press forward every gallant man
 With hatchet, pike and gun !

MARSTON MOOR, 1644.

COME forth with me to Marston Moor,
 And see a glorious sight :
 Full fifty thousand men-at-arms
 Are waiting for the fight !
 A lull before a thunder-storm,
 No clash of swords is heard,
 So calm, so breathless, all might hear
 The singing of a bird.
 The summer sun is still on high,
 The summer air is sweet,
 O warriors, soon the azure sky
 May shine beneath your feet,
 And ere the sun fades from the west,
 How many here below
 Will glory in eternal rest,
 Or sigh in endless woe !
 Fairfax and all his men I see,
 And Leven's Scotchmen too,
 With Manchester, and those who sacked
 Fair Lincoln's city true.
 Cromwell's invincibles are there
 In grave and dark array—
 I hear no shouting in their lines,
 I hear no martial lay ;
 But forth the gloomy preachers go,
 With accents deep and stern,
 Rousing each man to warlike deeds
 By words that seem to burn
 The thirst of blood into his soul,
 As heated iron sears
 A noble tree, a heart of oak,
 That else had bloomed for years.
 " Men of the deep and earnest soul,
 Men of the iron sword,
 Reserved to show the heathen tribes
 The judgments of the Lord,
 Strike as the blade of Gideon struck,
 And spare not one of those,
 But cleanse our Israel from her sins,
 Our Zion from her foes ! "
 Thus spake the gloomy preachers loud,
 As slowly up and down,

All through the serried ranks they go
 Where anxious zealots frown,
 And answer their inflaming words
 With battle-breathing Psalms.
 But hark! the Cavaliers advance,
 Prince Rupert cries "To arms!"

"Forward! O gallant Cavaliers,
 Your steeds are bounding forth:
 Victorious Rupert calls to arms
 The knighthood of the North!
 Remember how at Nottingham
 Ye raised the standard high,
 And swore beside your gracious king
 To conquer or to die!
 Remember noble Falkland's death
 On Newbury's sad day,
 Carnarvon, Sunderland, and all
 Who perished in the fray.
 Revenge, revenge, for martyr'd friends,
 And death to living foes;
 The sun shall have a stormy eve,
 Though calmly he arose.

I charge you by your loyalty
 To England's ancient crown,
 By churches sacked, by burning halls,
 By altars broken down;
 I charge you by your ladies' love,
 And by your fathers' fame,
 By the dear mem'ry of the dead
 And by your noble name,—
 By all your hopes of joy above,
 By all your wrongs below,
 By all your glory yet to come,
 Strike down King Charles's foe!
 Oh would our gracious king were here
 To see his servants fight!
 Forward! each loyal Cavalier,
 And Heaven defend the right!"

The trumpets sound, the banners wave,
 In brilliant array;
 The snorting horses paw the ground,
 As on a hunting day;
 The morions [helmets] and the flashing swords
 Are glancing in the sun,
 A shout, a rush, a headlong charge,
 The battle is begun.
 As silver-crested waves rise up
 To dash upon the shore,
 As ringing hailstones rattle down
 When rushing tempests roar,

So charge the Royal Cavalry,
So fall their heavy blows,
Hurrah! the bullets whistle by,
Death to the rebel foes!

On, Lucas, on! the rebels fly!
Now, Rupert, to the chase,
It is a glorious hunting day,
A deadly battle race!
They thunder o'er the level turf,
They fly across the plain,
They clatter o'er the barren moor,
The bridles ring again.
See! Cromwell and his Ironsides
Are riding after too!
Turn, Cavaliers, for Lambert's troops
Have wildly broken through
The lines ye left; and Newcastle,
With all his gallant men,
Is fighting like a stag at bay,
A royal "stag of ten."

Now Broughton! Dacres! Carnaby!
Ride to the rescue, ride!
Too late! the men of Newcastle
Are lying side by side:
Their leader fled, their bravest dead,
Their last faint hope is o'er,
For foot to foot, and hand to hand,
They fell on Marston Moor.
Back ride Prince Rupert and his men,—
Alas, to what a sight:
The ghastly dead in scattered heaps,
The living put to flight.
And firmly waiting, heavy lines
Of Roundhead Musqueteers;
"Charge once again for Church and Crown,
King Charles's Cavaliers."

In vain that rush upon the foe,
In vain the battle shock—
They break upon those iron lines
Like waves upon a rock.
Back roll the horses and the men,
Their plumes are on the ground;
Omen of York, your doom is sealed,
Your comrades fall around;
Die nobly, with your faces set
Toward your ancient town,
Where yonder old cathedral towers
The distant ramparts crown.
A glorious fate! for England's king
And England's Church to die,

All honour to the brave who fell
That second of July!

The roses blossom white and red
On many a castle tower,
And many a maiden sighs alone
In trellised garden bower.

Hark to the distant cannonade,
Dear lady, go and pray,
Rest in the chapel's holy shade,
For it is a fearful day!

The knight thou lovest lies beside
His faithful dying steed;
Pray that before the sun goes down
His brave soul may be freed,
For Rupert's cavaliers are gone,
And England's hope is o'er:
Thy love will die a soldier's death
To-night on Marston Moor.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

HARROGATE OLD SULPHUR WELL.

COME from the town so dusky grown,
The narrow streets and alleys;
From snug retreats and country seats,
The mountains and the valleys.

Come, lords of soil, and sons of toil,
Leave the gay city's strife;
Drink of my spring, 'twill surely bring
Fresh vigour, health, and life.

I make no boast of drink for toasts
Which have your praises won;
But I declare I oft repair
The mischiefs those have done.

Lay down the pen, ye busy men,
Escape from cankering care;
I'll cool your brains, and clear your veins,
And give you purest air.

Come, lady fair, with languid air,
List! for I tell the truth;
Drink of this cup, 'twill cheer you up,
And e'en renew your youth.

But do not sip with dainty lip,
That renovating draught;
Forbid your nose to scent the dose,
Until you have it quaffed.

'Tis like the pool, so pure and cool,
Of which we read of yore,
When stirred had been by one unseen,
Dispensed a healing power.

EPHIZIBA.

OTHO, A RACING SONG.

COME, gentlemen sportsmen, I'll sing you a song,
Of Marcia's son, who can run the day long;
Otho they call him, and he got his name (1)
After conquering Merlin, that racer of fame.
At Richmond, the Doctor (2) and Otho did meet;
The legs cried, "He's no chance; the Doctor's too fleet!"
But the proud son of Marcia, disdainingly control,
Gave the Doctor the go-by, and won the gold bowl. (3)
The Doctor, they say, will be train'd the next year,
But I see no reason why Otho's to fear—
The Laurels now won are not likely to fade;
For if they again meet he'll prove him a jade.
He's owned by Squire Garforth, who'll win if he can,
A friend to the poor, and a very good man;
May success then attend his honest endeavour,
Here's fair play in racing, and (4) Garforth for ever!

1. A bay colt, foaled 1815; won the gold cup at Doncaster in 1819.
2. The famous horse, Doctor Syntax, who, when in training, won twenty gold cups, besides many other stakes
3. This race excited much interest, and was run at Richmond on Wednesday, Oct. the 6th, 1819, six started, and Otho won by what racers call "a length."
4. William Garforth, Esq., died at his residence, Wigginton, near Malton, Yorkshire, April 6th, 1828, at the age of 77. He was a great supporter of the turf, and, like an honest sportsman, "always won if he could." The song is from "The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet," but does not rank very high, poetically.

ISAAC HOLDEN, ESQ., M.P.

(Afterwards Baronet.)

COME, hand me down that rustic harp,
From off that rugged wall,
For I must sing another song
To suit the Muse's call,
For she is bent to sing a pæan,
On this eventful year,
In praise of the philanthropist
Whom all his friends hold dear—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth
Beyond his eightieth year.

No flattery my honest Muse,
 Nor yet be thou servile ;
 But tinkle up that harp again,
 A moment to beguile.
 Altho' the bard be rude and rough,
 Yet he is ever proud
 To do the mite that he can do,
 And thus proclaim aloud—
 The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
 Of whom we all are proud.
 For base indeed were any bard
 That ever sang on earth,
 Did he not wish his neighbour well,
 Nor praise his sterling worth.
 Leave state affairs and office
 To those of younger blood,
 But I am with the patriot,
 The noble, wise, and good—
 The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
 The wise, the great, the good.
 This worthy old philanthropist,
 Whom all his neighbours greet ;
 Who has a smile for everyone,
 Whom he may chance to meet—
 Go to yon pleasant village,
 On the margin of the moor,
 And you will hear his praises sung
 By all the aged poor—
 The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
 A friend unto the poor.
 The juvenile upon him smile,
 The factory girl and boy,
 For when they meet the Grand Old Man
 Each heart is filled with joy.
 With them remembered he will be :
 His fame will ever stand—
 The worthy old philanthropist,
 And patriot of our land—
 The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
 The patriot of our land.
 Long may he live, and happy be,
 The patriot and the sire ;
 And may some other harp give praise,
 Whose notes will sound much higher.
 His thirst for knowledge, worth and lore—
 His heart was ever there—
 This worthy old philanthropist,
 Beyond his eightieth year—
 The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
 Beyond his eightieth year.

WM. WRIGHT, Keighley.

“COME HERE, FOND YOUTH, WHOE’ER
THOU BE.”

Song, by Francis Wrangham, M.A.

COME here, fond youth, whoe’er thou be,
That boast’st to love as well as me;
And, if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve:
I’ll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To live whole ages at a beauty’s feet;
To kneel, to languish, to implore,
And still—though she disdain—adore;
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes,
With eager joy and fond surprise,
Yet tempered with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though Heaven and earth thy wishes crossed;
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flocks upon the plain,
Yet if thou darest not hope—thou darest not love.

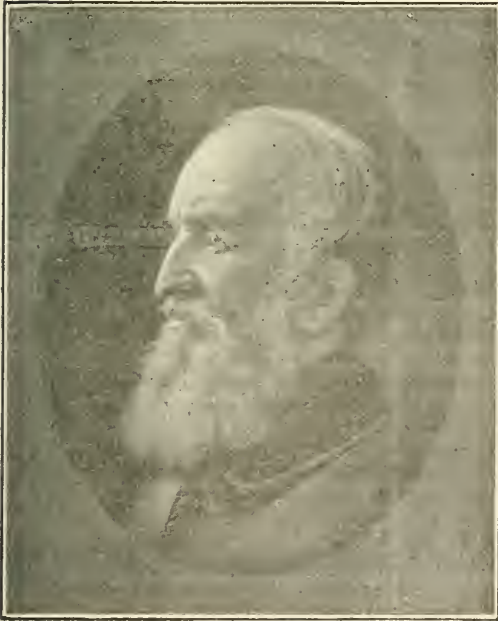
It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast loved.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love—for love is nourished so.

If any hopes thy bosom share,
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall;
Thou never yet his power hast known,
Love sits on a despotic throne
And reigns a tyrant—if he reigns at all.

Now, if thou art so lost a thing,
 Hither thy tender sorrows bring;
 And prove, whose patience longest can endure,
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be tossed
 In dreams of loudest passion most:
 For, if thou thus hast loved, oh! never hope a cure.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.



Abraham Holroyd.

COME hither, Mally, sit tha daan,
 I've got some news ta day;
 My husband Jim is coming home,
 Through North America:
 He's sent a telegram ta say
 He'll come at ten ta neet;—
 Ah Mally! bud I du feel queer
 I tremle ta me feet.

It's been a weary time wi me,
 An if we live whol morn;
 It's ten long year sin first he went,
 Aar Mary worn't born.
 An every day on bended knees
 I've prayed the Lord for him;
 An this ol say, there nivver wor
 A better man ner Jim.
 Tha sees aar Mary 's goan ta t' schooil,
 An t' lasses all to t' milu;
 An Kester went away at nooin
 Ta du his wark at t' kiln;
 Soa Mally, stop wi me ta day,
 And help ma all tha can,
 An tha sal fotch in summat nice,
 Ta welcome my guid man.
 Gooa daan ta Ramsden's shop an buy
 Sum stakes cut thin an fine;
 An call at Bayley's on thi rooad,
 Fur sum o' Gilbey's wine:
 Jim ollus liked old port the best,
 An stake wi onious fried;
 Bud call at Dunford's too an bring
 Braan breed an cheese beside.
 I've made him up six chekker-shirts
 Weel lined both front an back;
 An as fur flannel underclooeths,
 I'm suar he will nut lack;
 Six pairs o' stockings tu I've knit,
 Will reyk aboon his knee;
 Bud I sud du a deal fer Jim;
 He's doin a deal fer me.
 Naa Mally lass! be up and off;
 Be suar an dunnot stay,
 I wish them childer wor at hooam,
 I feel i' sich a way;
 Bud I'll goa wesh an don ma up,
 An mak things nice an breet,
 Fur when he comes there's suar to be,
 A rumpus here ta neet.

ABRAHAM HOLROYD, Saltaire.

CREEPING JANE.

Peep Green Races, 1820.

COME I'll sing you a song, a very pretty song,
 Concerning Creeping Jane,
 She ne'er saw a horse in all her life
 She valued more than half a pin. Fol de la.

When Creeping Jane came on to the race course,
 The gentlemen viewed her all round,
 And all they had to say respecting Creeping Jane
 Was "she's not able to gallop o'er the ground."

When Creeping Jane came to the first mile post,
 Creeping Jane she was left behind,
 The rider threw his whip all around her pretty neck
 And he said "My little lady never mind."

When Creeping Jane came to the second mile post,
 Creeping Jane she's still left behind,
 The rider threw his whip around her slender waist,
 Said he, "My little lady never mind."

When Creeping Jane came to the third mile post,
 Creeping Jane looked brisk and smart,
 And then she lifted up her lily white feet.
 And passed them all like a dart!

Now Creeping Jane this race she has run,
 And scarcely sweats one drop,
 And she's able to gallop it over again,
 While the others are not able to trot.

Now Creeping Jane is dead and gone,
 And her body lies in the cold ground,
 I'll go to the master one favour to beg
 Her precious little body from the hounds.

From "Old Liversedge," by FRANK PEEL.

EPITAPH.

Norton, Malton.

*Circumsepta suo duplici jacet Anna marito.
 Dux erat et conjux qui duxerat alter et alter;
 Amboque succincti viridanti tempora lauro,
 Victrici natale solum ornare trophæo,
 Hic tandem placidâ composti morte quiescunt.*

The Latin hexameters are in black letter characters, The following is a literal version:—

"Anna lies hedged in by her double husband. Each who married her was a leader and a consort; and both—their temples surrounded with verdant laurel—adorned their native soil with a trophy of victory. Here at length they rest, composed in tranquil death."—W.C.

The following poetical translation is furnished by a friend:

"Here Anna lies—a husband on each side!

To neither husband did the other yield;
 For each brave man from church had led a bride,
 And each had led his comrades to the field.
 Each had the leader's post in front resigned;
 Each taken rank abreast, by wedlock's yoke confined.
 Both had a grateful country crown'd with laurel,
 For both with trophies had adorned her cause;
 And both rest here beyond the reach of quarrel,
 Obedient to the last of nature's laws."

THE WEAVERS.

Air—"O the Roast Beef of Old England."

COME, ladies and gents, I've a song ready made,
And to hear it I'm sure you will not be afraid,
For I'll tell you at once I'm a weaver by trade.

Chorus: So we'll sing success to the weavers;
The weavers for ever, huzza!

Some tradespeople always are making a fuss,
But their merits are trifling when talking to us,
And in argument we leave them at a nonplus.

Here are goods every day we're exporting by bales
And in merchandise ours, as an art, never fails,
For each ship leaving port owes the weaver for sails.

The king in his robes may so gracefully stand,
And his nobles about him may look great and grand,
Still they get all their cloth by the work of our hands.

But for us how your soldiers would often repent,
When houseless to sleep on their knapsacks they're sent,
But the weaver, you see, gives each soldier his tent.

If exhausted you feel, and by Morpheus you're beat,
In the heat or the cold a small rest will be sweet,
Then think of the weavers' fine blanket and sheet.

The ladies are pretty, as all will confess,
And he's stupid or blind, I'm sure, who says less,
But then to the weavers they're indebted for dress.

Then, since here for mankind, we're sent here to weave,
O'er our looms and our shuttles we'll not idly grieve,
But my song is just ended—so I'll take my leave.

And we'll sing success, &c.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT, OR FORTUNATE
FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"Stepney Legend," appears to be connected with Yorkshire—"The marble slab on the outside of the chancel of Stepney Church, London, is to the memory of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Berry, 1696; with the following inscription:—

COME, Ladies, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own.
Which once adorned as fair a mind
As ere yet lodg'd in woman-kind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;

Free from all envious brawls and jars,
 Of human life the civil wars ;
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
 Which still was gentle, still was kind ;
 Her very locks, her garb, her mien,
 Disclos'd the humble soul within :
 Trace her through every scene of life,
 View her as widow, virgin, wife ;
 Still the same humble she appears,
 The same in youth, the same in years ;
 The same in low and high estate,
 Ne'er vex'd with this, nor mov'd with that.
 Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be
 As fair, as great, and good as she,
 Go learn of her *humility*.

The arms on this monument are,—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton), impaling a fish ; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms, which exactly corresponds with that borne by Ventris, of Cambridgeshire, has given rise to a tradition, that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called 'The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter,' the story of which is briefly this: A knight passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife ; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea side, intending to drown her, but relents ; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that *ring*. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' It must be added, painful as may be the information to the legend-loving reader, that the leading incidents of the above story are of greater antiquity than the age in which Dame Elton flourished ; as Hamlet says, 'The time is out of joint.' The well-pointed moral of the epitaph remains, though the romance of the tradition be marred by sober, stubborn truth." The foregoing is an extract from *The Penny Post*, October, 1873.

THE HIRINGS.

From a Broadside.

COME lads and lasses of renown,
 Let's haste away to Otley town,
 The Wild Beast shows they will be there,
 The place will be just like a fair.

*So lift up your voices in hopes of fine weather,
 Both masters and servants will be dancing together.*

Pray what can you do the master he cries,
 I can bake, I can brew, I can make apple-pies,
 I can milk, I can churn, I can keep the house clean,
 And do another thing too, you may know what I mean.

By the crow of the cock from my bed I can rise,
 With my pail in my hand, likewise my cow ties,
 And over the meadows I trip it along,
 A milking my cows and singing my song.

Well now bonny lass what's your wages to be
 Why ten pounds a year sir, if you hire me ;
 You may rest assured sir, I will do my best,
 But I cannot hire for one farthing less.

But before I do hire sir pray what is your diet,
 Do you keep a good table, is your mistress quite quiet
 If she should be a scolder I hope that she'll mend,
 For I'm sure I can give her as good as she'll send.

Now Sukey is hired, her gods money she's got,
 She looks for her Jonny to give him a pot,
 I'm hired dear Jonny I must leave your charms,
 I hope you'll not take another lass in your arms.

Now there's Jonny and Bobby and Benjamin too,
 With their new fustain dress and leggings too ;
 They come flocking to Otley with whip in hand,
 And along with the rest for hire they stand.

Now up comes a bold farmer and says unto you,
 Well Jack my brave fellow pray what can yo do,
 I can reap, I can sow, I can plough, I can mow,
 And can whistle such tunes as will make all things grow.

Besides I can harrow, can roll, and can stook,
 As good hand at shearing as ever took a hook ;
 I can make your hay, I can build your stack,
 And * * * back.

Well you're the lad that will suit me I've not the least fear,
 Pray what is the wages I must give you the year ?
 Ten pounds is the money, I'll take nothing less,
 Besides I must eat and drink of the best.

The bargain is made, that money I'll give,
 You must come directly with me for to live ;
 Here's a crown for god's-money and I wish you good day.
 Then Jonny and Sukey is off to the play.

So now benny lasses I mast make an end,
 I have no longer time at present to spend,
 I hope that you all will take my advice,
 Stick up to your masters and have a good price.

But now to conclude I hope that you'll mind,
 If you meet with young Jonny pray dont be too kind,
 For if he should * * *
 He may be the means * *

MAYPOLE SONG.

COME, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
 And away to the Maypole hie,
 Where every *he* has got a *she*,
 And the fiddler standing by.
 Where Willy has got his Jill,
 And Jackey has got his Joan,
 And there to jig it, jig it, jig it,
 Jig it up and down, Tol de lol lol de ray.

Begin, says Harry; Ay, ay, says Mary,
 Let's lead up Rogerly wound,
 Oh, no, says Hugh; Oh, no, said Sue,
 Let's dance St. Leger's round
 Then every lad did take his hat off to his lass,
 And every maid did curtsy low upon the grass.

You're out, says Nick; you lie, says Dick,
 For the crowther played it wrong;
 And so, says Sue; And so, says Hugh,
 And so says every one.
 The fiddler then began to play it o'er again,
 And every maid did foot it, foot it to the men.

Let's kiss, says Fan; Ay, ay, says Nan,
 And so says every she,
 How many? says Nat; Why, three, says Mat,
 For that's a maiden's fee.
 But instead of kisses three they gave them half a-score;
 The men then out of kindness gave them as many more.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bower,
 To play for ale and cake,
 And kisses, too, being in the cue,
 For the lasses held the stake.
 The women then began to quarrel with the men, [again.
 And told them take their kisses back, and give their own

Oh, thus they all stayd until it was late,
 And tired the fiddler quite
 With fiddling and playing without any paying,
 From morning until night.
 They told the fiddler then they'd pay him for his play,
 And everyone paid twopence and toddled home away.

Good night, says Bess; good night, says Jess,
 Good night, says Harry to Holl;
 Good night, says Hugh; good night, says Sue,
 Good night, says nimble Nell.
 Some ran, some walked, some stayd, some tarried by the way.
 And bound themselves by kisses twelve to meet next holiday.

[Various versions may be found; one of the oldest, 1671, being in the *Westminster Drolleries*.]

INGLETON BELLS:

By RICHARD ABBOT, a Westmorland man, born in 1818; became shepherd on Ingleborough slopes, afterwards resided at Forcett, near Richmond.

COME listen ye people, the song from the steeple,
 Dingle ding, dingle ding, dingle ding, ding.
 A spirit is singing and through the bells ringing,
 Dingle ding, dingle ding, dingle ding, ding
 Hearken the voice of me,
 Come and acknowledge me,
 Come and rejoice with me,
 Come and made holy be.

Through the sweet chiming of Ingleton bells,
 Musical bells,

Through the sweet chiming of Ingleton bells.

Oh! God of the mountains!

Oh! God of the dales!

Thou fountain of fountains

Who spread out the vales,—

Established the caverns—those archives of Thine,

Where truth has been stored for all ages to come;

Permit me to draw, as from heavenly mine,

A small precious portion my soul to illume.

Dingle ding, dingle ding, dingle ding, ding,

Musical Ingleton, Ingleton bells,

Hark! 'tis the music of Ingleton bells!

Oh! fountain of beauty, of music and song!

The might of the mighty—the strength of the strong,

Who raised up the hills, made the rivers to flow

Through the land for the use of Thy creatures below,

Inspire me, I pray Thee, to sing with the bells

Whose music this moment resounds through the dells,

 Listen the bells! Ingleton bells!

The music is charming, its influence warming,

It strengthens your souls as onward it rolls:

Far up the valley and down through the dale

Where it dies in the distance like Philomel's wail.

Dingle ding, dingle ding, dingle ding, ding.

Musical Ingleton, Ingleton bells,

Hark to the music of Ingleton bells!

Come, come do you hear it?

The voice of the spirit—

“Come old men and women;

Come young men and maidens.”

The bells softly ringing

With sweet mournful cadence;

Come beautiful children,

With bloom on your faces,

And heavenly graces,

(Your numbers bewild'ring.)

Approach ye the altar,
 Come, come, do not falter,
 The bells are inviting, the spirit inditing,
 The song of the bells—
 Ingleton bells—sweetest of bells.

Heard on the hills,
 Heard on the fells,
 Heard by the rills,
 And heard in the dells,

Beautiful, musical, Ingleton bells.

Oh! come from the mountains
 And come from the valleys,
 Dingle ding, dingle ding, dingle ding, ding,
 Come ye by the fountains
 From lanes, streets, and alleys,
 Come at the calling of Ingleton bells.
 Come, come with decorum, and with the bells sing,
 Come ye from the woodlands,
 And ye by the river;
 Come birds from the cloudland
 Sing praises for ever,—
 Sing praises for ever with Ingleton bells,
 Sweet Ingleton bells,
 A song to the Saviour through Ingleton bells!

THE SIMPLE BALLAD OF SABINA CAREY.

“A female weaver at Bradford, named Sabina Carey, has gained £5 damages against a young man who, whilst courting her, squeezed her hand so hard as to break one of her fingers.”

COME list, ye lovers all, to me,
 Attend each John and Mary,
 Unto my story of a wea-
 Ver call'd Sabina Carey.

In Bradford town Sabina dwelt,
 There dwelt the “yongg man” also,
 Who at her feet devoutly knelt—
 Alack, it should befall so!

With him, on Sunday afternoons,
 O'er Yorkshire wolds she wander'd;
 On her, this spooniest of spoons,
 His love and lucre squander'd.

“Oh, sweet Sabina, name the day—
 Your written promise stand to!”
 As thus he press'd his suit, they say,
 He also press'd her hand too.

With love his ardent grasp increased,
 Till, too much pain'd to linger
 In choicest terms she screamed, "You beast,
 You've broke my little finger."

Oh! sore the lovyer wept, I wis,
 To think that she he held dear
 Should thus be maim'd: said he, "Let's kiss
 The place, and make it well, dear."

But stern Sabina turned her nose
 Up at his invitation;
 Before her eyes a vision rose—
 A dream of "compensation."

So, Shylock like, Miss Carey seeks
 The uttermost stiver;
 Till, by a board of Bradford beaks,
 Her love is fined a fiver.

Oh, paint his feelings if you can,
 With such a judgment brought in!
 He leaves the court an alter'd man,
 No more to go a courtin'!

And still, I'm told, for life apart
 This blighted couple linger;
 The lover with a broken heart,
 The lass with broken finger!—*Judy.*

THE SAUCY SAILOR BOY.

Broadside, about 1760.

"COME, my own one, come, my foud one,
 Come, my dearest, unto me,
 Will you wed with a poor sailor lad
 That's just come from sea?"

"O! you're dirty, love, you are ragged, love,
 And smell so of tar,
 So, begone, you saucy sailor boy,
 So, begone, you Jack Tar."

"If I'm dirty, love, if I'm ragged, love,
 And smell strong of tar,
 I've got silver in my pocket, love,
 And gold in bright store."

"As soon as she heard him say so,
 Down on her bended knees she fell,
 She says, "I will love my Henry,
 I will love my jolly sailor well."

"Do you think I am foolish, love?
 Do you think I am mad,
 For to wed a poor country girl
 When there's a fortune to be had?
 I am frolicsome, I am easy
 With the gold I do bring,
 And since you have refused my offer, love,
 Some other girl shall wear the ring."

"The Saucy Sailor Boy" is a song which was formerly much sung in Yorkshire—at Whitby, at Hull, and in other parts of the county."

THE WEDDING OF ARTHUR O' BRADLEY.

COME, neighbours, and listen awhile,
 If ever you wished to smile,
 Or hear a true story of old,
 Attend to what I now unfold!
 'Tis of a lad whose fame did resound
 Through every village and town around,
 For fun, for frolic, and for whim,
 None ever was equal to him,
 And his name was Arthur o' Bradley!
 O! rare Arthur o' Bradley!
 Wonderful Arthur o' Bradley!
 Sweet Arthur o' Bradley O!

Now, Arthur being stout and bold,
 And near upon thirty years old,
 He needs a-wooing would go,
 To get him a helpmate, you know.
 So, gaining young Dolly's consent,
 Next to be married they went;
 And to make himself noble appear,
 He mounted the old padded mare;
 He chose her because she was blood,
 And the prime of his old daddy's stud.
 She was wind-galled, spavined, and blind,
 And had lost a near leg behind;
 She was cropped, and docked, and fired,
 And seldom, if ever, was tired.
 She had such an abundance of bone:
 So he called her his high-bred roan,
 A credit to Arthur o' Bradley!
 O! rare, etc.

Then he packed up his drudgery hose,
 And put on his holiday clothes;
 His coat was of scarlet so fine,
 Full trimmed, with buttons behind;

Two sleeves it had it is true
 One yellow, the other was blue,
 And the cuffs and the capes were of green,
 And the longest that ever was seen ;
 His hat, though greasy and torn,
 Cocked up with a feather before,
 And under his chin it was tied,
 With a strip from an old cow's hide ;
 His breeches three times had been turned,
 And two holes through the left side were burned
 Two boots he had, but not kin,
 One leather, the other was tin ;
 And for stirrups he had two patten rings,
 Tied fast to the girth with two strings ;
 Yet he wanted a good saddle cloth,
 Which long had been eat by the moth.
 'Twas a sad misfortune you will say,
 But still he looked gallant and gay,
 And his name it was Arthur o' Bradley !
 O ! rare, etc.

Thus accoutred away he did ride,
 While Dolly she walked by his side ;
 Till coming up to the church door,
 In the midst of five thousand or more,
 Then from the old mare he did alight,
 Which put the clerk in a fright ;
 And the parson so fumbled and shook,
 That presently down dropped his book.
 Then Arthur began for to sing,
 And made the whole church to ring ;
 Crying, " Dolly, my dear, come hither,
 And let us be tacked together ;
 For the honour of Arthur o' Bradley ! "
 O ! rare, etc.

Then the vicar discharged his duty,
 Without either reward or fee,
 Declaring no money he'd have,
 And poor Arthur he'd none to give :
 So, to make him a little amends,
 He invited him home with his friends,
 To have a sweet kiss at the bride,
 And eat a good dinner beside.
 The dishes, though few, were good,
 And the sweetest of animal food :
 First a roast guinea-pig and a bantam,*
 A sheep's head stewed in a lanthorn,
 Two calves' feet, and a bull's trotter,
 The fore and hind leg of an otter,
 With craw-fish, cockles, and crabs,
 Lump-fish, limpets and dabs,

* A cant phrase in the days of King Charles the First

Red herrings and sprats, by dozens,
 To feast all their uncles and cousins ;
 Who seemed well pleased with their treat,
 And heartily they did all eat,
 For the honour of Arthur o' Bradley !
 O ! rare, etc.

Now, the guests being all satisfied,
 The fragments were laid on one side,
 When Arthur, to make their hearts merry,
 Brought ale, and parkin, and perry ;
 When Timothy Twigg stept in,
 With his pipe, and a pipkin of gin.
 A lad that was pleasant and jolly,
 And scorned to meet melancholy ;
 He would chant and pipe so well,
 No youth could him excel.
 Not Pan, the god of the swains,
 Could ever produce such strains ;
 But Arthur, being first in the throng,
 He swore he would sing the first song,
 And one that was pleasant and jolly :
 And that should be " Hence Melancholy !"
 " Now, give me a dance," quoth Doll.
 " Come, Jeffery, play up ' Mad Moll ;
 'Tis time to be merry and frisky,
 But first I must have some more whisky."
 " Oh ! you're right," says Arthur, " my love !
 My daffy-down-dilly ! my dove !
 My everything ! my wife !
 I ne'er was so pleased in my life,
 Since my name it was Arthur o' Bradley !"
 O ! rare, etc.

Then the piper he screwed up his bags,
 And the girls began shaking their rags ;
 First up jumped old Mother Crewe,
 Two stockings, and never a shoe.
 Her nose was crooked and long,
 Which she could easily reach with her tongue
 And a hump on her back she did not lack,
 But you should take no notice of that ;
 And her mouth stood all awry,
 And she never was heard to lie,
 For she had been dumb from her birth ;
 So she nodded consent to the mirth,
 For the honour of Arthur o' Bradley !
 O ! rare, etc.

Then the parson led off at the top,
 Some danced, while others did hop ;
 While some ran foul of the wall,
 And others down backwards did fall.

There was lead up and down, figure in,
 Four hands across, then back again.
 So in dancing they spent the whole night,
 Till bright Phœbus appeared in their sight;
 When each had a kiss of the bride,
 And hopped home to his own fireside:
 Well pleased was Arthur o' Bradley!
 O! rare Arthur o' Bradley!
 Wonderful Arthur o' Bradley!
 Sweet Arthur o' Bradley, O!

From the reference to "parkin" in the above song, which is a favourite Yorkshire cake made of oatmeal and treacle, we may infer that the above version was the one popular in our county. As to what follows from Ritson, Mr. Ebsworth says, "When Ritson published his 'Robin Hood' in 1795, he relied chiefly upon the text of the famous ballad of 'Arthur o' Bradley,' as he discovered it in the Miscellany before us, 'Merry Drollery Complete.'"

TO THE FLOWERS.

COME, sweetest harbinger of love,
 With all your charming train;
 Bedeck the forest, field, and grove,
 And beautify the plain.
 You pretty buds, burst into flower—
 Again the world is green;
 Sprinkle your gems on every bower,
 And make a perfect scene.
 Your tyrant foe has lost his power,
 The piercing northern blast;
 Sweet tidings come with every hour,
 His icy reign is past.
 The kindly sun asserts his might,
 And gilds each rippling burn;
 Your foe he'd quickly put to flight,
 Should he again return.
 Come, linger not; your bloom is due;
 We want your odours sweet;
 The streams invite their banks to strew,
 Their springtide songs to greet.
 You buttercups and daisies, come,
 The little ones do wait
 To gather you and take you home—
 They think you're very late.
 Come, sweetest flowers of richest dyes,
 And you shall be caressed;
 The maid will view with loving eyes
 The floweret on her breast.

Come, there are honours waiting you,
And they are not the least ;
Your smiles and fragrance, ever new,
Shall garnish every feast.

Though gay and brilliant festals be
Without your presence sweet,
Cold, unadorned, they seem to me,
And ever incomplete.

In Nature's robe of beauty wreathed,
From forest, field, and bower
A silent eloquence is breathed
Of God's great love and power.

Holbeck.

RICHARD SPENCER.

COME TO THE ABBEY, (KIRKSTALL).

COME to the Abbey at eventide,
I love thee to wander at my side,
On Aire's green banks at the close of day,
When the wild bird's song hath died away :
The violet grows like a hermit flower,
Under the shade of the lanthorn tower,
On that lone spot in the twilight dim,
Oh ! there will we chaunt our evening hymn.

Come to the Abbey at eventide,
Like an angel sent to be my guide ;
The mouldering pile shall our temple be,
And the heavens our glorious canopy :
How tranquil the moon's saluting smile,
When silence reigns in the roofless aisle,
And the ivy's trembling leaf on high
Seems to commune with the quiet sky.

Come to the Abbey at eventide,
When calmly the Aire's deep waters glide ;
When the past its mournful story reads,
Clad in a mantle of moss and weeds :
But soon as the glistening night dew falls,
Like clustering pearls on the Abbey walls,
We'll bid adieu to the ruined towers
And wander home over dewy flowers.

J. BRADSHAWE WALKER.

EPITAPH.

Lightcliffe Church: infant, 1818.

Blest lovely babe, just for a moment given,
To weep on earth and then return to heaven.



Benjamin Preston.

COME TO THI GRONNY.

BY BEN PRESTON,

Author of "Natterin Nan," "T'Spicy Man," "T'Creaking Gate," &c.

COME to thy gronny doy, come to thy gronny,
Bless tha, to me th'art as pratty as onny;
Mutherless barn of a dowter unwed,

Little tha knaws, doy, the tears at I've shed;
Trials I've knawn boath for t'heart an for t'head,
Shortnass o' wark, ey, an shortnass o' breedad.

Thease I could bide, bud than tha'rt noan to blame,
Bless tha, tha browt ma boath sorra an shame;
Gronny, poar sowl, for a two month ur moar
Hardly end feshun ta lewk aht o' t' doar;
T'nabors called aht to me, "Dunnot stand that,
Aht wi that hussy, an aht wi her brat."

Deary me, deary me, what could I say?
T'furst thing of all I thowt—let ma go pray;
T'next time I slept I'd a dream, d'ye see,
Ey! an I knew at that dream wor for me—
Tears of Christ Jesus, I saw em that neet,
Fall drop bi drop on to one at His feet.

After that, saw him wi barns rahnd His knee,
Some on em, happen, poor craters like thee;
Says I at last, though I soarly wor tried,
Suarly a sinner, a sinner sud bide;
Nabors may think or may say what they will,
T'mother an t'dowter sal stop wi ma still.

Come on't what will, i' my cot they sal cahr,
Woe be to them 'at maks bad inta wahr;
Some fowk may call tha a name 'at I hate,
Wishin fro t'heart tha wor weel aht o' t' gate,
Oft this hard world into t' gutter al shuv tha,
Poar little lamb, wi no daddy to love tha.

Dunnot thee freecat, doy, whol gronny hods up,
Nivver sal tha want a bite or a sup;
What if I work thease owd fingurs to t' boan,
Happen tha'll love ma long after I'm goan;
T'last bite i' t' cubbord wi thee I could share't,
Hay! bud tha's stown a rare slice o' my heart.

Spite of all t'sorra, all t' shame at I've seen,
Suashine comes back to my heart thrn thy een;
Cuddle thi gronny, doy,
Bless tha, tha'rt bonny, doy,
Rosy an sweet fro thi brah ta thi feet,
Kingdoms an crabns wodn't buy tha ta-neet.

COME WHERE THE ASPENS QUIVER.

COME where the aspens quiver,
Down by the flowing river;
Bring your guitar, bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love;

Sing me of fame and glory,
 Sing of the poor maid's story,
 When her true love must leave her,
 Call'd to the Holy War.
 Come where the aspens, &c.

Come to the wild rose bower,
 Come at the vesper hour ;
 Bring your guitar, bring your guitar.
 Sing me the songs I love ;
 Sing of affection slighted,
 Sing me of fond hope blighted,
 Sing of the dewy flower,
 Sing of the evening star.
 Come where the aspens, &c.

[J. Kendrew, Printer, York.]

COME WHERE THE WILD-ROSE BLOWS.

Set to music by George Barker, Esq., composer of the
 "White Squall" and other popular tunes.

COME where the wild-rose blows
 Down by the shining river—
 Come where the primrose grows,
 And blue-bells bend and quiver—
 Where oft we've roamed along,
 Hand-in-hand together,
 And sung a merry song,
 In brightest summer weather.

In bush and brake around
 The cheerful birds are singing,
 And Zephyrs bring the sound
 Of bells so blithely ringing.
 All nature seems quite gay
 With beauty overflowing—
 Come, let us haste away,
 The summer breeze is blowing.

We'll walk the glades along—
 Again we'll pluck sweet flowers—
 And sing the gladsome song,
 Prolonging happy hours.
 We'll breathe sweet odours rife,
 And feel while joy we're winning,
 What a fragrant song is life
 When hearts are tuned for singing.

THE BILBERRY MOORS.

By JOHN SWAIN,

Born near Cumberworth in 1815: afterwards of G.P.O., London.

COME! will you not go where the bilberries grow,
 On their beautiful bushes of green;
 Whose ruby bells smiled in the desolate wild,
 On the far away moorland scene?
 We are up and away at the dawn of the day,
 Young cottagers moving in scores,
 Ere the dawn of the day we are up and away—
 Away to the bilberry moors.
 With basket and tin, with provision therein,
 And light of heart, ready for song;
 Like the birds of the air, in our freedom from care,
 Right merrily move we along,
 Nor future, nor past, bringeth shadow or blast,
 And what if the bright call us boors?
 We need no police to look after the peace,
 As we march to the bilberry moors.
 The wealthy man's wall bounded not what we call
 The common, and bilberry ground;
 His broad-acred lot—nay, we covet it not—
 Ye wealthy keep all that ye bound!
 But the bilberry blue oweth nothing to you—
 It groweth for the rich and poor;
 Oh! mean were the might that would question the right
 To roam on the bilberry moors.
 Ye free English hills, with your purest of rills,
 Your purple, and berries of blue,
 How stern was the tone, that your solitude lone,
 In the winterly tempest-time knew;
 But listen to-day for as merry a lay
 As ever was sung out of doors—
 The warble of glee, the delight of the free,
 The song of the bilberry moors.

COME, BE MY BRIDE.

COME, wilt thou be my bride, lassie,
 Come, wilt thou be my bride;
 An' share wi' me my cottage home
 The limpid burn beside?
 The lint-white an' the mavis bold
 Pipe merrily an' long,
 When summer gilds the mountain tops,
 The spreading woods among.

Come, wilt thou be my bride, lassie,
 Come, wilt thou be my bride?
 I'll gie thee all my worldly gear
 An' all my heart beside;
 An' thou shalt be as blithe a wife
 As e'er in bower or ha'
 To merry, merry music danced
 The gleeesome hours awa'.

I care not for thy home, laddie,
 I care not for thy gear;
 'Tis none sic empty trifles win
 A loving maiden's ear.
 Thy silver may bring splendour far
 My lowly lot above;
 But tell me, coaxing laddie,
 Will it bring a spark o' love?

Allan heard his bonnie Alice
 An' took her lily hand;
 It was fair, an' soft, an' taper
 As any in the land:
 Yes, he took it, sighed an kiss'd it:
 When Alice said,—“Pray, now,
 If hands were made for kissing, love,
 What needs a pretty mon'?”

Allan took the hint an' pressed her
 More warmly to his heart;
 An' the wee young fought bravely
 As wishful to depart;
 But her sparkling een betrayed her,
 An' her love-lit blushes told
 That he who woos a bonny lass
 Should be as Hector bold.

JOSEPH MIDDLETON, Leeds, 1836.

A NOSEGAY FOR LAURA.

COME, ye fair ambrosial flowers,
 Leave your beds and leave your bowers,
 Blooming, beautiful, and rare,
 Form a posy for my fair;
 Fair, and bright, and blooming be,
 Meet for such a nymph as she.

Let the young vermilion rose
 A becoming blush disclose;
 Such as Laura's cheeks display
 When she steals my heart away.

Add carnation's varied hue,
 Moisten'd with the morning dew;
 To the woodbine's fragrance join
 Sprigs of snow-white jessamine.

Add no more; already I,
 Shall alas! with envy die,
 Thus to see my rival blest,
 Sweetly dying on her breast.

Born at Warmsworth, near Doncaster,
 April, 1720.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

POOR TOM BRAAN.

CUM an sit beside me, Mary,
 "I feel om goin ta dee;
 An I am sad wi thinkin
 Abaght t'poor bairns an thee.
 Like a lamp-leet dimly burnin,
 Me life iz fadin aght;
 An wen om goan, I feel afeard
 Yo'll oft get nock'd abaght.

I saved a trifle up, Mary,
 When I wor hale an strong;
 But then, amang sa monny
 It cannot last yo long.
 O'v been a honest workman,
 At leeast ov tride ta be,
 An that's a consalation,
 Nah wen om gooin ta dee.

Just let me lewk at Harry,—
 O'v thowt a deecal o' him;
 An bring all t'rest araand me,
 Afoor mi ees grow dim.
 'Twill be a sad thing, Mary,
 Iv they should com ta want;
 But God, I hooep, al help em
 When ther poor fathther can't.

It feels sooa hard ta leeave em,
 Wi trubble i' mi breast,
 An be at sich a moment
 Wi angshus care opprest,
 O'v tride boath neet an mornin
 Ta let sad thowts goa by,
 But nah, wen life iz cloisin,
 O cannot help bud soigh.

Ta see ther dear yung faces
 Lewk through the coming gloom,
 At ther poor wasted fathther,
 Nah passin ta the tomb.
 This wuld iz full ov hardships,
 Be careful az wi may ;
 An few, O fear, will help yo,
 Wen O hev gooan away.

But put thi trust i' Him, Mary,
 Woa rules the wind an wave,
 Woa taks the tired an weary
 Back ta the silent grave.
 This life is but a journey,
 An time doth onward flee ;
 God bless an keep thra danger
 Me little uns an thee !

JOSEPH H. ECCLES, Leeds.

CUM STAY AT YAM TE NEET, BOB.

- “ CUM, stay at yam te neet, Bob !
 Deant gan out onnywhere :
 Thou gets thesel t' leeast vex'd, lad,
 When thou sits i' t' awd ame chair.
- “ There's Keeat an' Dick beeath want the
 To stop an' tell a teeal ;
 Tak little Keeatie o' the knee,
 An' Dick 'll sit on t' steal.
- “ Let's hev a happy neet, Bob !
 Tell all t' teeals thou can tell ;
 For giving pleeasure to the bairns
 'll deea the good thesel.
- “ Ah knaw it's seea wi' me, Bob !
 For oft when ah've been sad
 Ah've laiked an' laugh'd wi' thee, mon,
 Untel me heart's felt glad.
- “ An' sing that little sang, Bob,
 Thou uset te sing to me,
 When oft we sat at river sahde,
 Under t' awd willow tree.
- “ What happy tahmes them was, Bob,
 Thou nivver left me then
 Te gan tit yal-house neet be neet
 Amang all t' drunken men.

" Ah diz me best for thou, Bob,
 An' thou sud deea t' seeam for me ;
 Just think what things thou promis'd me
 Asahde t' awd willow tree ! "

" Ah prethee say neea mair, lass,—
 Ah see ah aint deean reet ;
 Ah'll think ov all thou's sed te me,
 An' stay at yam te neet.

" Ah'll try te lead a better life—
 Ah *will*, an' that thou'll see !
 Frah this tahme foth ah'll spend me neets
 At yam, wi' t' bairns an' thee."

MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

EPITAPHS.

Bradford Church : Joseph Mitchell, 1704.

All you that come my grave to see
 As I am now you all must be,
 Therefore repent, without delay
 For you little know your dying day.

Morley Church : John Mitchell, collier, 1872. aged 25.

All you who view this stone alone
 Remember how soon I was gone,
 Death does not always warning give,
 Therefore be careful how you live.

Bradford Church : Thomas Stocks, aged 79.

Beneath this stone
 Are two inter'd whose hearts were one ;
 And now on Canaan's blissful shore
 Their souls have met to part no more.

Bradford Church : Thompson.

Beneath this stone their ashes rest
 Their memory fills my aching breast
 They sleep unconscious of the tear
 That fills the vale of sorrow here.

THE FEAST OF THE DEAD.

From a Wharfedale Legend.

DAINTILY spread is the Feast of the Dead
 On the ancient tombstone flag ;
 What luckless wight will sup to-night
 In the graveyard on the crag ?

“ Arise with speed, my summons heed,
Thou sleeper young and bold;
Come follow me to the gaunt elm tree,
Where the Feast of the Dead we hold.

Abide by the word that I have heard
But this day spoken by thee,
‘ If ’tis true what is said of the Feast of the Dead,
I will sup ’neath the graveyard tree.”

He hath followed him to the graveyard grim,
That mortal young and bold,
And now doth he see that gaunt elm tree
Where the dead their banquet hold.

On the tomb’s grey stones, o’er the dead man’s bones,
Stood dishes both cold and hot;
But over them all did the earthworms crawl,
Though the mortal saw them not.

A ghastly crew appeared to view,
And stood by the tombstone grey;
And the youth in dread would grace have said,
But the spectres bade him stay.

For sudden the night was bereft of the light
Of the moon, and the wind rose high,
And whistled and moaned, and howled and groaned,
And through the trees did sigh.

The church was alow with a lambent glow,
Forms hooded and dim revealing;
And solemn and slow came the music flow
Of the *De Profundis* pealing.

“ On the tomb of the dead our feast is spread,
The *De Profundis* our grace;
What luckless wight will dare to-night
To fill the doomed one’s place.”

“ I am the wight who will dare to-night
To fill the doomed one’s place;
But to savour the feast some salt, at least,
I ask you of your grace.”

Like the light’ning flash, or the hawk’s swift dash,
In an instant all are gone;
Not one doth stand of that grisly band
’Neath the glimmer of the moon.

And the feast that was spread on the tomb of the dead
Hath vanished with them away;
And, kneeling there in humble prayer,
The mortal awaiteth the day.

W. A. SPENCE.

MURDER OF RICHARD II. AT PONTEFRAC^T,
1399.

DAMP and dreary was the place,
Far from the light of day ;
Where one of regal race
A hopeless captive lay.

Once England's royal crown
Adorned that gloomy brow ;
And his dark and with'ring frown,
Made e'en the proudest bow.

But ah ! the glorious hour
Of his high sway is o'er ;
And the symbols of his power,
His hand shall grasp no more.

And no nobles by his side
Stand with knightly helm and plume ;
And exchanged his halls of pride,
For a lonely dungeon's gloom.

Though he hath fallen so low,
Though prisoned and alone,
Yet he looks as haughty now
As when he pressed a throne.

His mind doth not forget,
Though forced with all to part ;
That he's a ruler yet,
A monarch in his heart.

But hark ! along the path
That leads unto his cell,
Are voices heard in wrath,
That in loud tumult swell.

And the clash of arms resounds,
With the heavy tramp of feet ;
As in haste the monarch bounds
From his cold and stony seat.

Turns in the lock the key,
Appears an armed band ;
Then did that lone one see,
His hour was near at hand.

But he seems undaunted there,
Though his murderers are nigh ;
And revenge was in the glare
Of his fiery, flashing eye.

His was no soul to quail
Beneath the deadly stroke ;
But erect, as in the gale,
Appears the hardy oak.

He makes a gallant stand ;
 They assail him, but in vain ;
 Four of that ruffian band
 Will never rise again.
 But ah ! that fatal blow,
 Dealt by a coward's arm,
 Hath laid the monarch low,
 In his streaming life-blood warm.
 He lies in the crimson tide,
 The dreadful struggle's o'er ;
 And his kindling eye of pride,
 Will darkly frown no more.
 In his kingly helm and shield,
 Where the war-cries loudest swell ;
 Such a death in the red field,
 Had become his proud heart well.

JAS. WARDELL, 1836.

SENSIBLE TA DA LAST.

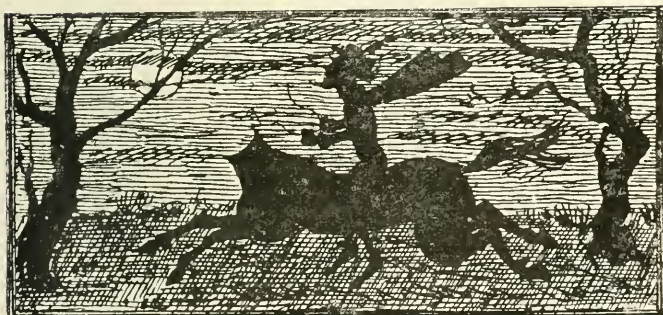
Burgess, Shetland dialect.

D A wife, eence trang wi mony a shop, For want a breath wis shokkin— Aald Death wis come ta pit a stop Ta her an aa her trokkin.	<i>The wife, once throng. choking. trucking.</i>
An as shu lay an toucht an toucht Ower aa her bits o daelin, Her wanderin een noo Frankie soucht, An noo dey soucht da caelin.	<i>thought. dealing. eyes, sought. ceiling.</i>
An dan shu spak, "Dis I mann tell, Gud ta mi mind is broucht it, We paid no Sharlie for da mael, Du kens, yun day we boucht it."	<i>must tell Good, or fresh. not Charlie, meal. thou knows, one day.</i>
"Hear hoo shu raaves ! "says Frankie dan, An poo'ed da mutch-string slacker, "Shu's been laek yun frae efter wan— Aye sin da fivver strak her."	<i>dan-then. pulled, cap-string. like one duft. Ever since the fever struck.</i>
Shu spak agen wi crex an hurr "I kno no wha's da faat is, But Robbie never peyed wis for Yan hinmist peck o taaties."	<i>with cough and hoarseness. not whose the fault is. Yond last peck of potatoes.</i>
Dan Frankie says, an grips her haand Da saat taers rinnin fast, "No sic a wife in aa da laand— Yiss ! sensible ta da last !"	<i>Grasps her hand. The salt tears running. Not such a wife in all the land. Yes, sensible to the last.</i>

NIDDERDALE DIALECT.

DEAR Lockwood,—Hevin a lile bit o' time,
 An kuawin ye werr fond ov a lile bit o' rhyme,
 I thowt I wad write e that queer composition,
 An tell ye our journa an' present condition;
 On the day that we parted beside Bardin mill,
 We paddled on slowly towards Greenha hill,
 But lile did we think when we left ye at Bardin.
 That our journa to Greenha wad hae been sike a hardin;
 Why it rain'd an it reekt, barn, ye nivver saw sike weather,
 'Twad hae wet a coot throu 'at warr maad o' bend leather.
 An' th' sky about Girstan warr as black as a raaven,
 Ya mnd really hae thowt it warr boune to drownd Craaven.
 This lasted a lang time, an' then it grew finer,
 An at last we gat saaf to th' Arms o' the Miner;
 Whaar Sunter the landlord, ten barns an' a wife,
 Whaar tuggin' awa at the trials o' life.

BENSON BAILEY, Schoolmaster, Lofthouse.



SIR WALTER DE CALVERLEY: A BALLAD.

DE CALVERLEY was a valiant knight,
 A sturdy knight was he;
 As he rode in arms with gold bedight
 Away to the far countree.

Sir Walter was a warrior bold,
 A warrior brave was he;
 And none could him in days of old
 Excel in chivalry.

He fought against the Saladin ;
 At Richard's side was he ;
 And foremost mid the battle's din,
 He fought most valiantly.
 His sword was like the lightning's flash,
 So quick to strike was he ;
 And loud was heard throughout the crash,
 The cry—" De Calverley."
 He wander'd many a year afar,
 So keen of war was he ;
 And proved, by many a wound and scar,
 His deeds of bravery.
 In triumph home Sir Walter came,
 A victor home came he ;
 And loud and oft was told his fame
 In songs of revelry.

JOSEPH WALKER, Pudsey.

The Calverley Tragedy, sometimes ascribed to Shakespear, refers to Walter Calverley who murdered his two sons in 1604. His spirit, in shape a rider of a headless horse, is a great factor in the district folk-lore.

INQUISITIVENESS.

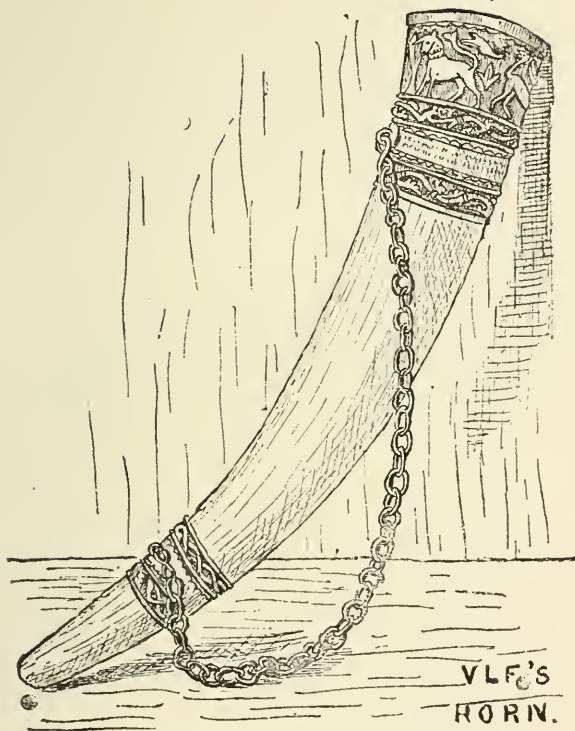
DEEAN'T be ti pawky,
 Think on, thoo mun knaw
 If thoo starts wiv a chirp
 Thoo mud end wiv a crow ;
 Bud if thoo's sea fealish
 Ez ti be pawky an' pert,
 Maist leyke thoo'll start wiv a crow
 An' end up wiv a chirp.

BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE, 1066.

DEEPEST woe to the hour when for England's fair strand,
 The chieftains of Norway have left their own land ;
 With Denmark combining, they raise the white sail,
 And their dark raven banner is unfurled to the gale.
 On the banks of the Derwent, King Harold they meet,
 O'er their army is heard the loud cry of defeat ;
 Their bravest and best on the cold plain are lying,
 Surrounded with slaughter, the dead and the dying.
 And the fair northern maidens across the deep main,
 May look long for the ships of their lovers in vain,
 They deem not in England, far o'er the blue wave,
 That each hero is silent and cold in his grave.

JAS. WARDELL, 1836.

VOW OF ULPHUS.



DEIRA'S Lord has crossed his steed,
 And spurred him to his wildest speed;
 He left his castle's stately halls,
 For ancient Ebor's lofty walls;
 His sons had oft disturbed his peace
 With this;—who, after his decease
 Should be left the powerful heir
 Of his broad lands and Lordships fair;—
 And Ulphus on that very morn,
 A deep and solemn oath had sworn,
 That holy church should have and hold
 All his possessions, all his gold.

The troubled chief made no delay,
 But fiercely riding on his way,—
 First proudly pointing to the skies,
 He sees Saint Peter's fane arise,
 And next the city meets his eyes ;
 Across the plain with slacken'd reins
 He sweeps, and now the gate he gains :
 Guarded by battlements and towers,
 The pond'rous archway on him lours ;
 He quickly passed the gloomy ward,
 And reached soon the Minster yard ;
 First checked his weary panting steed,
 Vaulted from off his back with speed ;
 Then down the arched chancel wide,
 He passed with quick and hasty stride ;
 Before Saint Peter's holy shrine,
 His drinking horn he filled with wine ;
 And kneeling at the altar there,
 He crossed himself in fervent prayer ;
 Pressed with both hands his throbbing brow,
 And sighing ratified his vow.
 While priests, whose garments swept the ground,
 Stood silent, and in order round :—

“ By the blest rood I swear
 As I before it bow,
 And call the saints to hear
 My freely offered vow ;
 Into Saint Peter's hands,
 When I shall cease to live,
 My tenements and lands
 I hereby freely give ;
 His shrine I here endow
 With all my Lordships fair ;
 And at his altar now,
 I make the church my heir.”

When he this sacred oath had sworn,
 He drank the wine, and gave the horn
 Into the holy fathers' hands,
 To hold thereby his goods and lands ;
 And though since that eventful day,
 Many years have rolled away ;
 And though Prince Ulphus long hath slept,
 Still that old horn is safely kept ;
 By which are held these Lordships now,
 Bequeathed by the chieftain's vow.

JAMES WARDELL, Leeds, 1836.

EPITAPH.

Lightcliffe Church: John Mosey, 1791, aged 52.
 Delivered from this mortal coil, from sorrows, sin and pain,
 We shall with Christ in lasting day true holiness obtain.

PENISTONE MIDHOPE YEW TREE.

DE MIDHOPE of Langsett, as chroniclers sing,
Was lord, when our Edward the First ruled as king;
Broad lands, on each side of this well-watered vale,
Had swelled his rich rent rolls from heirship and sale.

In woodland and pasture he summered his flocks,
And chased the wild deer o'er the heath-skirted rocks;
While to Kirkstead he paid tythe of all he possessed,
He bravely and freely rejoiced in the rest.

For Penisale, whither his serfs might repair,
He purchased the grant of a market and fair;
Where weekly came vendors with basket and beast,
And clothiers each year at Saint Barnabas' feast.

Ere long, and he planted a beautiful yew,
Which flourished through ages, so slowly it grew:
On a plot of rich greensward around this fair tree,
Met buyer and seller in bargaining free.

Hither came with stout ellwand, the webster whose pack
Of linseys and wolseys was strapped on his back;
He on the wide yew, keen with tenter hooks made,
From bough end to bough end his fabrics displayed.

Hither came, too, the pedlar, with glittering things,
Sharp whittles, gay girdles, hooks, buckles and rings;
And far o'er the moorlands bleak, purple and high,
Came mother and daughter to gossip and buy.

Tradition unchronicled history's page,
Tells what houses rose here in a subsequent age;
How the yew-tree thrice honoured, in growing renown,
Stood green in the midst of old Penisale town.

How in its broad shadow might yearly be seen,
De Midhope's retainers on Alderman green;
Each paying obstreperous, or sullen or mute,
To the lord of the Manor his service and suit.

But ages have left us no trace of that town,
And its fair and its market alike are unknown;
While the yew, the brave yew, long survivor of these,
Shewed how much faster time levelled houses than trees.

Yea, it stood but three lustres since on yon green knoll,
When twenty-five feet was the girth of its bole;
And round it with many a strange legend and tale,
Oft lingered the greybeards and youth of the vale.

It stood—and perchance had been standing this day,
Had not a lone fisherman rambled that way;
He thoughtless or reckless to warm his chilled hands,
Lit up in its hollow a bonfire of brands.

'Twas April—and moonless the night of St. Mark,
 O'er the neighbourhood flickered strange gleams in the dark ;
 'Twas the yew-tree aflame ! its green beauty was gone,
 At the ravage, affrighted, the rustics looked on.

Five days and five nights shone the red glow around,
 Ere the time-honoured tree was burnt close to the ground ;
 Few years marked the spot, ere men died and grass grew,
 And left to tradition the Penisale Yew.

DICKY TURF.

DICKY Turf was the son of a sexton at York,
 Who wished him to learn of his trade the ground work ;
 That Dick might dig graves after him in succession,
 But Dicky ne'er fancied so grave a profession ;
 A calenderer thought him a good natured boy,
 And took him most willingly into employ,
 His time out, to London he scoured away,
 Where he got a good living by dying all day.

Now it chanced where Dicky had set up in trade,
 In want of a husband there lived an old maid :
 She owned she was fifty, but Dicky thought more,
 In fact, he concluded her nearly threescore :
 Her nose it was short, but her forehead was high,
 Besides, she'd a beautiful cast in her eye ;
 No matter, thought Dick, she has got a long purse,
 So Dicky soon took her for better for worse.

The house was soon furnished from kitchen to garrets
 With puppies, and kittens, cats, monkeys, and parrots ;
 Although at the altar she said she'd obey,
 Mrs. Turf was determined to have her own way ;
 Poor Dicky found out that her temper was bad,
 She squalled, and she bawled, till she drove him quite mad ;
 Of all the bad bargains man meets with in life,
 The worst is, said Dicky, an old maid for a wife.

He tried every method to silence her tongue,
 But alas ! all in vain, 'twas a lasting ding-dong ;
 She rated and worried the unfortunate soul,
 Till he ended his days at the end of a pole ;
 The coroner called—" 'Tis apparent," said he,
 " The poor fellow was guilty of felo-de-se,
 But for cross-ways interment, I think, on my life,
 He'd cross-ways enough when he lived with his wife."

Poor Dicky.

DEAR OLD YORKSHIRE.

DIVINE Apollo calls his sons To varied themes and ditties;
 Some sing the song of war's alarms, The siege and fall of cities.
 To some he gives the sword of power, And strength enough to wield it;
 While others humbly sing of "Home," And how to guard and shield it.
 So my poor muse would feebly chant Of England's widest shire;
 The county of vast fields and woods Shall occupy my lyre.
 I love her every bit of grass, Her hills and dells and rivers;
 I love her decorative art, And high esteem its givers.
 I love her Pantheon of men Who for her weal were fighters,
 And others who were giants in The army of her writers.
 I love her literary set, Whose names the nations honour;
 Whose words of wisdom, rich and rare, Bring endless glory on her.
 I love her patriotic roll, Bedeck'd with deeds immortal
 By men who ages long have stood Within fame's inner portal.
 I love each hard-set honest face To forge and mill departing
 At early morn, not to return Till Sol's death-ray is darting.
 I love her outspread wide sea-board, Her garment's costly hemming,
 With Neptune's silver-shining waves To form a brilliant gemming.
 I love her stalwart politics, Told out to all with vigour:
 "John's" Tory or he's Liberal, Howe'er his mates may snigger.
 I love her manly, healthy sports, Which make her sons the bogey
 Of every foreigner on earth, And every played-out fogey.
 I love her broad but homely speech, Her dialects so funny;
 Which no "outsider" can repeat For endless piles of money.
 I love her hospitable board Well laden for the stranger,
 And bidding him a welcome guest When wearied as a ranger.
 I love her hearty social life, Her matchless, famous singing.
 The which, once heard, is ne'er forgot, But in the soul keeps ringing.
 I love her quiet country life: Poor Hodge, so good and simple,
 And, Martha Ann, his buxom lass, With sweet blue eyes and dimple.
 I love her folk in each big town, All hurly-burly bustle,
 Who fill her great commercial shrines, And live amongst the rustle.
 I love her grand old city gates Of each historic centre, [rent her.
 Which saw brave deeds right well performed When loudest discord
 I love the dear old crumbling halls Which time has turnèd hoary;
 They speak to me in softest tones About "the old, old story."
 I love her pretty little bairns, The gems of God's own giving;
 Without them life were robb'd of charm, And scarcely worth the living.
 I love to hear the mother call On summer's eve, at sundown,
 Of Tom and Jane to slumber-land, When daytime glee is run down.

I love her sacred family life At eventide in winter,
All at the hearthstone gather'd round The product of the printer.

I love to hear the father pray, When bedtime is approaching,
And work and care awhile forgot, Nor on the scene encroaching.

I love to see each happy eye Smile at "good night!" and vanish;
A picture, truly, lov'd by all, And one no time can banish.

I love her simple child-like faith, Told out in "lay" and "fiction":
Belief in man the wide world o'er And heaven's jurisdiction.

I love her creed, which, plain and short, Is kin to all her action:
Knit simple words with noble deeds, And you'll have satisfaction.

I love to join the happy throng In God's own house assembled,
And oft have thought how well the scene The "other home" resembled.

I love to hear the white-rob'd choir In solemn accents chanting:
Oh, Father, make this place Thy home! Then nothing else is wanting!

Amen! Amen! my heart replies, And fill her with Thy bounty!
God bless her hearty, honest folk! God bless my native county!

For on her sod He gave me birth, And wife, and home, and duty;
And that is why I sing her praise, And warble o'er her beauty.

JOHN D. HARDISTY, Leeds.

THE GREEN WILLOW.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true love, my true love O!
When chill blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating,
For true lover's joys, well-a-day, are as fleeting,
Sing O! for my love, my true love, O!

Maids come in pity when I am departed;
Sing all for my true love! my true love O!
When dead on the bank, I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true love! my true love O!
Make me a grave, all while the winds are a-blowing,
Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true love, my true love O!

[In the early part of the present century this pathetic ditty was a great favourite in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I have never been able to trace the authorship, but it may be found, set to some sweet music, in "*The Yorkshire Musical Miscellany*"; comprising an elegant selection of the most admired songs in the English Language. Set to music. Halifax, Printed by E. Jacobs. 1800." A friend has suggested to me that it occurs in one of George Colman's plays; if so, he was probably the author.]

ROGER AND DOLLY.

Air—"Calder Fair."

DOWN in our village lived a parson and his wife,
 Who led a very decent sort o' comfortable life;
 They kept a serving man and maid as tidy as could be,
 The maid was fond of Roger—and Roger fond of she.

The parson's wife kept Dolly so very close to work,
 She might as well have been bred a Hottentot or Turk;
 But though she was employed all day as close as close could be,
 Her thoughts were fixed on Roger, and Roger's fixed on she.

The parson was an old man, and would have done amiss,
 For he got her in a corner, and asked her for a kiss;
 But she answered to him, as plain as plain could be,
 That she wanted Roger, and Roger wanted she.

Cupid, that blind little god, had got so in her head,
 That, every night as sure as ever she went up to bed,
 Before she went to sleep, she, as pious as could be,
 Would pray she might have Roger, and Roger prayed for she.

By love and work together, she was taken very ill—
 The doctor he was sent for and tried his best of skill,
 But she wouldn't take his stuff, though bad as bad could be,
 She only wanted Roger, and Roger wanted she.

When the parson found 'twas only love that made her bad,
 He very kindly said that she had better have the lad;
 The sight of him soon made her well, as well as well could be—
 They married—she had Roger, and Roger he had she!

From "The Universal Songster; or, Museum of Mirth." Printed at the Ballantine Press, Edinburgh. No date. This little song was formerly a great favourite in Yorkshire, at all merry-makings.

GLASS OF OLD STINGO;

A Yorkshire Song,

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
 And in different countries I've been,
 If I lie, may I go for a tailor!
 But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
 I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
 And I've guzzled more drink than a whale;
 But the very best stuff to my palate
 Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
 And ladies may talk of their tea;
 But I envy them none of their potions,—
 A glass of good stingo for me! *
 The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
 But my recipe never will fail,
 For the physic that cures all diseases
 Is a bumper of good English ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
 Why there I had plenty of grog;
 And I liked it because I'd a notion
 It sets one's good spirits agog;
 But since upon land I've been steering,
 Experience has altered my tale,
 For nothing on earth is so cheering
 As a bumper of English good ale.

* The editor being a life abstainer does not endorse this.

EPITAPHS.

In the churchyard of Gillamoor, near Kirbymoorside, the following equivocal tribute is or was to be seen:

Death comes to all, none can resist his dart,
 At his command the dearest friends must part;
 A mournful widow, who this truth doth own,
 In *gratitude* erects this humble stone.

Bradford: On Sarah Muff, aged three years and four months;
 Benjamin, aged one year and seven months; and Mary Muff, their mother,
 who was drowned with her two children in the River Aire, at its junction
 with the Calder at Castleford, on Sunday morning, January 14th, 1849.

Death hath bereft me of a daughter and her mother,
 And I must deeply lament the loss of another—
 An infant most lovely—now in death's cold embrace,
 In the waters it perished—oh! that innocent face.
 Alas! my dear wife and children, with them I did part,
 I saw their condition with a most sorrowful heart.
 Then with her dying breath "Lord, help me," she cried;
 With her infants she sank—with her infants she died.

Leeds: Mr. Jer. Barstow, 1711.

Death neither youth nor age doth spare,
 Therefore to follow me prepare;
 While life doth last let piety
 (As it was mine) your practice be:
 Let virtue crown your days, and then
 We happily shall meet again.

Pudsey Chapel: Jacob Simpson, surgeon, 1738, aged 73.

Death my last sleep to ease my carefull head
The grave the hardest yet my easiest bed,
Here shall I sin no more, no more shall weep,
Here's only to be found quiet sleep,
And when I wake wrapped in eternal light
I'll know no more of darkness nor of night.

Wentworth Church:

Here lieth a penitent sinner, the earthly remains of the reverend
divine Mr. Henry Parke, fourteen years and a half minister of this
chapel. Buried here the 10th of November, 1704.

Divine and poet, take thy rest;
Thy soul, we hope, is with the blest.
Thou shalt not pass without a line:
Sweet was thy verse, thy preaching fine.

Ripon Cathedral, 1753.

Dutiful son to each relation kind,
To friends sincere, of probity refined,
In business careful, courteous, yet sincere,
Well knowing when to spend and when to spare;
Sweet natured youth as loving as beloved,
Who all his life a faithful servant proved,
And dying left accòmpts so balanc'd all,
As not to dread the most high Master's call.

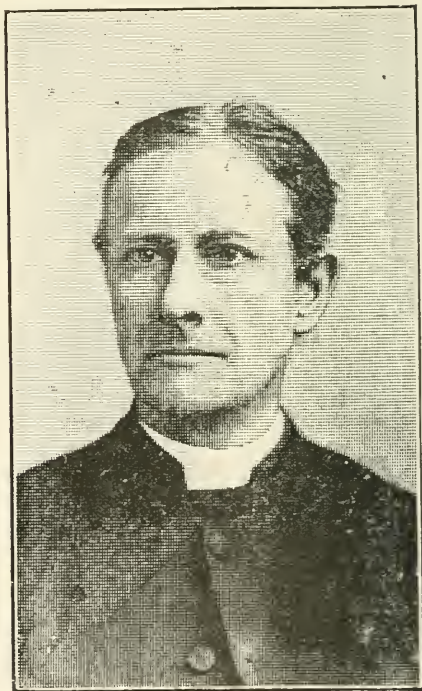
THE TWISTING COALITION:

An Election Ditty.

EACH Bradford man! List! List! Oh, List!
The county's set on fire, Sir;
And hear the tale of Viscount Twist
And of John Tow, Esquire, Sir:
But they who sing how long 'twill last,
Are but a pack of ninnies:
For Milton's notions turn as fast,
As Marshall's spinning jennies.
Hear blustering Milton foam and fret,
And at his speeches' end, Sir.
Be sure his Lordship won't forget
To name his spinning friend, Sir.
But Marshall's speech you *shall not* hear,
And then you can't deride, Sir;
He means it for his Lordship's ear
And one or two beside, Sir.

Then let us cheer the Blue Cockade,
 And shew all rogues we dread not;
 In spite of all that Milton *said*,
 And all that Marshall *said not!*

The foregoing squib relates to the Yorkshire Election of June, 1826.



S. Baugher

A STRANGER I'T HAASE.

“**E**H, Joa! I wunner what tha wilt say
 When I tells thee what news is fresh;
 I say! niver thee mind t' owd sow just now,
 Let alone the bran and mesh.

- “ Why, Joa, my lad ! there’s a babby is eum,
 An’ mother is liggin’ i’ bed ;
 Thou munna be makin’ a coil i’t haase,
 Shoo’s gotten a wark i’t head.
- “ And reight i’t corner o’t bed it lies,
 Yond babby—I see it mysen ;
 A nice little doit, eh, bonny it is !
 An’ as fat as a little hen.
- “ It’s gotten a few braan hairs on t’ head,
 An’ is red as the ribbins I wear ;
 Eh, Joa ! I’d like to hug it, I sud,
 An’ nuss it awhile, the dear.
- “ They wi’nt let me upstairs nother, but just
 I crept up the stairs and pippt,
 An’ I saw t’ little bairn i’ my mother’s arm,
 But they heard me, for me foit slippt.
- “ Aunt Margit shoo comed as cross as owt,
 An’ shoo said, ‘ Go down below,
 Thon munna come pippin’ and thy foit slippin’
 When mother’s so ill, ye know.’ ”
- “ Nay, Annis ! a bairn ! is’t boy or lass ? ”
 “ Nay, Joa ! I duss’nt to ax ;
 Tha mun goa thysen, but tak off thy boits,
 For the noise on’t stairs they maks.”
- “ Nay, Annis, I’ll wait. As I cumed in
 I thowt as I seed i’ t’ sky,
 A star fall i’ t’ neet, an’ a streak o’ leet—
 ’Tis a bairn’s soul cumin’, says I.
- “ But I niver thowt it were cumin’ here.”
 “ Why, Joa, it did, ye see ;
 It’s allus from heaven the bairns is sent,
 Wi’ a thaasand blessings to we.
- “ That’s why they brings wi’ em a deal o’ love
 For Heaven is love, they say ;
 And t’ haase—I feel it—is full o’ love
 For t’ stranger ‘at’s eum’d to day.”

Horbury.

REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

 EPITAPH.

Pudsey Chapel: 1831: on a girl, aged 14.
 Early my race on earth was run,
 My parents’ darling, I
 Escaped the pains beneath the sun
 To reign with Christ on high.

A VOYAGE.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning endless sea !
Let me launch my soul on thee.
Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

Eager fancy, unconfined
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.
Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul.

See, by Greenland cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled ;
Yet the mother loves her child.
Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
Devastating all before.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes :
—These my spirit soon forsakes.
Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England, hail to thee !

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.
The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life, with fruits of gold.

South America expands,
Mountain-forests, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands ;
And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclothe their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits !
The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life revealed :

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
 Conquers adamantine hearts,
 And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west receding far
 From the evening's downward star,
 Now I mount Aurora's car,—
 Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
 From Kamschatka's headlands run,
 South and east to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
 With bewildered thought I scan :
 They are but dead seas of man.

Lo ! the eastern Cyclades.
 Phoenix-nests and halcyon seas ;
 But I tarry not with these.

Pass we now New Holland's shoals,
 Where no ample river rolls ;
 —World of undiscover'd souls !
 Bring them forth.—'tis Heaven's decree ;
 Man, assert thy dignity ;
 Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
 With the Ganges stretched between :
 Ah ! what horrors here have been.
 War, disguised as commerce, came ;
 Britain, carrying sword and flame,
 Won an empire,—lost her name.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
 Where the true-love nightingale
 Woos the rose in every vale.
 Though Arabia charge the breeze
 With the incense of her trees,
 On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of Storms, thy spectre's fled,
 And the angel Hope, instead,
 Lights from heaven upon thy head.
 St. Helena's dungeon keep
 Scowls defiance o'er the deep,
 From her heights of rocky steep.

France, I hurry from thy shore ;
 Thou art not the France of yore ;
 Thou art new-born France no more.
 Sweep by Holland like the blast ;
 One quick glance at Denmark cast,
 Sweden, Russia,—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay ;
 Germany, beware the day
 When thy schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
 Fairest isle beneath the sky,
 To mine heart as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
 Every shore beneath the sun,
 And my voyage now is done.
 While I bid them all be blest;
 Britain, thou'rt my home, my rest,
 My own land, I love *thee* best.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

ENCIRCLED by trees, in the Sabbath's calm smile,
 The church of our fathers—how meekly it stands!
 O villagers gaze on the old hallowed pile—
 It was dear to their hearts, it was raised by their hands!
 Who loves not the place where they worshipped their God?
 Who loves not the ground where their ashes repose?
 Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
 For dear is the dust out of which it arose.

Then say, shall the church that our forefathers built,
 Which the tempests of ages have battered in vain,
 Abandoned by us from supineness or guilt,
 O say, shall it fall by the rash and profane?
 No! perish the impious hand that would take
 One shred from its altar, one stone from its towers!
 The life-blood of martyrs hath flowed for its sake,
 And its fall, if it fall, shall be reddened by ours.

ROBERT STORY.

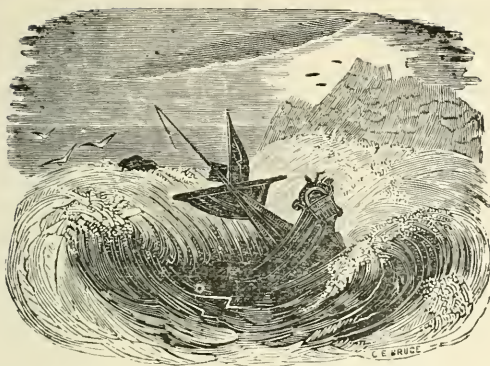
THE SHIPWRECK'D TAR.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

ESCAP'D with life in tatters, Behold me safe on shore;
 Such trifles little matters, I'll soon get togs galore;
 For Poll swore when we parted, No chance her faith should jar,
 And Poll's too tender hearted, To slight a shipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his course straight steering, He hastened on apace
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing, She never saw his face;
 From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty, Relief is just as far;
 Not one has the least pity, For a poor shipwreck'd tar.

This whom he thought love's needle, Now his sad misery mocks,
 That wants to call the beadle, To set him in the stocks;
 Cried Jack this is hard dealing, The elements at war,
 Than this had kinder feeling; They spar'd a shipwreck'd tar.



But all their taunts and fetches, A judgment, are on me,
 I, for these harden'd wretches, Dear Nancy slighted thee ;
 But see poor Tray assails me, His mistress is not far,
 He wags his tail and hails me, Though a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him, Oh ! lesson for mankind,
 'Tis one cried she I taught him, For on my constant mind,
 Thy image dear was graven, And now remov'd each bar,
 My arms shall be the haven, For my shipwreck'd tar.

Heaven and my love reward thee, I'm shipwreck'd but I'm rich,
 All shall with pride regard thee, Thy love shall so bewitch,
 With wonder each fond fancy, That children near and far,
 Shall lisp the name of Nancy, That sav'd the shipwreck'd tar.

EPITAPHS.

Henry Crowther, Sowerby, died 1635, bur. at Halifax :

Eighty-four years I lived ; wouldst thou so do,
 Be thou as I, quiet, chaste, and temp'rate too,
 Norland me gave, and Sowerby took my breath ;
 Man knows the place of birth but not of death.

The following four words form the only inscription on an unknown tomb in South Kirkby Church, Yorkshire :—

En Dieu est Tout.

Maria Tailour, bur. at Elland : Anagram—A mari alto rui.

From seas of woes, which were due to my crimes
 Death snatcht me hence, to go to rest betimes. [c. 1700.]

TRUE BLUE ELECTION SONG, 1826.

FAME on the wings of wind, advance,
 And loud the joyous news proclaim,
 That Yorkshiremen, as from a trance,
 Have risen at Glory's call again :
 And Wilson's standard, Duncombe's too,
 Have deck'd with Lanrel, and True Blue.

'Tis Blue, like British Oak, has stood
 The Guardian of true Liberty,
 Waving protection from the Flood
 Of Infidel democracy.
 And Wilson, Duncombe, Yorkshiremen,
 Stand as your rallying point again.

Soon in the Senate firm will they
 True Yorkshire Loyalty make known,
 Which shall preserve from Popish Sway,
 The Constitution and the Throne.
 Then Wilson, &c.

Whilst Orange web united join
 With warps of the tri-coloured hue,
 Let Yorkshire freemen all combine,
 To weave the web of Old True Blue.
 Then Wilson, &c.

 EPITAPHS.

Lightcliffe Church : Joseph Sykes, 1812, aged 23.
 Fair blossoms blow and soon decay
 And all the flowers in May ;
 The life of man is but a span,
 How soon it's passed away.

Bradford Church : Joseph Taylor, 1836, aged 26.
 Farewell, dear wife, my life is past,
 And thou was faithful to the last.
 Do not fret, but pity take
 On my infant for my sake.

Lightcliffe Church, George Haigh, 1867, aged 75.
 Farewell, vain world, enough of thee we've had
 We care not what thou sayest, whether good or bad,
 Thy smiles we court not, nor thy frowns do we fear,
 Our lives are passed, our heads lie quiet here.
 What faults in us ye've seen, take you good care to shun,
 Look you at home, enough is to be done.

SEMERWATER.

FAMILIAR story, old tradition, lingering still in Dalesman's ear :
 Now he halts once more to listen to the shimmering waters near;
 Memory's pages all unfolding as he nears his cottage door :
 Busy fancy now surrounds him with his boyish friends of yore,
 Blithesome faces, quiet fireside ; Johnny in the ingle nook,
 Willy tired with climbing hill-side, munching haver o'er his book.
 Nought is heard but granny knitting, knacking noise doth needles make;
 All are round their daddy sitting hearing tale of Semer Lake.
 "Once upon a time," began he "where yon dashing waters boom
 Beats upon the air so sadly, stood a many-peopled town.
 Long ago when through the forest wolf went howling fierce and grey,
 Wandering pilgrim sought a way rest on a wild and stormy day :
 Sought with low and plaintive pleading portion of their humble fare,
 But no kindly heart lived therein,—No one would a morsel spare.
 'I am lonely, footsore, weary ; ye inhospitable, base ;
 Cursed be ye ! henceforth dreary be your smiling dwelling place.'
 And 'tis said that lonely stranger cast o'er town prophetic spell,
 Down it sank, and eye might never pierce its depth or misery tell.
 To yon ancient house now standing near the lake, 'tis said he came,
 There received a kindly greeting and he blest it for the same."
 'Tis an olden legend, say ye, ah ! but wisdom often lies
 In some old romantic story, hidden neath a quaint disguise,
 Listen to the truth it teaches : never scorn your fellow men :
 'Tis a heavenly host that preaches 'Peace on earth, good will to them.'

FANNY SHAW.

THE CONQUEROR'S WOOING :

Ballad by MRS. PERRING.

FAIR was the morn, and the matin bell
 Sent forth a cheerful sound,
 And many a lord and lady bright
 To the holy church were bound.
 And many a peasant of low degree,
 And buxom matron came,
 All clad in their holiday suits, that day,
 To the Chapel of Notre Dame.
 While coy as the bud of the first spring rose,
 That fears lest its delicate bloom,
 Too hastily spread, by the keen east wind
 Should be sent to an early tomb,
 Were the eyes that shone neath wimple and hood,
 And the cheeks by the zephyrs fanned,
 Though they glistened and glowed on that sunny morn,
 Like the flowers of fairyland.

But who is the lady with queenly grace,
That rides on that palfry grey,
Whose raven curls o'er her beautiful face
In thick luxuriance play?

Whose eye in the laughing light of morn
A radiant lustre throws
O'er the ruddy cheek and the lofty brow
Like the sun on Alpine snows?



The Conqueror's Wooing.

The pride of the Fleming, the fair Matilde,
Is the name of that lady bright.
And oft, I ween, hath her love been sought
By many a gallant knight.

But the heart of the lady is far away,
Where the rocky island lies,
For a fair-hair'd lord of the Saxon line
Hath ta'en it by surprise.

Oh, Love! thou art a captions knave,
And many a bitter tear
Is dropt and many a heart-felt sigh
Is heav'd, when thou art near.

Yet still we fondly court thy stay,
And woo thee to be kind,
And yield our reason to thy sway,
Though well we know thou'rt blind.

Why didst thou bid thine arrows fly,
To wound Matilda's heart,
Yet let the haughty Saxon go
Unmindful of the smart?

Woe to Sir Brihtric! for that day
And future years shall tell
The deed of darkness that was wrought
Through this thy way-ward spell.*

But not on frolic page like this,
Must dismal tidings stand;
Bring thou the Norman William forth,
A captive in thy hand.

Long had the knight the lady woo'd,
And sought her love to win,
But cold disdain or warm rebuke
Were still in store for him.

Till chafed to madness by her scorn,
He speedy vengeance vows,
And watches for the lady fair
Among the greenwood boughs.

But, mindful of his blest retreat,
The wily god forbade
That foul discourtesy should hap
Within his sylvan shade.

So forth he sent the rueful chief,
On this eventful morn,
With stern resolve, and heart with grief
And love alternate torn.

And now at fair Matilda's side
He reins his fiery steed,
While curling lip and haughty look
But spur him to the deed.

'Tis done! At one astounding blow,
In all her rich array,
Low in the channel's muddy stream
The high-born damsel lay!

And William from the saddle sprung,
And rolled her in the mire,
I'll tame thy spirit, haughty dame,
And quench that glance of fire.

* She obtained his lands, and imprisoned him.

Then, oh, what stain to knighthood's name !
 His sturdy whip he plied ;
 'Twas thus that William sought to win
 A fair reluctant bride.

“ Oh lady, when I woo again
 Thou must, thou shalt be won ;
 Adieu ! ” He mounts his gallant steed ;
 One bound, the knight is gone.

Inquirer, doth thou seek to know
 The sequel of my tale ?
 Love, with the blows, possession took ;
 The Conqueror's arms prevail.

And when again he woo'd the fair,
 What fate did him betide ?
 His lovely cousin did consent
 To be the Conqueror's bride.

And ne'er Matilda rued that day,
 For chroniclers do tell
 How many happy years they spent,
 How wisely and how well.

They lived and loved and reigned till time
 O'er fair Matilda's head,
 Though with a slow and gentle hand
 A snowy veil had spread.

Now lady reader, fare-thee-well,
 Nor fear, who-e'er thou be,
 Nor hope in these cold-hearted times
 Such chance shall hap to thee.

For love is older, soberer grown,
 And should the fair withstand,
 They are not worth a cudgelling,
 So many are on hand.

And if my homely verse be read
 By any lordly elf,
 Whose stock in love of pains and cares
 All centre in himself,

Oh, let him rest unscathed and free
 From haughty lip and eye ;
 True love alone can feel the pang
 When fair Matilda's by.

EPITAPH.

Horton in Craven ; brass, Janet Dowbiggin, 1797-

For this lost friend
 A tear will trickle and a sigh ascend.

ON LEAVING YORK.

FAREWELL, great York, to all thy scenes adieu ?
 Thy scenes far-famed, thy boasted charms I fly ;
 I leave them all, for beauties ever new,
 Without a murmur, and without a sigh.

True, thou hast charms that may awhile allure
 The wondering eyes to admiration's height ;
 But these must fade, while Nature shall endure
 And spread her charms in rich effulgence bright.

Here stand, I grant, the works of cunning art,
 Masonic science spreads its grandeur here ;
 Grandeur that doth unrivalled charms impart,
 Excelling far what modern hands can rear.

The sculptor's art, the statuary's skill,
 The builder's strength, the pencil too displayed,
 May long untold antiquities reveal,
 While their great founders slumber with the dead.

The marble urns and monuments excel
 In solemn state, all that I knew before ;
 But these, alas ! alone survive to tell
 A piteous tale—their owners are not more.

Here while I wander through the winding aisles,
 And round these rich stupendous columns stray,
 I know full well these venerable piles,
 Will lose their strength, their beauty too decay.

These massive walls, firm in adhesive lime,
 Whose gates clang with reverberating jar,
 Have long withstood the wasting hand of time,
 And braved the ruthless ravages of war.

Oft on these battlements and ramparts strong,
 Cheered by the moon, when roused from soft repose,
 The faithful sentinel hath paced along,
 And watched the movements of invading foes.

Beneath yon battlements in hapless hour,
 When the dark posterns echoed with alarms ;
 And round yon ivy-crested tower
 Full oft were heard the clang of Roman arms.

Here first the ancient bold Brigantes dwelt,
 A fierce and warlike, but a scattered race ;
 Brave and intrepid in the ensanguined field,
 Hardy, expert, and skilful in the chase.

Oft from yon moat, and long-erected mound,
 In proud display the Roman eagles rose,
 Whose conquering legions thundering o'er the ground,
 Spread desolation 'mong her daring foes.

Here lies, of Roman emperors, the dust,
Their warlike deeds in fame alone alive;
Of them remains nor monument nor bust,
The names of their chief works alone survive.

Here many a Saxon, many a Norman lie,
And many a haughty, proud, insulting Dane,
Whose ruthless cruelty of deepest dye,
Whose tarnished deeds their country's annals stain.

The change of time, how amply here displayed!
Earth must to earth, and dust to dust return;
The hands which once the imperial sceptre swayed,
Are pent within the boundaries of the urn.

Beneath the rich majestic Minster's dome,
In silent, dark solemnity is laid,
Within the narrow limits of a tomb,
Full many a pious, many a reverend head.

And hoary heads are laid in ashes low,
That gracefully the studded mitre wore;
And hands that once with reverential awe,
The sacred badge, the pastoral crosier bore.

Grand, truly grand, the venerable piles,
Sublimely grand, when the sweet organ's sound
In rich gradations sweep along the aisles,
While vocal choristers are chaunting round.

Fondly the sense with admiration dwells,
On scenes like these, and traces with surprise
The winding cloisters leading to the cells,
And views, astonished, towers that climb the skies.

But cities' scenes, with all their pomp and pride,
Afford not one alluring charm for me;
Their pomp and pageantry I e'er deride,
And all their gaudy, vain allurements flee.

Fair Nature's charms surpass the power of art
Unknown to moth, and uneffaced with rust,
Its pleasing scenes will ecstasy impart,
When these great towers are crumbled into dust.

Give me the cot, erected on the green,
To pomp, and pride, and luxury, unknown,
Where pass my moments tranquil and serene,
In peaceful rest and solitude alone.

Far from the noise and bustle of the great,
The crush of crowds, the fearful clang of arms
Far more delightful is the lone retreat,
Far more inviting are the village charms.

Free is the air where gentle breezes blow,
 And bright the beverage of the crystal spring ;
 Calm is the covert where the hazels bow,
 Where hawthorns bloom, and woodland concerts ring.

There let me dwell, to busy life unknown,
 Where Nature's charms promiscuously blend,
 To breathe the fragrance of the florid lawn,
 And share the solace of a social friend.

JOSEPH HARDAKER, Haworth.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek ;
 Such orient colour smiles through heaven
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains ;
 That sun who bids their diamonds blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And though by all a wonder owned,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art ;
 And from whose eyes serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too revealed ;
 For neither bosom lodged a wish
 That virtue kept concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow ;
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like envy formed,
 Like her in mischief joyed,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd ;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove ;
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his softened soul,
 The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glowed,
 A deadly pale o'ercast ;
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed ;
 And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.

* * * *

“ Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love.”

She came, his cold hand softly touched,
 And bathed with many a tear ;
 Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she,
 Forbade what Emma came to say ;
 “ My Edwin, live for me ! ”

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
 The churchyard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
 The visionary vale—
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding on the gale!

Just then she reached with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door;
 "He's gone!" she cried, "and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart,
 Beat high against my side!"
 From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shivered, sighed and died.

This much admired ballad was written by David Mallet, who died in London, April 21st, 1765.

In the year 1848, the late F. Dinsdale, Esq., LL.D., placed in the churchyard a monument bearing this inscription:—

"Roger Wrightson, junr., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave: He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell she cry'd out, 'My heart is broke,' and in a few hours expired, purely through love, March 13, 1714-15."

It is stated that the grave of these faithful lovers is at the west end of the church, just underneath the bells. See "Good Christian people," in Halliwell.

EPITAPHS.

Bradford Church: Elizabeth Medley, 1810. aged 58.

Farewell, vain world, of thee I've had my share
 Of toil and trouble and of earthly care;
 Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
 My days are spent, my bones lie quiet here.

All Saints, Pontefract: Betty Holland, 1772.

Farewell, vain world, enough I've seen of thee
 I'm careless of whate'er is said of me.
 Thy smiles I mind not, nor thy frowns I fear,
 My soul's at rest, my body's lying here.

In Marton (North Yorkshire) Churchyard, used to be the following epitaph on a youth 14 years of age:—

Fairwell, vain world, enough I know of thee,
 And now I'm careless what thou sayst of me,
 Thy smile I court not, nor thy frown I fear,
 My cares are past, my head lies quiet here;
 What fault you saw in me take care to shun,
 And look at home, enough there's to be done.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

By HENRY CONSTABLE, B.A., Cambridge, in 1579; Papist.

FEED E on, my flocks, securely,
 Your shepherd watched surely;
 Runne about, my little lambs,
 Skip and wanton with your dammes,
 Your loving herd with care will tend ye:
 Sport on, faire flocks, at pleasure,
 Nip vestae's flowing treasure,
 I myselfe will duely harke
 When my watchfull dogge doth barke
 From wolfe and foxe I will defend ye.



CHARM AGAINST WITCHCRAFT.

FIRE cum, fire gan
 Curling smeeak, keep oot o' t' pan;
 Here's a teead, theer's a frog,
 An' t' heart frev a crimson ask (lizard);
 Here's a teeath fra t' heead
 O' yan at's deead,
 'At nivver gat thruff his task (a suicide);
 Here's pricked i' blood a maiden's prayer
 'At t' e'e o' man maunt see;
 It's pricked reet thruff a yet warm mask,
 Lapt aboot a breet green ask,
 An' it's all foor him an' thee.

It boils, thoo'll drink
 He'll speak, thoo'll think,
 It boils, thoo'll see,
 He'll speak, thoo'll dee.

A RUSTIC'S COURTSHIP.

The following fragment hails from Knaresbro' district :—

“ F OINE neet, monny stars !
 Tongs and poiker just like ahrs.
 Ah come i' courtin' did yoh naw,
 Ay tell'd thi fatter, did he tell yoh
 A love tha Betty ? ”

“ Thoo loves me; Billy !
 Aye bud a wonder whear ? ”

“ I' me heart Betty.”

“ I' thee heart Billy ?
 Ah wonder it duzzant appear.”

“ Al marry tha Betty.”

“ Thoo'll marry ma Billy ?
 Aye bud I wonder when.”

“ A Sunday Betty ! ”

“ A Sunday Billy ?
 Ah wish it wor Sunday then.”

The elegant language of the accomplished city wooer is here replaced by words few and to the point. To one acquainted with a rustic's wooing, to one who can believe the story of the youth whose only words of love for a whole hour consisted of “Trakle's risen Mary,” the above lines will be most appreciated; from the abrupt salutation in the first line that does duty for greeting, to the second line which embodies a similar appeal to the affections as that made by the quack doctor, when he enters a house and makes friends with the woman by petting her children; and so through the piece. The reader cannot fail to notice the bit of teasing carried on by Betty, as well as the final acceptance of the proposal, as abruptly made as acceded to.

EPITAPH.

Woolley Church: Sarah Johnson, 1809, aged 6.

Free from this dream of life, this maze of care,
 Here lies a loving child and daughter dear;
 Compos'd she's gain'd the peaceful happy shore,
 Where sickness pain and sorrow are no more.
 Set then your hearts on things above,
 Death soon will end all mortal love.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Forth, Printer, Pocklington.

FOR England, when with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd—
 And scudding, under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the deep—nine."

And bearing up—to gain the port
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
 An abbey tow'r'd, an harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true :
 While oft the lead the seamen flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the mark—seven."

And as the much-lov'd shore we near—
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof ;
 The lead once more the seamen flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 " Quarter less—five."

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
 We take in sail—she feels the tide ;
 " Stand clear the cable "—is the cry,
 The anchor's gone—we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seaman with delight,
 Proclaim—"all's well."

EPITAPH.

Common Epitaph.

Farewell, vain world, I've known enough of thee
 Careless I am what thou canst say of me,
 Thy smile I value not, thy frown I do not fear,
 My days are past, my head lays quite hear.

Idle Church : Joshua Greenwood, 1833.
 Farewell, dear children all, we bid adieu,
 What in our power lay we've done for you,
 Our cares are o'er, and now we lie at rest,
 Trusting in Christ in glory to be blest.

THE BLEEDING STONE OF KILBURN PRIORY.

FOR the blessed rood of Sir Gervase the good
 The nuns of Kilburn pray.
 But for the wretch who shed his blood
 No tongue a prayer shall say.

The bells shall ring and the nuns shall sing
 Sir Gervase to the blest,
 But holiest rites will never bring
 His murderer's soul to rest.

Now tell me, I pray, thou palmer grey,
 Why thou kneelest at this shrine,
 And why dost thou cry so eagerly
 Upon the help divine?

Oh, tell me who the man may be,
 And what was his deadly sin,
 That the Church's prayer for his soul despair
 The mercy of Christ may win.—

I cry at this shrine on the help divine
 To save the soul of one
 Who in death shall lie ere morning high
 Upon this ancient stone.

Sir Gervase rode forth far in the North
 To Whitby's holy see.
 In her bower alone his lady made moan,
 A fairer could not be.

His false brother came to the weeping dame:
 Oh, I love you dearer than life.—
 Hence! would you win to sin and shame
 Thy brother's wedded wife?—

He is far away, thou sweet ladie,
 And none may hear or see,
 So, lady bright, this very night,
 Oh, open your door to me.

Sir Gervase rides forth far in the North,
 'Tis long ere he comes back,
 And thine eyes shine out like stars by night
 From thy hair of raven black.—

The fire shall burn at the door stone
 Ere I open my door to thee,
 And thy suit of hell to Sir Gervase I'll tell,
 And a traitor's death thou wilt dee [die.]—

Then fare ye well, Dame Isabel,
 Thou lady of mickle pride;
 Thou shalt rue the day thou saidst me nay
 When back to thee I ride.

The day declined, the rising wind
Sung shrill on Whitby's sands ;
With ear down laid and ready blade,
Behind a rock he stands.

Sir Gervase rode on in thought alone,
Leaving his men behind ;
The blow was sure, the flight secure,
But a voice was in the wind :

False brother, spur thy flying steed,
Thou canst not fly so fast,
But on this stone where now I bleed
Thyself shalt breathe thy last.

That stone was then on Whitby's shore,
And now behold it here !
And ever that blood is in mine eye,
And ever that voice in mine ear !—

Now, thou palmer grey, now turn thee, I pray,
And let me look in thine eye,
Alas ! it burns bright with a fearful light
Like guilt about to die.

That stone is old, and o'er it has rolled
The tempest of many years ;
But fiercer rage than of tempest or age
In thy furrowed face appears.—

Oh, speak not thus, thou holy man,
But bend and pray by me,
And give me your aid in this hour of need,
Till I my penance dree.

With book and beads, with ave and creed,
Oh, help me while you may ;
When the bell tolls one, oh, leave me alone,
For with me you may not stay.

Sore prayed the friar by the grey palmer
As both knelt o'er the stone,
And redder grew the blood-red hue,
And they heard a fearful groan.

Friar, leave me now, on my trembling brow
The drops of sweat run down,
And alone with his spirit I must deal this night
My deadly guilt to atone.

By the morning light the good friar came
By the sinner's side to pray ;
But his spirit had flown, and stretched out on the stone
A corpse the palmer lay.

And still from that stone at the hour of one—
 Go visit it who dare—
 The blood runs red and a shriek of dread
 Pierces the midnight air.

On the 17th of Sept., 1881, Mr. H. C. Atkinson sent the above ballad to the *Athæneum*, which he attributes to the facile pen of Sir Walter Scott. He states that it has never been published before, and that he vouches for its authenticity.

OASTLER THE FACTORY KING, 1844.

From a Halifax broadside, W. Midgley, printer.

Richard Oastler, of Fixby, began his factory crusade in Sept. 1830. On Aug. 25, 1838, he was escorted into Huddersfield by 100,000 people. On Dec. 9, 1840, he was sent to Fleet Prison for debt by Mr. Thornhill, of Fixby. A meeting at Brighouse resulted in collections that raised £3244, and he was liberated Feb. 12, 1844. The Ten Hours' Bill passed June 1, 1847. I was present at the Funeral Memorial Service when the Rev. G. S. Bull addressed an assembly that taxed Huddersfield Parish Church to its utmost capacity. At a meeting held at Brighouse it was decided to erect a statue to him. The Earl of Shaftesbury unveiled it at Bradford May 15, 1869.

FRRIENDS, stop and listen unto me,
 While I give you a brief history
 Of one who's gained his liberty,
 The king of the factory children.
 Of Richard Oastler now I sing,
 Let all good men their laurels bring,
 And deck them round their old tried king,
 The king of the factory children.
 Let each one with his neighbour vie,
 And shout his praises to the sky,
 For labours past to gratify,
 The king of the factory children.

Chorus.

Rejoice, rejoice, the time has come,
 The captive's left his dungeon gloom
 Amongst his subjects for to roam,
 The king of the factory children.

His sterling worth I can't unfold,
 He's made oppression lose its hold,
 His labours can't be bought for gold,
 The king of the factory children.
 A terror to tyrants and to knaves,
 Protector of the factory slaves,
 To pluck them hence from premature graves,
 The king of the factory children.



Richard Oastler.

His time and talents he did spend,
 His factory subjects to defend,
 To save them from a cruel end,
 The king of the factory children.

To limit the hours of factory toil
 He stood undaunted 'midst the broil
 Of those who strove the work to foil
 Of the king of the factory children.
 But infant's labour was assailed,
 And petty tyrants writhed and wailed,
 With oaths and curses they assailed

 The king of the factory children.
 But gratitude the chain has broke,
 Which bound him to the tyrant's yoke,
 The prison house no more's the walk
 Of the king of the factory children.

The "Bastile* Laws" he did oppose,
For he foresaw the poor man's woes,
He therefore stood to plead their cause,

The king of the factory children.

For man and wife to parted be,
Against Almighty God's decree,
For no "crime" but poverty,

He could not tamely sit to see;
He told the rich with all his might
To rob the poor they had no right,
Which thundered down the tyrant's spite

At the king of the factory children.

The "Lord of Fixby" him confined
Four years to "burke" his noble mind,
But all could not the influence bind

Of the king of the factory children.
His "Fleeters"† flew from south to north,
To east and west they issued forth,
And each proclaimed the sterling worth

Of the king of the factory children.
Now from his prison-house he's come
His arduous labours to resume,
And tyrants they will hear their doom

From the king of the factory children.

Now, loyal subjects all agree,
And cheer your king with three times three,
That's now restored to liberty,

The king of the factory children.
And show the men of high estate
'Tis not the wealthy and the great,
But those your rights who advocate,

Whose labours you do appreciate;
Let sons of toil unite to sing,
And each their humble tribute bring
To cheer the heart of their old tried king,

The king of the factory children.

* Workhouse. † "Fleet" Prison Serial, issued by O.

EPITAPH.

John Holden, Saddleworth died 1847, aged 83.

For three score years a counter singer,
And longer still a first-rate ringer,
Was he whose name is put before,
Whose skill in time and tune is o'er,
While some with changes are affrighted,
He with changes was delighted;
Of changes yet he must have one,
And then with changes he'll have done.

SONG, BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE; 1695.

FROM all Uneasie Passions Free,
 Revenge, Ambition, Jealousie,
 Contented I had been too blest,
 If Love and You would let me rest.
 Yet that Dull Life I now Despise;
 Safe from your Eyes,
 I fear'd no Griefs, but, Oh, I found no Joys.
 Amidst a thousand soft Desires,
 Which Beauty moves and Love inspires;
 I feel such pangs of Jealous Fear,
 No heart so kind as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defie the worst of harms;
 Such are those charms
 'Tis worth a Life, to Die within your Arms.

EARL SIWARD'S DEATH.

York, 1055.

FROM his couch of woe and pain Earl Siward raised his head,
 As his vassals gathered round him, the fainting hero said;
 "Alas, alas! that e'er I should my life ignobly yield,
 After so often braving death in many a battle-field.

But bring to me my coat of mail," the dying chieftain cried;
 "Buckle my shield upon my arm, my falchion by my side;
 Give me my heavy battle-axe again within my grasp,
 And place the helmet on my head, and close the brazen clasp.

A warrior I have lived,—as a warrior I will die";
 And as he spoke a glance of flame illum'd his fading eye;
 And now supported by his friends, that leader sick and pale,
 Is armed with sword and battle-axe, and clad in plate and mail.

Again his burnish'd buckler is braced upon his arm,
 As though the implements of war to Death could give a charm;
 Once more the plumage on his helm waved proudly o'er his head,
 His wish was scarce accomplish'd, ere his noble spirit fled.

JAS. WARDELL.

EPITAPH.

Idle Church: Thos. Watkinson, 1866.

Farewell dear wife, and son dear,
 I am not dead but sleeping here,
 In love we lived, in peace I died,
 You asked my life but 'twas denied.

SONG OF THE TROUBADOURS, OR FRENCH MINSTRELS, 1200.

FROM Provence our numbers come,
And though distant far from home,
Yet at every great man's door
Still welcome is the Troubadour:
Though forlorn; with travel worn,
Welcome are we still, though poor;
And all we meet with friendship greet,
The merry strolling Troubadour!

Chorus—May you, my lord, still be our friend,
May happiness your steps attend,
And may you never close your door
Against the merry Troubadour!
Us still protect, when careless wrecked,
On this wide world, forlorn and poor;
Then in your praise, our songs we'll raise:
The merry strolling Troubadour!

We sing the fearful deeds of war,
Tell how the hero gained each scar;—
Sad tales,—or love's almighty power,
Alike are sung by Troubadour.
Stern war's alarms, each hero warms,
Then o'er his soul love's strains we pour;
Their force is felt, his heart we melt;
The merry strolling Troubadour!

Though tempests rift the rugged rock,
And Nature trembles at the shock;
Though rains descend, and whirlwinds roar,
Still sings the merry Troubadour.
Though lightnings fly along the sky,
We still can find some friendly door,
Where safe from harm, we hear the storm:
The merry strolling Troubadour.

A. G. JEWITT, Sheffield, 1817.

EPITAPH.

Saddleworth: John Broadbent, sexton, 1769, aged 72.

Forty-eight years, strange tale to tell,
He bare the bier and tolled the bell,
And faithfully discharged his trust
In earth to earth and dust to dust.
Cease to lament, his life is spent,
The grave is still his element.
His old friend Death knew 'twas his sphere
So kindly laid the sexton here.

YORK, YOU'RE WANTED.

Air—"Bow-wow."

FROM York I comed up to get a place
And travelled to this town, sir,
In Holborn I an office found,

Of credit and renown, sir.
Says I, pray get me a place :
Says he, your prayer is granted ;
And when I meet with one that suits,
I'll tell you,—York, you're wanted.

A gentleman soon hired me—
I found he was a gambler ;
Says he, I want a steady lad,
Says I, sir, I'm no rambler :
But if you want a knowing one,
By few I am supplanted ;
Oh, that is just the thing, says he,
So, Mr. York, you're wanted.

Now, I knew somewhat of a hoye,
And, master just the same, sir ;
And if we didn't do the fools,
'Ecod, we'd been to blame, sir.
At races then we both looked out,
For cash each bosom panted,
And, when we thought the flats would bite,
The word was, York, you're wanted.

A maiden lady, you must know,
Just sixty-three years old, sir,
Then fell in love with my sweet face,
And I with her sweet gold, sir.
She said, the little god of love
Her tender bosom haunted,
Dear sir, I almost blush to own—
But, Mr. York, you're wanted.

In wedlock's joys, you need not doubt,
Most happily I rolled, sir,
And how we loved or how we fought,
Shall never now be told, sir ;
For Mr. Death stepped in one day,
And swift his dart he planted :
I wiped my eyes, and thanked my stars—
'Twas Mrs. York he wanted.

So, ladies, pray now guard your hearts,
A secret while I tell, O ;
A widower with half a plum
Must needs be a rich fellow.
With fifty thousand pounds, I think
I ought not to be daunted ;
Some lovely girl, I hope, ere long,
Will say, sweet York, you're wanted.

—From a Broadside.

THE SCARLET COAT.

Ballad founded on fact.

FROM behind the Alpine mountains
 The sun was seen to peep ;
 Its glittering beam danced in the stream,
 Adown the mountain steep.
 'Twas summer bright, the valley smiled
 With many a lovely flower ;
 The mountain's brow was capp'd with snow,
 The eagle high did tower.
 A cottage stood down in the vale
 With garden neat before ;
 The sweet woodbine and rose did twine,
 In beauty round the door.
 The peasant early left his bed,
 His heart was filled with joy ;
 The mother prest unto her breast
 Her only child a boy.
 It was their darling's birthday,
 Two summer's o'er had flown ;
 And now a third with flower and bird,
 Its beauties there had shown.
 The little cot was filled with joy
 Upon that happy morn ;
 The mother's heart which knew no smart,
 Too soon, alas, was torn.
 The mother as a birthday gift,
 A new coat put him on ;
 Of colours bright scarlet and white ;
 Which glittered in the sun.

BEN SPENCER, Manningham.

There is no need to give the remaining seventeen verses, describing how an eagle pounced upon the boy, bore him aloft, (? if three years old), fed her brood upon him ; and the languishing death of the parents.

EPITAPH.

 Otley: John Ritchie, surgeon, 1780, aged 77.

From torrid climes by nautic art convey'd
 I sought the refuge of a peaceful shade.
 Oft in the tumult of the broken wave,
 I votive called, when Heaven vouchsafed to save.
 Here all is calm,—ye idly vain ! deduce
 The pointed moral to Salvation's use.
 Tir'd of this mortal Toil, Debate, and Strife,
 I rise triumphant to eternal life.

EPITAPH BY PATRICK BRONTE.

Mr. A. Parker, Bingley, writes—

In a visit to my early home (Haworth) a short time ago, I made a discovery of interest to myself, and it may be of some interest also to readers of *L. N. and Q.* I believe the matter has escaped the attention of those who have studied the history of the Bronte family. The fact came to my knowledge in the following way. I was on a visit to my only remaining uncle, an old man of eighty, when we took a walk into the Baptist Chapel-yard to look up some of the tombstones of our ancestors. In one corner of the yard is the grave of a former minister of the chapel—a plain, flat stone covering the place. The minister buried here was the Rev. Miles Oddy, the pastor of the place for over forty-five years, beginning his pastorate in the year 1785. I had often in my younger days observed the stone and had heard much of this man, my father being a deacon of the chapel, but never a word about the verses which fill the stone, besides recording the names, first of Mrs. Oddy and then of Mr. Oddy, then dates of death, &c., and the fact of his being minister of the place. My uncle informed me that the lines upon Mr. Oddy's tombstone were the work of Mr. Bronte, and that when John Brown, the sexton, heard that Mr. Bronte was going to compose a verse in honour of Mr. Oddy, he went to him with the request that he would make it a long one, as he would have it to cut. The composition fills all the remaining space upon the stone. It reads as follows:—

Firm in the faith, he heavenward held his way,
 Unchecked by fell relapse or dull decay;
 In trials keen he shrank not from the rod,
 He owned the Father in the chastening God;
 And when a ray of joy divinely shone,
 He gave the praise to God, and God alone.
 In friendship firm and true, to none a foe;
 He had that calm which bad men never know;
 The cross of Christ was aye his glowing theme,
 Illumin'd by the Spirit's heavenly beam.
 And as he preached he lived, and showed the road
 That leads to peace on earth and joy with God.
 Then, reader, think, believe, repent, and pray;
 That so through grace divine on the last day
 You may triumphant wear a crown of gold,
 When Christ shall all the Deity unfold,
 While countless saints and angels loudly raise
 Their heavenly notes of wonder, love, and praise.

Thus the incumbent of Haworth Church wrote of the obscure and almost—at least outside his own little flock—unknown Baptist minister. What a revelation it gives us of the man who could command the respect of Mr. Bronte on the one hand, and the kindness of heart and catholicity of spirit of one who, for myself, I had only known as a reserved, unbending Tory, on the other.

EPITAPHS.

Very common: 1800.
husband

Farewell [my wife] and children dear,
I am not dead but sleeping here,
As I am now so you must be
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Flamborough, 1834.

Farewell my Child and Husband too
As Wife and Mother now I've done with you,
Therefore weep not for me since it's in vain
Who sleep in Christ in Heaven shall meet again.

Northallerton.

Three daughters of Robert Dennison died 1837-8-9.

Fair marble tell to future days
That here three virgin sisters lie,
Whose life employed each tongue to praise,
Whose death drew tears from every eye.
In stature, beauty, years and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them all for one.

Idle Church: Joseph Wood, 1849, aged 39.

Fret not for me, my loving wife,
With Christ I have eternal life;
Strive to meet me at his call
And live for him who died for all.

On the death of Joseph Wood by his father William Wood.

[It is well that the epitaphist thus authenticated his work on the stone, or we should have lost the name of William as a poet!]

Idle Church: Sarah Stansfield, 1847.

From cares removed sleeps peaceful here
A loving wife and mother dear,
The parting wraps our souls in grief,
From heaven still flows this kind relief,
That we may meet in that blest shore
Where tears of sorrow flow no more.

Flamborough, John Thompson, fisherman, 1814.

From home he went with mind most free,
His livelihood to gain at sea;
He ne'er returned, a furious wave,
Cast him into a watery grave;
A grave in motion term'd the deep,
Left child and widow for to weep.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
 Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me,—
 Give me its grasp, that my soul may believe thee!
 Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
 Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
 Soft palm or hard hand, it mattereth never,
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever!
 Give me the hand with the grasp of a brother;
 Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
 Give me the hand that has never forsworn it,—
 Give me its grasp, that my love may adorn it!
 Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-veined maiden,
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
 Soft palm or hard hand, it mattereth never,
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

REV. GOODWYN BARMBY, Wakefield.

SONG TO MAY:

THOMAS ORMEROD, Brighouse.

Author of *Rhenish Legends*, in "Yorks. Mag." 1874.

GLADSOME May with sunny pleasure,
 Meted out with Nature's measure—
 From her storehouse, full of treasure—
 We welcome thee so gay.
 As we gaze with rapt'rous feeling
 On the mead, bright flowers revealing,
 With their perfume o'er us stealing—
 We hail thee joyous May.
 When the morning's dewdrops glisten,
 How enchanted then we listen
 To the lark, from nest uprisen—
 And marvel at its lay.
 Soon the noonday-sun's rays glaucing
 On the landscape, eye-entrancing,
 Or on sparkling waters dancing—
 Reflect the verdant spray.
 Then the feathered warblers chanting
 Vespers, as the sun's beams slanting
 Over earth, her rest now wanting—
 Proclaim the closing day.
 And in gratefully expressing
 Praise to God for Spring's great blessing,
 We have joy in Him addressing—
 And thank Him for bright May.

THE RIVER URE.

GLINTING in her sunny shallows,
 Rolling through the long green fallows,
 Glittering under old grey bridges,
 Fretting 'neath her willowed ridges ;
 Whispering to the mosses keeping
 Vigil o'er the violets sleeping ;
 Flashing, laughing, dancing, gleaming
 With the sunshine o'er her streaming ;
 Rippling to the moonlight shining,
 The spirit of her rays divining ;
 Giving back the glories given,
 By rose dawn and golden even ;
 As age serene, as girlhood pure,
 Softly seaward murmurs Ure.

From the moorland, fierce and strong,
 Bearing whirling logs along,
 Foam-flecks thick upon her breast,
 Rousing sleepers from their rest ;
 Swollen and brown with autumn showers,
 Roaring past the old grey towers,
 Rushing under great oak shadows,
 Swirling over flooded meadows,
 Tossing in her tiger play
 The harvest's garnered gain away :
 Calling through the woodlands sere
 How she must "have her life" each year ;
 Making her dread tribute sure,
 Angry seaward thunders Ure.

We, who by our river dwell,
 Know her changeful beauty well ;
 Love her, with a love allied
 Half to fear and half to pride.
 If Yorkshire lips triumphant claim
 Storied honours for her name,
 Many a saddened homestead knows
 The years her stream in "freshet" rose ;
 When strength and courage helpless stood,
 To watch the work of Ure in flood
 So, glory of our northern dales,
 So, terror of our northern tales,
 Through rocky dell and purple moor,
 Fierce, bright, and lovely, flashes Ure.

[The foregoing verses appeared anonymously in—"All the Year Round" for 1878. The contributor regrets that he is unable to supply the author's name.]

CRAVEN CHURN-SUPPER SONG :

At the conclusion of Hay Harvest.

DR. DIXON transcribed this song and refers to its resemblance to
 "A Cup of Old Stingo," 1650.

GO D rest you, merry gentlemen !
 Be not movèd at my strain,
 For nothing study shall my brain,
 But for to make you laugh ;
 For I came here to this feast,
 For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
 And welcome shall be every guest,
 To take his cup and quaff.

Chorus—Be frolicsome every one, melancholy none,
 Drink about, see it out,
 And then we'll all go home (*bis.*)

This ale it is a gallant thing,
 It cheers the spirits of a king,
 It makes a dumb man strive to sing,
 Aye, and a beggar play !
 A cripple that is lame and halt,
 And scarce a mile a-day can walk,
 When he feels the juice of malt,
 Will throw his crutch away.

'Twill make the parson forget his men,
 'Twill make his clerk forget his pen,
 'Twill turn a tailor's giddy brain,
 And make him break his wand.
 The blacksmith loves it as his life ;
 It makes the tinkler bang his wife ;
 Aye, and the butcher seek his knife,
 When he has it in his hand.

So now to conclude, my merry boys all,
 Let's with strong liquor take a fall,
 Although the weakest goes to the wall,
 The best is but a play !
 For water it concludes in noise,
 Good ale will cheer our hearts, brave boys ;
 Then put it round with a cheerful voice,
 We meet not every day.

EPITAPH.

Pudsey Chapel: Alice Town, 1777, aged 78.

Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears,
 I must be here till Christ appears,
 And when he doth I hope to have
 A joyful rising from the grave.

CHRISTMAS CAROL :

Yorkshire Chap-book.

-
1. GOD rest you, merry gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay ;
 Remember Christ the Saviour
 Was born on Christmas-day,
 To save poor souls from Satan's power
 Which had long time gone astray,
 And its tidings of comfort and joy.
 5. God bless the ruler of this house,
 And send him long to reign ;
 And many a merry Christmas,
 May you live to see again,
 Among your friends and kindred,
 That live both far and near,
 And God send you a happy new year !
-

GOD SAVE THE KING :

"Yorkshire Musical Miscellany," Halifax, 1800.

-
1. GOD save great George our King
 Long live our noble King
 God save the King ;
 Send him victorious
 Happy and glorious
 Long to reign over us
 God save the King.
 2. O Lord our God arise, &c. [As in Victoria's.]
 3. Thy choicest gifts in store, &c. ,,
 4. From ev'ry latent foe,
 From the assassin's blow
 God save the King !
 O'er him thine arms extend,
 For Britain's sake defend
 Our Father, Prince and Friend,
 God save the King !
-

EPITAPH.

Idle Church : Joseph Whitfield, 1881.

Gone from us but not forgotten,
 Never will his memory fade,
 Sweetest thoughts will ever linger,
 Round the spot where he is laid.

ARCHERY MEETING AT YORK, 1582.

GOD save our Queene, and keepe our peace,
That our good shooting maie increase;
And praying to God, let us not cease,
As well at Yorke as at London.

That all our countrie round about
May have archers good to hit the clout!
Which England should not be without,
No more than Yorke or London.

God grant that once her Majestie,
Would come her cittie of Yorke to see,
For the comfort great of that countrie,
As well as she doth at London.

Nothing shall be thought too deare,
To see her Highness person there,
With such obedient love and feare,
As ever she had in London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the cities that ever I see
For merry pastime and eompanie
Except the eittie of London.

THE FUSILEER'S DOG :

Crimean Campaigner.

GO, lift him gently from the wheels,
And soothe his dying pain,
For love and care e'en yet he feels
Though love and care be vain.
'Tis sad that after all these years,
Our comrade and our friend,
The brave dog of the Fusileers,
Should meet with such an end.

Up Alma's hill, along the vines,
We laughed to see him trot,
Then frisk along the silent lines,
To chase the rolling shot.
And when the work waxed hard by day,
And hard and cold by night;
When that November morning lay
Upon us like a blight;

And eyes were strained, and ears were bent,
Against the muttering north;
Till the grey mist took shape, and sent
Grey scores of Russians forth;

Beneath that slaughter wild and grim,
 Nor dog nor man would run ;
 He stood by us, and we by him,
 Till the great fight was done.

And right throughout the snow and frost,
 He faced both shot and shell ;
 Though unrelieved, he kept his post,
 And did his duty well.

By death on death the time was stained,
 By want, disease, despair ;
 Like Autumn leaves our army waned ;
 But still the dog was there.

He cheered us through those hours of gloom ;
 We fed him in our dearth ;
 Through him, the trench's living tomb
 Rang loud with reckless mirth ;
 And thus, when peace returned again,
 After the city's fall,
 The veteran home in pride we bore,
 And loved him one and all.

With ranks refilled, our hearts were sick,
 And to old memories clung,
 The grim ravines we left glared thick
 With death-stones of the young ;
 Hands which had patted him lay chill,
 Voices which called were dumb ;
 And footsteps that he watched for still,
 Never again would come.

Never again, this world of woe
 Still hurries on so fast ;
 They come not back, 'tis he must go,
 To join them in the past.
 There, with brave names and deeds entwined
 Which time may not forget,
 Young Fusileers unborn shall find,
 The legend of our pet.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE, (who was born in Yorkshire.)

EPITAPHS.

All Saints, Pontefract, 1828.

Go home, dear friend, and weep not here,
 I must stay here till Christ appear.

Scarbro' Church, 1725.

God grant that all who on me cast an eye
 May straightway go, and wisely learn to die.

THE FADED SUMMER.

GONE is the golden summer,
 And sere is the summer leaf;
 And the very heavens are weeping
 Their tears of widow'd grief.
 O where is the woodland music,—
 The sisterhood of flowers,—
 And the joy that wrapt my spirit
 Through the glad young summer hours?

Ask of the dirge-like breezes,
 With their mystic spirit tones;
 "O where ye winds of the winter,—
 Are my lost beloved ones?"
 Ask of the wailing tempest,
 And the old year's parting breath
 Shall hush thy heart's wild beating
 With a tale of the phantom *Death*!

O, I loved the summer sunshine,
 As the young heart loves its hope,
 For the bright and the beautiful mingled
 For aye in my life's full cup.
 But the blight of the ruthless winter,
 O'er the fair young flower hath past;
 And the summer hopes of mortals
 Lie strewn in the autumn blast.

Alas! for the faded flowers,
 Such have my young hopes been,—
 As bright as the beauteous summer,
 As glorious and as green.
 Then danced my heart as lightly
 As the sunlight on my brow,—
 The heart that is wailing, amonaning,
 To the moaning breezes *now*!

O this heart is full of winter,
 As the sky is full of rain;
 And the tears are on mine eyelids,
 As the drops on the lattice pane.
 There are withered leaves around me,
 There are withered hopes within;
 And I almost love the winter,
 We are now so near of kin.

But there is a glorious summer
 That shall never fade away;
 And leaves on the tree of blessing,
 That shall be green for aye,

And flowers that know no blighting,
 And bliss that never dies,—
 In the golden home of the angels,
 In the summer of the skies.

Keighley.

THOMAS NORMINGTON.

CLEVELAND FOOL PLOUGH.

Dragging a plough at Christmas and Easter.

Performers ; about a dozen, dressed grotesquely, with lath-swords and streamers. The Captain, dressed in cocked hat, forms a circle by swinging his sword around.

CLOWN. **G**OOD gentlemen all, to our Captain take heed,
 And hear what he's got for to sing ;
 He's lived among music these forty long year,
 And drunk of the helicon spring.

CAPTAIN. Six actors I have brought
 Who were ne'er on a stage before ;
 But they will do their best,
 And they can do no more.

The first that I call in
 He is a squire's son ;
 He's like to lose his sweetheart
 Because he is too young.
 But though he is too young,
 He has money for to rove,
 And he will spend it all
 Before he'll lose his love.

[*Marches around. Fiddle, and Chorus Fal lal de ral.*]

The next that I call in
 He is a tailor fine ;
 What think you of this work ?
 He made this coat of mine ! [*Coat full of holes.*]
 So comes good master Snip,
 His best respects to pay :
 He joins us in our trip
 To drive dull care away. [*Walks round.*]

The next I do call in,
 The prodigal son is he ;
 By spending of his gold
 He's come to poverty.
 But though he all has spent,
 Again he'll wield the plow,
 And sing right merrily
 As any of us now. [*Relic of Mystery play.*]

Next comes a skipper bold,
 He'll do his part right weel;
 A clever blade I'm told
 As ever pozed a keel.
 He is a bonny lad,
 As you must understand;
 It's he can dance on deck,
 And you'll see him dance on land. [*Dances.*]

To join us in this play
 Here comes a jolly dog,
 Who's sober all the day—
 If he can get no grog.
 But though he likes his grog,
 As all his friends do say,
 He always likes it best
 When other people pay. [*Marches reeling.*]

Last I come in myself,
 The leader of this crew;
 And if you'd know my name,
 My name it is True Blue.

CLOWN. My mother was burnt for a witch,
 My father was hanged on a tree,
 And it's because I'm a fool
 There's nobody meddled wi' me.

[*Dance; cross swords; intertwine; confusion; quarrel;
 parson rushes in, and is killed.*]

CAPTAIN. Alas! our parson's dead,
 And on the ground is laid;
 Some of us will suffer for't,
 Young men, I'm sore afraid,

SQUIRE'S SON. I'm sure 'twas none of me,
 I'm clear of *that* crime;
 'Twas him that follows me
 That drew his sword so fine.

TAILOR. I'm sure it was *not* me
 I'm clear of the fact;
 'Twas him that follows me
 That did this dreadful act.

PRODIGAL. I'm sure 'twas none of me,
 Who say't be villains all;
 For both my eyes were closed,
 When this good priest did fall.

CLOWN. Cheer up, cheer up, my bonny lads,
 And be of courage brave,
 We'll take him to his church,
 And bury him in the grave.

CAPTAIN. Oh, for a doctor ——— ;
Ten pound for a doctor, oh!

DOCTOR. Here am I.

CAPTAIN. Doctor, what's your fee?

DOCTOR. Ten pounds is my fee, but £9 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
I will take from thee.

CLOWN. There's gen-er-os-i-ty!

DOCTOR. I'm a doctor, a doctor rare,
Who travels much at home ;
My famous pills they cure all ills,
Past, present, and to come.
My famous pills, who'd be without,
They cure the plague, the sickness,* and gout,
Anything but a love-sick maid ;
If *you're* one, my dear, you're beyond my aid !
[Points to any girl ; sprinkles meal from
a box on the parson's face, and says—]
Take a little of my nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-taf ;
Parson rise up and preach again,
The doctor says you are not slain
[Parson sneezes, and rises up.]

CAPTAIN. Our play is at an end,
And now we'll taste your cheer ;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy new year.

CLOWN. And your pockets full of brass
And your cellars full of beer. [*all dance.*]

* Sweating sickness probably.

A PIECER'S TALE.

GOOD Master, let a little child, a piecer in your factory
From early dawn to dewy eve—relate her simple history,
Before I came to work for you, my heart was full of mirth and glee ;
I play'd, and laughed, and ran about, no kitten was so blithe as me.

But just when I was eight years old, poor mother, pressed with want
and woe, [go,"
Took me one morning by the hand, and said, " To factory thou must
They thrust me in and shut the door, 'midst rattling wheels and noisy
din,
And in the frame-gate made me stand, to learn the trade of piecening.

I often hurt my little hands, and made my tender fingers bleed,
When piecing threads and stopping flys, and thought 'twas hard indeed.
The overlooker passed me oft, and when he cried "An end down there,"
My little heart did tremble so, I almost fell with fear.

When at the weary evening's close, I could not keep myself awake,
He sometimes strapped me till I cried, as if my little heart would
break;

Oh, Master! did you know the half that we endure to gain you gold,
Your heart might tremble for the day when that tale must be told!

Ah, then I thought of days gone by, when far from spindles, din, and
heat,

I deck'd my little giddy brow with buttercups and violets sweet;
From year to year I sigh in vain, for time to play and time to read,
We come so soon, and leave so late, that nought we know but *Mill
and Bed*.

They tell us you grow very rich by little piece-ners such as me,
And that you're going to Parliament to guard our laws and liberty,
They say you pity negro slaves, and vow oppressors to restrain,
To break the chains of ignorance, and Christian principles maintain.

Oh! when you're there, remember us, while at your frames we labour
still,

And give your best support and aid to Sadler's Ten Hours Bill;
The poor, we know, must work for bread, but, Master, are not we too
young?

Yet if such little ones *must* work, pray do not work us quite so long.

A "Piecer" is a little boy or girl employed in a factory, to mind the spinning machines, which are called "frames" generally. Their duties are to piece, or tie together again, the threads ("ends" they are called), when they break. The above verses were written during the agitation carried on by Richard Oastler and others, to obtain a ten hours Factory Bill, in the year 1832. Before that bill passed the Commons, the hours worked in the factories were excessively long, and more than the children could bear. Their health generally gave way, and children in large numbers became bow-legged through standing so long at the frames. Sixteen hours was not uncommon for children to be worked at one stretch, and evidence was given in a Parliamentary committee, that children did not leave off work until twelve o'clock at night, sometimes, in Holdforth's silk mill, at Leeds. (Page 150, May 26th, 1832.) Long hours were often accompanied by cruelties which would not be borne now.

Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P., who was Chairman of the Committee, wrote afterwards a beautiful poem on the above incident, namely—"The Factory Girl's Last Day." Mr. Sadler's poem is also true of another factory child, who died of a consumption induced by protracted factory labour. With the last breath upon her lips, she cried out, "Father, is it time," and so died. See *The British Labourer's Protector, and Factory Child's Friend*. J. Atkinson, printer and publisher, Bradford, Yorks., 1832-3.



A DIALOGUE ON THE INDECENT MODE OF DRESS.

SIMON.—Good morrow, Johnny, hoo deea ye deea?
If you're gannin' my rooad, Ah'll gang wi' ye,
Hoo caud this morning t' wind ds blaw;
Ah think we seean sal hae sun snaw.

JOHNNY.—Heigh, Simon, seea we sal ere lang,
Ah's [boon to t'toon,*] Ah wish ye'd gang;
For Ah've a dowghter latly deead,
Ah's boon te git a coffin meead.

SIM.—Heigh, Johnny, deead! whah, seer, you're rang,
For she wor wi' us e'er sae lang;
An' oft wi' her i' yonder booeer,
Ah 've jooak'd an' langh'd full monny an hoor,
An' first, good Johnny, tell ma this,
What's meead her dee? what' been ami-s?

JOHN.—To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boon:—
Thoo sees Ah sent her te yon toon,
To t' skeal, an' t' next te leearn a traade,
By which she was te git her breedad;
Bud when she first cum yam te me,
She had nae petticoats, ye see;
At first Ah fand she'd but a smock,
An' ower that her tawdry frock,
Sike wark as this it rais'd my pashun
An' then she tell'd me it was t' fashion;
Besides her apron efter all,
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;
A certain sign she sense did lack;
She'd teean an' thrown it ower her back;
Her shoon had soles sa varry thin,
They'd nowght keep out bud let wet in;
An' round her neck she lapp'd a ruff,
Of rabbit skin or sum sike stuff,
Instead of wearing a good cloak,
To keep her warm when she did walk.
Her hat sa fine to'nd up afoor,
It made her leak just leyke—Oh lor!

Fra hecame te market or te fair,
Or yance a week to church repair,
Besides, thoo sees, she had nae stays,
An' scarce eneeaf by hoaf of cleas;
An' her white hat turn'd befoore,
All meead her leak like a scare-croo.

SIM.—Whah, Johnny, stop, you'r oot o'breeath;
Bud hoo cam she te git her deeach?

* Bedale wards, in one copy.

JOHN.—Whab, Simon, stay, an' thoo s'all hear;
 I't next pleease, mun, her breasts wor bare;
 Her neeked arms teea she lik'd te show,
 E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw;
 An' when Ah spak aboot it then,
 (You see Ah's awlus by mysen,)
 Her muther awlus leean'd her waay,
 It matter'd nowt what Ah'd to saay;
 Ah tell'd ma deeam hoo it wad be,
 An' seea she can't lig blame o' me,
 Says Ah, afoore she's twice ten awd,
 She's seer te git her deeach o' cawd,
 For this mishap Ah bleeam that feeal,
 For spoiling her at Boording Scheeal;
 Noo hed she made her leearn her letters,
 Instead o' dressing like her betters,
 She'd nut sa sean hae gitten cawd,
 An' meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
 Ah's seer it's all great fowks pursuit,
 Te hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

SIM.—Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght Ah saay,
 That Ah've obsarved afoore ta-day;
 Foor t'maist o' wimmin noodaays
 Nobbut put on ther goon an staays,
 An' noo, i' t' toon, as each yan passes,
 Yan can't tell deeam fra sarvent lasses;
 An' oft Ah've thought when t' cawd wind blaws
 They'd deea reeght weel te freegthen craws;
 For it wad blaw them seea aboot,
 Nea cashun then there'd be to shoot,
 Just seea if that thee and me,
 An ugly monstrous thing sud see,
 Away we beeath sud run reeght fast,
 As lang as irver we cud last.

JOHN.—Hey Simon, seear we sud, Ah seear,
 Bud noo *[to t' toon we're] drawing near,
 Thoo need n't tell what Ah hev sed
 About my dowghter liggin' dead.
 Good morrow, Simon, fare thee weel,
 Ah say, noo mind thou does n't tell.

SIM.—Neea that ah weeant, whal Ah've breeath,
 Ah'll nobbut say—She starv'd to deeach.

* As Bedale's.

The date of this dialogue was about 1810. It was printed at Bedale.



THE HUNTING VICAR,
OR,
THE PARSON AND THE CAT;

A Ballad founded on Fact.

The incidents on which this Ballad is founded took place in the West of England, about the year 1820; and the Ballad was composed at that time by the Rev. Jacob Stanley, the elder, a distinguished Wesleyan preacher. It was printed at that time, but its wit and humour gave such offence to the parson's friends that it was suppressed, and all the copies which could be procured were destroyed. The present reprint is from a MS. copy made at the time, in the possession of Mr. George Bennett.

GOOD people all, both rich and poor, Come listen to my song,
Nor fear your patience won't endure, For it shall not be long.
Besides, the subject is so odd, 'Twill keep you wide awake—
'Tis quite impossible to nod, The tale will make you shake.

The hero of my song is not From London's famous town;
No Gilpin bold on steed full trot, But one who wears the Gown.
A hunting priest is he I sing, Of sporting downright fond,
Whose zeal has made the country ring, In saving puss from pond.

This holy man, for such, they say, A Vicar ought to be,
This holy man went out one day To try some game to see.
Mounted upon a fiery steed, He left his books behind—
For he of books now felt no need, He gave them to the wind.

Study severe and secret prayer, Were things he did not like;
He much prefer'd to hunt the hare, And argle for the pike.
With dogs behind, and some before, E'en dogs of keenest scent,
He paced thro' bog, and brake, and moor, In search of game he went.

But whether he succeeded well, The poet will not sing,
Suffice to say the Vicar's yell Made hills and valleys ring.
Wearied at last, they all came back, The dogs and their dear master;
When parson, with his horse and pack, Met with a sad disaster.

The case was this:—they met a swain, With cat beneath his arm,
Grimalkin seem'd to be in pain, The creature of alarm.
When Vicar said—"Tell me, my friend, Where you that creature bear?"
The swain replied—"What I intend Your reverence now shall hear.

This cat, your reverence, soon must die, Yes—puss I'm going to drown:"
To whom the Vicar made reply—"If you will put her down
My dogs will soon display their skill, And make your journey shorter;
They soon the purring puss will kill, Without the aid of water.

The swain replied—"To please you, sir, I'll place her on the ground:"
The Vicar smiled, and pointed her To every hungry hound.
Unhappy Vicar, well I ween Foreknowledge he had none;
Ah! had he but the thing foreseen, He'd let poor puss alone.

The cat let loose, the hounds they sprang Like lions on their prey,
 When soon there was a hideous clang, And parson rode away.
 And why? as Sternhold oft would say, And why? because the horse
 Refused a moment to delay, For he was driven by force.

Poor puss pursued, on leg behind Fix'd firm her pointed claws,
 Which made the steed, fleet as the wind, Despise the rider's laws.
 The hounds they bark'd; to save herself The cat she mounted higher;
 The Vicar scream'd as if an elf Had come from nether fire.

Still bark'd the dogs, and puss that she Might get beyond their reach,
 She gave a spring most dext'rously, And gain'd the parson's breech.
 The holy man he shriek'd amain Such prongs in him to find,
 The deep incisions gave him pain—He felt a fiend behind.

Ah! who the anguish can describe The Vicar felt within—
 His conscience then he could not bribe, It smote him for his sin;
 His crimes then star'd him in the face, In terrible array;
 Though Vicar, he was void of grace, But now began to pray.

"Dear Satan! Satan! do me spare! For I'm not fit to die;"
 I only went to hunt a hare—Thou knowest I do not lie.
 Just then, on either side the horse, The members of the pack,
 Gave dreadful leaps to pluck poor puss From off the parson's back.

When once again, to save herself, The cat still mounted higher,
 The Vicar scream'd as if an elf Had come from nether fire.
 "Oh spare, dear Satan, do me spare! For I'm not fit to die!"
 I only went to hunt a hare—Thou knowest I do not lie."

In vain he wept, in vain he pray'd, Poor puss his shoulder gains;
 And soon his hat and wig are laid Upon the dusty plains.
 Away went Vicar, and away Went pussy perch'd on high,
 Her head upon the parson's lay, Her paws beneath each eye.

The sight was piteous to behold—For down the Vicar's face
 The crimson current copious roll'd, Like tears, with rapid pace.
 The parson shriek'd, the hounds they yell'd, The cat mew'd loud and shrill,
 And still the Vicar's cheeks she held—Though much against his will.

Away went Vicar, and away Went pussy perch'd on high,
 Her head upon the parson's lay, Her paws beneath each eye.
 And as they rode their hideous notes Alarm'd the neighb'ring swains—
 For puss and parson used their throats, They could not use their brains.

And as they rode the people flock'd This curious sight to see;
 Some laugh'd aloud, whilst others mock'd, And all were full of glee.
 "There goes the Vicar and his friend," Was now the gen'ral cry,
 "The hunting parson's near his end—His master bids him die."

And as they flew along the road They thought poor puss the devil,
 Spurring the priest to his abode For punishment of evil.
 And as they rode, horse, sheep and ass, And cow, and calf, and swine,
 All turn'd aside that both might pass—The cat and the divine.

Still as they pass'd both coach and car, The latter turned aside,
 And wonder'd whence this bloody war Upon the Vicar's hide.
 But when they saw puss perch'd on high, And view'd her tight embrace,
 They then set up a gen'ral cry—"She loves the Vicar's face!"
 To them 'twas sport like killing frogs, To him 'twas grief and pain;
 They felt delighted as his dogs When in pursuit of game.
 Horseman and footman join'd the chase, And join'd the chorus too,
 And soon there was a gen'ral race, And soon a loud halloo.
 The dogs they bark'd, the cat she mew'd, The Vicar scream'd and swore,
 Whilst from the mix'd and motley crowd Were many noises more.
 "Things are revers'd," they loud exclaimed, "The hunter's hunted
 down—
 The Vicar is become the game, The cat's upon his crown."
 And why should not the change take place? The cat's a sapient beast;
 And who can doubt but cats have grace, As much as hunting priest.
 Besides, a priestly wig she wears, Which grows upon her head,
 She borrows not from other's hairs—The living or the dead.
 And she can drink and she can eat, And she can scratch and yell—
 Perfections that in parsons meet, In hunters that excel.
 Thus they did gibe and thus did joke, As Vicar rode along,
 And mightily did they provoke The hero of my song.
 At length he reach'd his destin'd place, When by assistance given,
 The fell tormentor of his face Was from his reverence driven.
 But still the Vicar bears his scars, Like heroes of great name—
 But not like them, has in the wars Acquir'd immortal fame.
 Ah, no! he has become the jest Of all the laughing throng,
 Against whose mirth I'll ne'er protest, And thus shall end my song.
 Now let us sing "long live the king;" And pussy long live she;
 And when she next doth rile abroad May I be there to see.

A NEW SONG ON THE OPENING OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

Copied from a Broadside sung and sold in the streets of Bradford, in August and September, 1853. Without name of author, printer, or place of publication.

GOOD people all that's standing round, I pray you now attend,
 And listen with attention To the lines that I have penned;
 I hope that I shall none offend, I wish to please you all,
 It's all about the opening Of the great St. George's Hall.
 There is the Mayor and Corporation, And the Merchants too likewise,
 At the Opening of St. George's Hall—They will you all surprise.
 They are going to have a Festival, A Concert and a Ball,
 To Celebrate the Opening Of the great St. George's Hall.

From Halifax and Huddersfield, And likewise York and Leeds,
 The Sporting Ladies will swim in Just like a flock of geese ;
 With bran-new bustles on their rumps, And dandy caps and all ; [Hall.
 They will make some young men Rue the day they came to St. George's

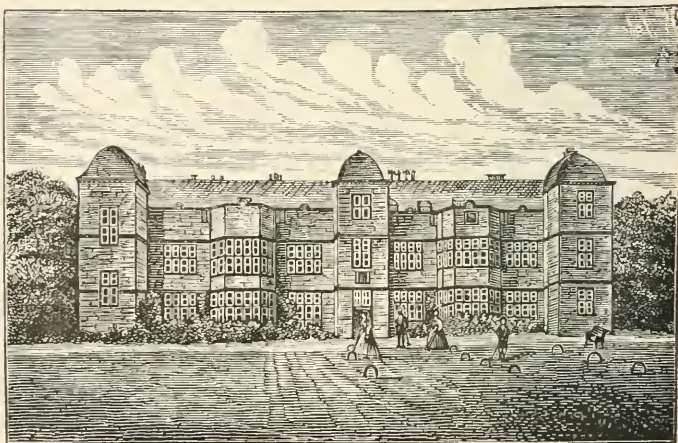
There is a Dandy Weaver, She works at the Queenshead ;
 A Cabbage (net) to hold her hair, She has upon her head.
 With artificials in her cap, And flounced gown and all,
 She'll cut a dash upon the day They open St. George's Hall.

Her sweetheart is a snob, who swears In spite of wind and weather,
 He'll sell his lapstone and his wax, Likewise his hemp and leather :
 He swears that he will sell his cloak, And little pigs and all,
 To buy a ticket for his dear To go to George's Hall.

There is another verse I'll sing to you, You never heard the like ;
 The Lasses that are in the Town, For Wages mean to Strike.
 They say they'll have a better price, Or else not work at all,
 They mean to strike upon the day They open St. George's Hall.

The Masons and the Carpenters, And Builders too, likewise
 Upon that day, I mean to say, A Tool they will not rise.
 The Counter Jumpers, Barbers, Clerks, And Factory Lads and all,
 Will have a Spree upon the day, They open St. George's Hall.

So to conclude and finish this, The last verse of my song,
 We'll drink success to George's Hall, And Bradford's noted Town.
 And Lasses when you're going home, Take care you do not fall,
 For it's ten to one you'll rue the day, You went to St. George's Hall.



Marske Hall.

MARSKE HALL AND CROSS.

GO round this Cross, and view it well,
 When it was built I will you tell—
 In sixteen hundred and sixty seven;
 I hope the builder's now in heaven.

When Gnisbro' did God's laws transgress,
 And turned their backs on righteousness,
 The Lord sent forth a dreadful plague,
 And many an one in death was laid.

The farmers all and tradesmen too,
 To sell their goods they knew not how;
 Nor to contrive a market place
 To keep them from this sore disease.

Then Marske became a market town,
 But now its Cross is tumbling down;
 Who will repair 't I cannot tell—
 I'm sure it can't repair itself.

PEOPLES' ANTHEM.

GREAT God, all nations save;
 Let there not be a slave
 Upon the soil.

Give us our liberty,
 And we will worship thee,
 With hearts of piety,
 From pole to pole.

Bless every family,
 Whether rich or poor we be,
 Attend us all.

Then peace, from shore to shore,
 Shall reign for ever more
 And all our God adore
 Throughout our ball.

Oh! may our glory be
 Peace, love, and harmony,
 To bless the land.

Then knowledge shall prevail,
 And every voice cry "Hail!"
 In days when tyrants fail
 To spoil our band.

No wars shall cause us fear,
 Concord shall rule our sphere,
 And cheer our life.

One song all tongues shall sing
 Till heaven and earth do ring,
 And echo bears upon its wing
 The end of strife.*

All hail! new paradise,
 Descended from the skies
 On all mankind.
 Kings, lords, and vassals meet,
 Peace 'mid them takes her seat,
 Her children with smile to greet,
 And soothe each mind.

WM. DIXON, Steeton, 1853.

* Crimean War next year!

LAKE SEEMERWATER.

A Legend of Wensleydale.

GREEN grows the fern on Fleetmoss Wold,
 And brown the mantling heather,
 The harebells blue and furze-bloom gold
 Blend sweetly there together.
 And Nature spreads with flowery pride
 The robes which Peace has brought her,
 Where Bain's untroubled wavelets glide
 Down to Lake Seemerwater.

The breeze through ash and birchen bowers
 Blows soft when day is closing,
 And rocks the lily's waxen flowers
 Upon the tide reposing.
 Gay with the blackbird's echoing tones
 And calm'd by dusk of even,
 The twilight star looks down and owns
 'Tis almost fair as Heaven.

Yet legends say the peaceful scene
 Is but of late creation,—
 That erst these grassy glades have been
 A waste and desolation;
 They tell how once a busy town
 Stood where these waves are flowing,
 The streets are hidden where far down
 The lily roots are growing.

One day a poor and aged man
 Passed through the thriving city,
 And meekly ask'd of those he saw
 For food and rest in pity;

But all so cold their hearts had grown
 With cares and fashions splendid,
 The homeless man pass'd on alone,
 Faint, worn, and unbefriended.

Outside the town a cottage stood,
 The house of Shepherd Malcolm,
 Who took him in and gave him food,
 And rest, and warmth, and welcome.
 Next morning, standing at the door,
 He looked toward the city,
 And raised his hand, and murmur'd o'er
 The words of this strange ditty:—

“Seemerwater rise! Seemerwater sink!
 And bury the town all save the house
 Where they gave me meat and drink!”
 And straightway then the water rose,
 From out the brown earth gushing,
 From where the river Bain now flows
 Came heavy billows rushing,
 And buried all the stately town,
 And drown'd the helpless people;
 “Full fathom five” the waters flow'd
 Above the great church steeple!

And still, when boating on the lake
 When sunset clouds are glowing,
 The roofs and spires may yet be seen
 Beneath the blue waves showing.
 But on the shepherd's house, they say,
 The old man left his blessing,
 And so they prosper'd every day,
 With flocks and herds increasing.
 Nor did it rest with them alone,
 But reached to son and daughter,
 Until the land was all their own
 About Lake Seemerwater.

IN NIDDERDALE.

GREY ragged clouds were scudding o'er the sky
 Before the breath of the autumnal blast,
 That raved and roared and rustled stormily
 Through the dark-tufted fir trees as it passed.

The congregated mists, that blurred from sight
 The outlines of the dim-discovered hills,
 Had poured their flooding torrents all the night,
 And fed the fountains of the moorland rills.

And now unnumbered brooks were rushing down,
 Each from the heather of its upland home,
 To swell the river's brimming waves of brown,
 That swirled along in eddies flecked with foam.

Over the whirlpools of the river hung
 The mourning robes of an autumnal wood,
 And every gust, that swept the branches, flung
 Red leaves and golden on the eddying flood.

Rose strangled murmurs from the stream below :
 Darkness and tears and sighs were everywhere :
 The wind breathed of immedicable woe,
 And all things told of ruin and despair.

But lo ! a momentary gleam of day
 Touched into showers of light the distant rain ;
 And in that moment Nature seemed to say
 ' Courage awhile—I triumph in my pain.'

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Broadside by Kendrew, Printer, York,

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send, oh ! send the youth I love ;
 Deign, O Cupid to direct me,
 Lead me through the myrtle grove ;
 Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
 Say I love him to despair,
 Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I wander,
 Silent as the shades of night ;
 Near some bubbling rill's meander,
 Where he first has bless'd my sight :
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day,
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore
 And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
 Deep in some sequester'd vale,
 There with mournful cadence swelling,
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale :
 And the lark and Philomel
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell,
 What's the pain to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you.

GENIUS AND LOVE, A POETIC RHAPSODY; ÆOLUS' HARP, &c.,

By WALTER GARSTANG, Bradford, [1854], 16 pages.

Elegy on Bradford New Cemetery.

HAIL, leafy spot! that merits my approof,
 Whose virent turf relieves these weeping eyes,
 Where from the world, as it might be aloof,
 Souls have communion with their native skies :
 Here no harsh sound obtunds the ear of peace ;
 Serene as heaven is this sequestered scene,—
 Which is a resting place indeed, I ween,
 To them who have at last obtained release,
 By death propitious, from corruption's chain !
 Awake, my harp, the funeral note again,
 That bids my fears shrink instant into naught !
 Again resound the melancholy strain
 To grief and woe, with cheerless sadness fraught,
 In consecrated grounds, from sin and crime remote.

HYMN TO MAY.

HAIL, holy May! sweet virgin, pure and fair!
 Who, like a vestal from the throne of God,
 With mystic eyes and azure streaming hair,
 Walk'st o'er the world as if an angel trod ;
 Beneath whose rosy feet the waiting sod,
 Long yearning for the shadowy embrace,
 In adorous throes that pain the vital clod,
 Givest forth its violet births and starry races
 Of flowers that gladden earth and human faces.

All hail, thou rosy bosomed! whom the birds
 In their wild woodland minstrelsy do praise ;
 Whom all the meadows and the tranquil herds
 (Although unconscious of thy wondrous ways)
 Love for the beauty of thy sunny days.
 Whilst on the mountain tops the breezes sing
 Their solemn anthems in the dreamy haze :
 And in the valley children's voices ring
 To see the golden cowslips blossoming.

All hail! for thou hast brought us back once more,
 New life and joy, and trustful hope for man,
 I long have watched thy coming at the door,
 And down my garden o'er the hills have ran
 To listen in the bosky dells of Pan,

If I might hear the rustling joyous sound
 Of thy rich kirtle, in its dainty span,
 Trailing, like music the enchanted ground
 'Mid murmuring brooks and insects buzzing round.

And now I see and hear thee all day long,
 And claim thee for my own, my spirit's bride !
 And love thee with a passion deep and strong,
 As heaven's own love in all its rushing tide—
 Embracing worlds and universes wide.
 For thou to me art Nature's symbol pure,
 Of man triumphant over sin and pride ;
 And in thy wondrous eyes which mine allure
 I see that happy future mirror'd there and sure.

GEORGE SEARLE PHILLIPS (January Searle).

BURNSALL SCENERY.

HAIL! joyous spring, whose glories fling
 Bright halo o'er old England's isle,
 O'er city fair, o'er palace rare,
 O'er terrace, tower, and cross-crowned pile.

O'er mansioned park, o'er bridge and bark,
 On river glittering 'neath thy sheen,
 O'er furrowed plain, o'er springing grain
 Rich gladsome sight, in springtime seen.

O'er sunny mead, where shepherds lead
 Their fleecy flocks in flowery vales,
 But bright and fair beyond compare
 'Neath spring's halo are Yorkshire dales.

Where winding river sings on for ever
 Its babbling song by Abbey ruin, (Bolton),
 By roofless tower and woodland bower (Barden),
 Where spring her choicest flowers is strewing.

'Mid pastoral scene of loveliest green,
 Where old homes nestle in the fields,
 Where gushing rill turns old Meil Mill
 And neat trimmed meadow plenty yields.

By quaint old Hall with gabled wall,
 To transomed windows ivy clinging,
 And woody nook, where noisy rook (none left)
 Builds high her nest 'mongst branches swinging.

By ancient town of great renown (Skipton)
 Where church and castle proudly stand ;
 Whose woody dells and purple fells
 Make matchless picture bold and grand.

Where once a host from Craven's coast
 Were marshalled for red Flodden-field,
 With 'bille and bowe' laid Scotsman low,
 Made Northern clans and chieftains yield.

By shady groves, where cooing doves
 And birds are sweetest songs outpouring,
 Loud pipes the thrush on flowering bush,
 And skylark sings as heavenward soaring.

By village grey and green-rimmed way,
 Bespangled o'er with many a flower,
 Where quaint and grand doth proudly stand
 Bridge, school and church with battled tower.

Whose merry bells in tuneful swells
 The hills repeat and echo round,
 Their chanting song doth breathe along
 And fill the vale with sweetest sound.

Still winding on in rippling song,
 Where fairies dance their roundelay,
 Or skipping lambs frisk by their dams,
 The sport of fitful solar ray.

And by the stream Waltonians dream,
 Or ply their craft assiduously,
 With mimic fly tempt wanton fry,
 And hook them, aye, right warily.

By sheltered spot where house and cot
 All cluster round the Maypole gay;
 And Saxon pile with single aisle
 Where twin-bells chime in turret grey.

Still sings along the hills among,
 Where rill and river have their rise,
 From crystal fount where heath-clad mount
 And crag-crowned fell meet azure skies.

JOHN A. BLAND.

EPITAPHS.

Lestingham.

God of his mercy doth me keep,
 And laid me here awhile to sleep,
 In depth of earth, beneath the clay,
 Until the resurrection day.
 So the God in whom I trust,
 I hope will raise me with the just.

Ripon Minster, 1728.

Here Henry Raper lies in dust,
 His stature small, his mind was just.

HYMN TO POVERTY.

HAIL, mother of immortal men!
 Hard nurse of children half divine!—
 What heroes of the sword and pen!
 What demi-gods of earth are thine.

How vain the boast of regal tongues,
 The lightning of th' imperial glance,
 When labour's mighty heart and lungs
 Sent up the war-cry, "Vive la France"!

On many a field the record stands
 Of battles, fearful, hard, and hot;
 Where peasant leaders, peasant bands,
 The chivalry of Europe smote.

Oh! Nature, hath our God decreed,
 To veil Thee, from plebeian eyes?
 May none save princes hope to read
 Thy un-imagined mysteries!

Lo! names unknown to titled pride
 The glorious births of mind display;
 The Steamer rushing through the tide,
 The Dragon of the iron way!

Half buried in the down of ease
 High bards have sung the choir among;
 And marble halls and palaces
 Have echoed with undying song.

But *nations* hushed and tearful stand,
 As burning with divinest fire,—
 A ploughboy's gnarled and rugged hand,
 With Wizard touches stirs the Lyre!

We deem not great or noble now,
 What kings have made so with a word:
 Let man-made nobles ever bow
 Before th' Anointed of the Lord!

BENJAMIN PRESTON.

 EPITAPH.

Carlton, in Craven: Ann Kitching, 1769, aged 24.
 Had restless Time, whose harvest is each hour,
 Made but a pause to view this lovely flower,
 In pity he'd have turned his scythe away,
 And left it blooming to a future day;
 But he, alas! regardless levels all,
 Both flower and weed alike promiscuous fall.

THE BISHOP BLASE FESTIVAL, 1825.

May the trade of the Staple flourish around,
 And Britain and Commerce for ever abound,
 May Combers act firmly in union and love,
 Be guided in justice with truth from above.

As friendship, love, and unity,
 Compose the bond of peace,
 In them may our community,
 Join hands and thus increase.

The Original and Correct
 Speech,
 To Be Spoken At The
 Grand Septennial Festival
 At Bradford,
 On Thursday, February 3rd, 1825,
 In Commemoration Of
 BISHOP BLASE,
 With the Order of Procession, etc.
 The Speech.

HAIL to the Day, whose kind auspicious rays,
 Deign'd first to smile on famous Bishop Blase!
 To the great Author of our Combing Trade,
 This day's devoted, and due honour paid,
 To him whose fame thro' Britain's Isle resounds,
 To him whose goodness to the poor abounds;
 Long shall his name in British annals shine,
 And grateful Ages offer at his Shrine.
 By this our Trade are daily thousands fed,
 By it supplied with means to earn their bread,
 In various forms our trade its Work imparts,
 In different methods and by different arts,
 Preserves from Starving, indigents distress'd,
 As Combers, Spinners, Weavers, and the rest,
 We boast no gems, or costly garments vain,
 Borrow'd from India, or the coast of Spain;
 Our native soil with Wool our trade supplies,
 While foreign countries envy us the prize.
 No foreign broil our common good annoys,
 Our country's product all our arts employs;
 Our fleecy flocks abound in every vale,
 Our bleating lambs proclaim the joyful tale.
 So let not Spain attempt with us to vie,
 No India's Wealth pretend to soar so high;
 Nor Jason pride him on his Colchian spoil.
 By hardships gain'd, and enterprising toil,
 Since Britons all with ease attain the prize,
 And every hill resounds with golden cries.

To celebrate our Founder's great renown
 Our Shepherd and our Shepherdess we crown ;
 For England's Commerce and for George's Sway,
 Each loyal Subject give a loud HUZZA.
 HUZZA.

R. Blackburn, printer, Westgate, Bradford.

On the right-hand side of the street, or Broadside, at the top there is a woodcut of the Bradford Arms neatly done. On the left-hand side a print of the Bishop, with an open book in his left hand, and a comb in the other such as the combers used at that period. Between these there is a view of the interior of a combing shop with the men at work, and below a ship in full sail. Possibly MR. RICHARD FAWCETT was the Author.

DROWNED IN THE STRID.

HARK! heard ye not that shriek of woe
 Ascending from the vale below,
 Where in its rocky channel hid
 The Wharfe foams dreadful through the Strid?



The Strid.

List! list! 'tis woman's wildest wail
 That startles thus the peaceful vale;
 Haste; generous swains, to bring relief,
 That cry bespeaks no common grief;
 Oh! haste ye now, for down the dell
 I hear the deep-toned Abbey bell.*
 In vain, by noble ardour swayed,
 In vain ye fly to save the maid,
 Too swift the whirling torrent's flow
 Has hurled her to th' abyss below;
 Nor thou, intrepid "Dean,"† couldst save
 Eliza from the boiling wave,
 Though plunging mid the raging flood;
 Thou didst what mortal powers could.

Too near the giddy brink she strays,
 The slippery rock her feet betrays,
 She falls amid the rolling surges,
 A moment lost, anon emerges ;
 Then down the rapid Strid she flies—
 She sinks—alas ! no more to rise !

There is a grief so deep, so strong
 As mocks the feeble power of song ;
 There is a pang some hearts may feel,
 Which tongue or pen can ne'er reveal ;
 And there are scenes full well I deem,
 Which passing seem a hideous dream,
 Yet on the memory's tablet trace
 Those lines which time can ne'er efface ;
 And such were yours who 'neath the wave
 Beheld her sink, and could not save ;
 For she was young, and her warm heart
 A kindred fondness would impart ;
 And her pure soul was light and gay,
 As e'er beformed our mortal clay.
 Ah ! why by too severe a doom
 Thus pass'd she early to the tomb,
 In life's gay spring, in youth's first bloom ?

Wild are those torrents, yet I trow,
 Wilder will be thy mother's woe,
 And deep and dark the waters there,
 But deeper far thy sire's despair,
 When the reluctant tongue shall tell
 How their lov'd, lost Eliza fell.
 Adieu, dear maid, thy spirit flies
 To calmer scenes, to brighter skies ;
 While many a pilgrim ling'ring here
 Shall "to thy memory drop a tear."

* On the 30th of April, 1828, a party of ladies visited Bolton Abbey and the woods at Bolton. With them was a Miss Poole, the daughter of a London solicitor, who was on a visit to some friends near Leeds. When the party were at the Strid, Miss Poole walked upon the rocks, and, standing too near the edge, she turned giddy, cried out "I'm going," fell into the water, and was drowned. At such times the Abbey bell is tolled to alarm the neighbourhood, and was so on the occasion referred to in the lines above, which were published in the *Leeds Mercury*, May 24th 1828.

+ A gentleman, named Dean, tried to save her. He jumped into the river, caught her by her bonnet strings, but they broke in his hands, and she sank. He was taken out quite exhausted, and she was found lower down the river, at a place called now "Poole's Deep."





HAROLD THE MINSTREL.

HAROLD the Minstrel was blithe and young;
 Many and strange were the tales he sung;
 But Harold neither had gold nor fee—
 His wealth was his harp o' the forest tree:
 And little he recked, as he trolled his lay—
 "Clouds come over the brightest day!"

On him, young Emma, the maiden, smiled—
 Never were notes like his wood-notes wild,
 Till the Baron's broad lands, and glittering store
 Dazzled her eyes, and the charm was o'er!
 Hushed was the love of the Minstrel lay—
 "Clouds come over the brightest day!"

From the old Kirk tower the joy-bells rung;
 Flowery wreaths were before her flung:
 Youth was gay, but the aged sighed,—
 "She had better have been the Minstrel's bride,"
 And Harold wept, as he trolled his lay—
 "Clouds come over the brightest day!"

Years have fled, and the moonbeams fall
 On the ruined towers of the Baron's Hall.
 The owl hath built in the desert pile,
 And the bat in the silent campanile:
 And the whispering ivy seems to say—
 "Clouds come over the brightest day!"

Years have fled! and that soft light shines
 On a quiet cot, and its sheltering vines.
 A lonely heart, in a distant clime,
 On that sweet cot thinks, and the warning rhyme:
 "Treasures of earth will fade away;
 Clouds come over the brightest day."

By DR. J. H. DIXON, probably.

HARRY'S COURTSHIP.

From the "Yorkshire Dales" by DR. DIXON.

HARRY courted modest Mary,
 Mary was always brisk and airy,
 Harry was country neat as could be,
 But his words were rough, and his duds were muddy.

Harry when he first bespoke her
 [line missing.]

Mary spoke her words like Venus,
 But said, There's something I fear between us.

Have you got cups of china metal,
 Canister, cream-jug, tongs, or kettle?
 Odzooks, I've bowls and siles and dishes,
 Enow to supply any prudent wishes.

I've got none o' your cups of chaney,
 Canister, cream-jug, I've not any;
 I've a three-footed pot* and a good brass kettle,
 Pray what do you want with your chaney metal?

A shippent† [mistal] full of rye for to fother,
 A home full of goods, one mack or another;
 I'll thresh in the laithe while you sit spinning,
 O, Molly, I think that's a good beginning.

I'll not sit at my wheel a-spinning,
 Or rise in the morn to wash your linen;
 I'll lie in bed till the clock strikes eleven—
 Oh, grant me patience, gracious heaven!

Why then thou must marry some red-nosed squire,
 Who'll buy thee a settle to sit by the fire,
 For I'll to Margery in the valley,
 She is my girl, so farewell Mally.

* Large, iron pan without handle. † Sheep-pen, milk-stall.

EPITAPHS.

Bradford Church: Robt. Lightfoot, 1840, infant.

Happy the babes, who privileged by fate,
 A shorter labour and a lighter weight,
 Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

Sandal Magna Church: Hansons, 1829.

Henceforth be ev'ry tender tear suppressed,
 Or let us weep for joy that they are blessed;
 From grief to bliss, from earth to heaven removed
 Their mem'ries honoured as their lives beloved.

HANNAH CUTLER TO THEIR JACK :

Just as shoo spake it hersen when he came hoam last Chersmis Eem.
By JOSEPH SENIOR, whittle-smith, Sheffield, 1871.

[We are tempted also to give his "Barbara Lee," and a song "To the Chase."]

HAS tha gotten t' bull dahn, Jack?
Tha'rt rare an tired, ah know—
Thi honest face is tinged wi black,
But there's a smile below.

Come, doff thee shoon an don a pair
O' slippers soft an warm;
An sit thee dahn i' t' owd arm-chair,
While t' kettle sings a psalm.

A psalm o' peace shoo sweetly hums;
Aw'd rather hear her strain
Than all the hostile kettle drums
On Franco-Prussian plain.

Ah've frizzled thee a nice lean stake
On t' gridiron, for thi tay;
Or will tha 'ave some Chersmis Cake—
Aw've baked a bit to-day.

Tha's had but little shambles mait
For many a day that's flown,
An t' hours tha's had ta sleep an ait
Has been like treasures stown.

Tha's scarce had time to ait thee bread,
An none for har'stone chat;
All bed an shop, all shop an bed,
What serfdom equals that?

The cutler's cup contains a tide
O' mingled woe an strife;
He haddles oft wi' suicide
His wee bit staff o' life.

This morn as aht o' bed tha crept,
Afear'd o' wakning me,
From t' faantain o' me conscience lept
A flood o' thowts o' thee.

One thowt were like a dragon great—
It bit an stung me heart,
That tha should work so sooin an late,
While knaves can live withaht.

Tha hill'd me up, an tuck'd me in,
Au left me snug as owt;
An there aw lay, till t' peep o' day,
Lapp'd up i' t' sheets, an thowt.

An then as tha turned aht o' door—
 Five long dark hours ta soon—
 A cowl north wind made t' chimly roar
 Like Neptune's gruff bassoon.

Some lords an dukes may heroes be,
 When intrest prompts the strife;
 But rucks o' them ud sooner dee
 Than lead a cutler's life.

E spite o' death, an what they see
 Below self-murder's bed,
 Ah say agean they'd sooner dee
 Than cuttle for their bread.

Earls, lords, an dukes ah've seen mesen,
 An spite their pompous chat,
 E nature's scale they're nowt but men,
 An whittle-smiths are that!

If tha'll not mix i' th' tipplers' den,
 Wi fools, an knaves an cards,
 Tha'st have some drink ah've brew'd mesen,
 An lots o' pretty words.

Wi work let gamblers tax their boanes,
 Like thee, long days an neets;
 An not like idle burgling droanes
 Steal t' bee's hard haddled sweets.

Ah hoap tha'll mix wi dacent chaps,
 An shun wi all tha zest
 All licensed thieves an handicaps,
 Black Shevild's blackest pest.

We've got a Chersmis box, tha minds,
 An one that tha'll admire,
 A sturdy yule-log, sent fro' t' Strines
 'Twill mak a roozin fire.

Ruth Twigg, i'th fowl, an Nanny West,
 Grace Crookes an Matty Wild,
 Sed wassail drink were allus best
 When o'er a yule-clog boiled.

Ah've gooid mulled ale—tha likes a sup
 Ah knows, as well as me;
 When t' yule-clog burns we'll have a cup
 Ta treeat owd natur wi.

Altho' I fear St. Thomas may
 Have lost his owd cock'd hat
 I' t' morn we'll have some frumminity—
 Owd Chersmis moant loise that!

Ah like owd customs when they're good
 As weel as onny soul;
 An so ah've bowt o' butcher Wood
 A brisket for a rowl.
 Ah've got a jar o' pickles stowd
 On t' buttery table end;
 Waint they be nice, when t' beef is cowd,
 To set afore a friend?
 Let's ax some friend bent dahn wi years
 O' unrewarded toils
 Ta come an share ahr Chersmis fare,
 An swap his tears for smiles.
 This custom is boath owd an good;
 Ah've heeard mi gronny say,
 They fed the hungry, warmed the cowd
 E Justice Corbert's day.
 Let's build these good owd customs up,
 An pick all t' bad uns dahn,
 An not let that sly thief—the cup
 Rob t' trencher ov its craan.
 Ah've craand all t' picturs, ivry one,
 Wi hollin, box, and yew,
 Ah havnt much wi berries on
 Save what's i' t' kissin bough.
 Ah hoap tha'll not rake aht at neet,
 An Ah boath hoap an trust
 'At tha'll keep reeazon aht o' t' weet,
 For dampness maks it rust.
 Owd Chersmis comes a guest divine,
 But oft, ah lack-a-day,
 He's buffited at folly's shrine
 Before he gooas away.

EPITAPHS.

Joseph Field, twice Mayor of Hull, died 1627, aged 63:
 Here is a Field sown that at length must sprout,
 And 'gainst the ripening harvests time break out;
 When to that Husband it a crop shall yield
 Who first did dress and till this new sown Field;
 Yet 'ere this Field you see, this crop can give,
 The seed first dies that it again may live.

Otley: Epitaph, on Lady Fairfax, grandmother of the great General.
 Here Lea's frvtfvlness, here Rachel's bevy,
 Here lyeth Rebecca's faith, here Sarah's dvty.

YOUNG WALTERS, OF HARTLYNGTON.

HAVE you heard of the story of Walters
 Who lived here a long time ago?
 How long it is since I can't tell you,
 But one thing I certainly know:—
 A century gone by, the old story
 Was told to a man of renown,
 Who wrote the account in his *Craven*,
 As everyone knows in this town.

Young Walters of Hartlyngton village,
 Near Burnsall in bonny Wharfedale,
 Awoke from his sleep one cold morning,
 And trembling, turned dreadfully pale:
 "Arise, Walters, rise, and go save life,"
 Were words that aloud did resound,
 So hurried away to the river
 And there a young lady he found:

A daughter from Skipton's strong castle,
 Full oft had he seen her abroad,
 And round her were gather'd vile ruffians,
 Who oft were seen plundering the road.
 Her palfrey they from her had taken
 And now had demanded her cash,
 When suddenly Walters came near them
 And, right and left, broadsword did slash.

Two fell at his feet on the instant,
 Two more to the river-side ran;
 But arrows he nimbly drove after,
 And soon all were dead but one man:
 It proved to be one who had courted
 The lady, and had been refused;
 So in spite the gang had way-laid her
 And she had been robbed and abused.

The lady revived from her swooning,
 She motioned to Walters, and said,
 "Let that man escape for I know him
 And pardon, because of the dead.
 His sister and I were dear playmates.
 She saved me from drowning last May,
 His life unto her shall be granted
 So please let him hasten away.

"These meadows to Aptreewick village
 My father shall grant unto you,
 In token of which I now give you
 My gold ring and wedding-lock shoe."
 The rich lands thus pledg'd he received,
 And long lived their acres to ride;
 And by the good folks 'tis believed
 His shyness lost her as his bride.

J. HORSFALL TURNER.

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIMES.

SCOTT'S *Marmion*.

HEAP on more wood! the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer:
 Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
 At Iol (Yule) more deep the mead did drain;
 . . . On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
 That only night, in all the year,
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dressed with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go
 To gather in the misletoe.
 . . . Then came the merry masquers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;
 But oh! what masquers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Scotch! you will say: but lacking another poem of equal merit we venture to claim it also for Yorkshire because of the relation of *Marmion* and *Rokeby* to this county, and because the poem is the story of ancient and modern Yorkshire, through and through.

EPITAPH.

Thomas Lonsdale, of Sawley, 1781, age 70.
 He archer-like ranged woods and dale,
 His eyes grew weak and strength did fail;
 He liked his Dog, his Gun, and Cup,
 But now at last has given them up.
 His Dog and Gun he's now laid by,
 And near this place inter'd doth lie.

PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE.

Richard Rolle, Hampole, died 1349.

Very old transcript,—

HEAVEN! ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
 And ther is youthe without ony elde,
 — Allemanner welthe to welde,
 — rest withoute ony travaille,
 — pees without ony strife,
 — all manner lykinge of lyfe,
 — bright somer ever to se,
 — nevere wynter in that countrie.
 — more worshipe and honour
 Than evere had kynge either emperour.
 And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
 — preysing hem amonge
 — alle manner frendshipe that may be,
 — evere perfect love and charite,
 — wisdom without folye
 — honeste without vileneye.

 LET ME REST.

HE does well who does his best;
 Is he weary? Let him rest:
 Brothers, I have done my best;
 I am weary—Let me rest.

After toiling oft in vain,
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
 After toiling long to gain
 Little good and mickle pain;

Let me rest but lay me low,
 Where the hedge-side roses blow
 Where the little daisies grow,
 Where the winds a Maying go;

Where the footpath rusties plod;
 Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
 Where the old woods worship God;
 Where His pencil paints the sod;

Where the wedded throstle sings,
 Where the young bird tries his wings;
 Where the wailing plover swings
 Near the rivulet's rushy springs!

Where at times the tempest's roar,
 Shaking distant sea and shore,
 Still will rave old Barnsdale o'er,
 To be heard by me no more.

There beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful let me rest,
Like a child that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, Masborough.

THE FLUTE PLAYER:

From "The Song of the Golden Bough, and other Poems"; by
CYRIL BATTERSBY, Manningham, 1898.

HE paused awhile upon the mountain side,
And looking downward through the dark descried
The village windows, evening stars of home,
Gleams from a Paradise to him denied.

A snowy flake, the firstling of its flight,
Flew to his lips. "It is the kiss of night,
The welcome to her gusty revelries,"
He said, then turned toward the homeless height.

And as he turned, the storm leapt suddenly
Upon him, smote him white from neck to knee,
And round his tingling ears and in his eyes
Lashed like the spindrift of a reeling sea.

Onward he struggled, clutching to his breast,
In the scant shelter of a tattered vest,
His flute, the silver consort of his grief,
The sweet interpreter of life's unrest.

Onward he struggled till at last he fell,
Breathless and blind, too weary to rebel
Against the stern insistence of his doom,
And ready to meet death with "It is well."

Then came the irony that haunts us still,
The storm passed southward, weakening in its will,
And from their heaven the pale unruffled stars
Looked on the white-robed silence of the hill.

He rose, a tottering shade above the snow,
And for a little moment saw below
The valley twinkling with those lights of home
That he had known not, and could never know.

He sank and slept, the heartache and the cold,
He felt them not upon that frozen wold,
For he had entered on a land of dream
Whose dusk horizon winked with stars of gold.

One star was his, the brightest shining there,
A star that shaped itself a roseate square,
A cottage window, filled with light to lead
His homeward footsteps through the darkening air.

He reached the door, he raised the latch, and stood
 A moment on the threshold. It was good
 To see his happiness and yet refrain,
 Knowing that he might take it when he would.
 The blazing hearth he saw, the waiting chair,
 The simple meal set out with cleanly care,
 And in their midst, the heart of all the home,
 The woman that he loved, still young, still fair.
 She heard his step, and hastening from her place,
 Ran laughing like a child to his embrace,
 Then softly drew his head down with her hands,
 And kissed him tenderly upon the face.
 That kiss was death. A shepherd boy at morn
 Found him amid the snow, a thing forlorn,
 But smiling still, and on his ragged breast
 Clutching the flute that he so long had borne.

THE BANKS OF AIRE.

HER drooping form and careworn face,
 So downcast, sad, and pale,
 Was once the seat of every grace,
 The pride of all the vale :—
 As oft she wandered, free from care,
 With William on the Banks of Aire.
 Then would he hold her hand in his,
 And call the hosts above
 To witness that no time or change
 Should ever change his love ;
 No joys or sorrows e'er impair
 His vows made on the Banks of Aire.
 But love, familiar to his tongue,
 Was stranger to his heart ;
 While, like the fiend in Eden once,
 He played the serpent's part,
 And spread temptation's treacherous snare
 For Mary, on the Banks of Aire.
 His vows are broken ; her's are firm,
 And true she will remain ;
 Although he scorns her constant heart,
 She loves her faithless swain ;
 And still she whispers many a prayer
 For William, on the Banks of Aire.
 And oft with streaming eyes she strays,
 And lingers where they sat,
 When hours, like minutes sped away,
 In love's alluring chat ;
 But now her minutes of despair,
 Seem hours on the lone Banks of Aire.

BENJN. MILNER, Bradford.

WOODSOME GENEALOGICAL PAINTINGS.

Huddersfield: Tudor period. Sir John Kaye's family.

“**H**ERE Arthur lies in quiet rest
 Who justly delt and none opprest,
 This tree too sprung out of his brest,
 His fruit, O Christ, that follow The be blest.

This monument doth represent a thing that erst hathe bene,
 As dothe thes work by dyvers coats of sundry friends I wene,
 Sith auncestry by armorye and vertuose renowne,
 Hath bene regardyd, with castle and with towne,
 I think it skill to shew good will such soothe here to renewe
 That when they spy their armorye their virtewes may ensewe.

The honest wife—To live at home in howswyverie
 To order well my famylye
 To see they lyve not idillye
 To brynge up childrene vertuislye
 To relyeve poor foulk willinglye
 This is my care with modestye
 To leade my lyfe in honestye.

Here underwritten dothe beygin
 Certyn friends of my howse and kin,
 On th' other side there may ye see
 Certayn that be akynne to me.

To bragge or to boast of noble parentage
 To the ys none honour of yt live amysse
 Then serve we God duly in every age
 Not willing our own will but fyrst willynge his
 Obeying our howsbands in what lawful is
 Who howswifelye taketh delightyng in this
 Well may be called good matron or maistris.

 EPITAPH.

The following is an extract from the *Morning Post*, 1805:—"In an obscure* churchyard in Yorkshire is the following epitaph. The subject of it was unfortunately killed by the descent of the stick of a rocket, as is, indeed, explicitly enough told us by the poet—

Here I lie,
 Kill'd by a sky-
 Rocket in my eye.

Emulous of the praise which the above ingenious composition received from the rustics of the village, a rival rhymester, on the death of a poor ostler, who was driven over, produced two lines which 'supplied the place of elegy,' and which ran thus—

Here I lays,
 Killed by a chase."

* So obscure I doubt its existence.

JOHN BARTENDALE,

Hanged 1634, at York.

See RICHARD BRAITHWAITE'S *Drunken Barnaby*.

HERE is a piper apprehended,
 Was found guilty and suspended.
 Being led to fatal gallows,
 Boys did say, "Where is thy bellows?
 Ever must thou cease thy tuning."
 Answered he, "For all your cunning
 You may fail in your prediction."
 Which did happen without fiction;
 For, cut down and quick interred,
 Earth rejected what was buried.
 Half alive or dead he rises;
 Got a pardon next assizes;
 And in York continued blowing:
 Yet a sense of goodness showing.

ST. WILFRED OF RIPON:

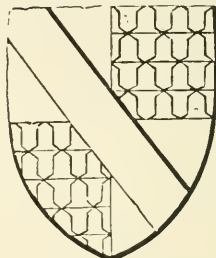
GENT'S *York*.

HERE lies entombed great Wilfrid once revered,
 A pious Bishop who this structure reared;
 Devoutly raised these lofty beauteous spires,
 A fair resemblance of his high desires;
 Who gave to God that honour which is due,
 Nor would forget the blest Apostle too.
 By him was reverence to St. Peter given,
 That prince of saints who keeps the keys of heaven,
 With gold and vestments did the place adorn
 And gave a cross most glorious to be borne;
 Sacred into th' Evangelists he graced
 With books their number, and as neatly placed
 Upon a desk, adorned with shining ore
 And brought in Easter's time wrong taught before.
 Here holy men he gathered, taught them ways
 Those Rules of Truth preached in the Antients Days;
 And having passed thro' dangers far and near,
 (A pious Bishop five and forty year,
 Most time of which sad sorrows did abound)
 At length in peace a blessed death he found;
 Went to those happy realms, those joys above,
 Where saints unnumbered praise the Lord of love.
 And now by Jesus blest whose word he taught,
 Such his example, such the pleasing thought
 Of joys immortal that his flock so fed,
 The sheep did follow, as the shepherd led.

SIR MARMADUKE CONSTABLE,

Flambro': brass, 1530.

HERE lieth Marmaduke Cunstable of Flaynborght, knyght,
 Who made adventour into France for the right of the same
 Passed ouer with kyng Edwarde the fouriht yt noble knight
 And also with noble king Henre the sewinth of that name
 He was also at Barwik at the winnyng of the same
 And by king Edward chosyn Capteyn there first of any one
 And rewllid & gouernid ther his tyme without blame
 Bot for all that as ye se he lieth under this stone.



Constable Arms.

At Brankiston feld wher the kyng of Scottys was slayne
 He then beyng of the age of thre score and tene
 With the gode duke of Northefolke yt iorney he hays tain
 And coragely avauncid hymself among other ther & then
 The king beyng in France with grete nombre of ynglesh men
 He nothyng hedyng his age ther but jeoperde hym as one
 With his sonnes brother saruantts and kynnismen
 But now as ye se he lyeth under this stone.

But now all thes tryumphes ar passed & set on syde
 For all worldy joyes they wull not long endure
 They are sounne passed and away dothe glyde
 And who that puttith his trust in them I call hym most unsure
 For when deth strikith he sparith no creature
 Nor geuith no warnyng but takith them by one & one
 And now he abydyth godis mercy & hath no other socure
 For as ye se hym here he lieth under this stone.

I pray yow my kynsmen louers and frendis all
 To pray to oure lorde Jhesu to have marcy of my sowll.

EPITAPH.

Ecclesfield, 1797.

Here lies George Wilkinson born and cri'd,
 Liv'd ninety four years and then he di'd.

THE WASSAIL HYMN.

[Wassail, or Wish you health.]

HERE we come a-wesselling,
 Among the leaves so green ;
 And here we come a-wandering,
 So fair and to be seen.

Chorus:—For it is in Christmas time
 Strangers travel far and near,
 So God bless you and send you
 A happy New Year, a New Year, a New Year,
 So God bless you and send you
 A happy New Year.

Another Chorus was:—Love and joy come to you,
 And to our wassail too,
 And God send you a happy New Year
 A New Year, A New Year,
 And God send you a happy New Year.
 Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,
 And so is your beer of the best barley.

Sometimes instead of the first four lines we have—

God rest you merry gentlemen
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ our Saviour
 Was born on Christmas Day,

Chorus:—For it is.

We are not daily beggars
 That beg from door to door,
 But we are neighbours' children
 Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,
 Put on his golden ring,
 And let him bring of your good cheer
 And the better we shall sing.

Bring us out a ta-a-ble,
 And spread it with a cloth !
 Bring us out some mouldy cheese,
 And some of your Christmas loaf.

We have got a little purse
 Made of stretching leather skin,
 And we want a little of your money
 To line it well within.

God bless the master of this house,
 Likewise the mistress too ;
 And all the little children
 That round your table go.

And good master and good mistress
 While you're sitting by the fire,
 Pray think of us poor children
 Who are wandering in the mire.—*Chorus.*

As a very little boy I used to join other boys and girls at New Year's time in singing the above. The tune ran:—d- r. m- f. s- m. r. | s. d' t. d' - m'. r.' | s m' r' d' t d' r' m' | m' r' d' t d' r' |

A holly bush, with ribbons, oranges, apples, dolls suspended, was carried from door to door.

RIDING THE STANG AT HEDON, 1889.

NICHOLSON'S Folk Speech.

HERE we cum wiv a ran a dandan ; stang,
 It's neeather fo' mah cause nor tha cause that ah ride this
 Bud it is fo' Jack Nelson that Roman-nooased man.
 Cum all you good people that live i' this raw,
 Ah'd he' ya tak wahnin, fo' this is oor law ;
 If onny o' you husbands your gud wives do bang,
 Let em cum to uz, an we'll ride em the stang.
 He beat her, he banged her, he banged her indeed,
 He banged her afooar sha ivver stood need.
 He banged her wi' neeather stick, steean, iron, nor stower,
 Bud he up wiv a three-legged stool an knockt her ower.
 Up stairs a back o' bed
 Sike a racket there they led
 Doon stairs, a back o' deer,
 He bunct her wahl he meead her sweear.
 Noo, if this good man dizzant mend his manners,
 The skiu of his hide sal gan ti the tanners,
 An if the tauner dizzant tan it well,
 He sal ride upon a gate spell,
 An if the spell sud happen ti crack,
 He sal ride upon the devil's back ;
 An if the devil sud happen ti run,
 We'll shut him wiv a wahld goose gun,
 An if the gun sud happen ti miss fire,
 Ah'll bid ya good neet, for ah's ommast tired.

EPITAPH.

Brompton : James Westrop, 1580.

Heir lieth James Westrop
 Who in wars to his greit
 Charges sarved oin kyng
 And tow queens with du
 Obediens and without recumpens.

THE MAID I LOVE :

By JOSEPH DUFTY, Sheffield, 1871.

(We might give several other songs by this fluent writer.)

HER lips are like the red-rose bud,
 When first it bursts its shell of green,
 So sweet and red, her teeth just show
 Like strings of Eastern pearls between.
 But when the rose in full array
 Looks proudly to the summer sky,
 Such is the blush upon her cheeks—
 A milder yet a lovelier dye.
 The pansies shadow forth her eyes—
 But who their changing light can tell?
 Or fix upon a single flower
 The charms that in those blue deeps dwell.
 Her skin is pure as driven snow,
 With slightest rose-tints shining through :
 The wreath of curls that shades her brow
 May boast the richest anburn hue.
 There is no flower on mountain side,
 In garden, or uncultured grove,
 But pales before the flower of flowers—
 The one sweet maiden that I love.
 But this it is which most I prize,
 That, though all hearts her beauties move,
 The stars above have heard the vows
 That bind our hearts with chains of love.
 So sing ye rills, and bask, ye flowers,
 In summer sunshine, while ye may ;
 Ye never knew more golden hours,
 Nor I a more joy-laden day.

EPITAPHS.

Idle Church. Benjamin Greaves, 1835, aged 48.

Here lies a bard whose humble song
 Whilst here was his Redeemer's praise,
 Now numbered with the ransomed throng,
 He strings his harp through endless days.

[On his son—Nathan :

Say are they dead, the Christian never dies,
 Beneath this stone the casket only lies,
 The immortal gem, the deathless soul, has flown,
 To Christ who bought and claims it as his own.

PARSON DREW THRO' PUDSEY.

An Old Joke thro' Halifax.

HE shut his een and sank to rest,
 Death seldom claimed a better;
 They put him by—bud what wer t'best,
 He sent 'em back a letter,
 To tell 'em all ha he'd goan on,
 An ha he gate ta enter,
 An gav 'em rules to act upon
 If ever they snd ventur.

Saint Peter stood wi' keys i' hand,
 Says he, "What do ye want, sir,
 If to go in—you understand,
 Unknown to me, you can't sir.
 Pray what's yer name? where are ye thro;
 Just make your business clear:"
 Says he, 'They call me "Parson Drew,"
 I've come thro' [from] Pudsey here.'

'Ye've come thro' Pudsey, do ye say?
 Don't try sich jokes on me, sir;
 I've kept these doors too long a day,
 I can't be fool'd be thee, sir.
 Says Drew; 'I wodn't tell a lie
 For t'sake o' all there's in it,
 If ye've a map o' England by,
 I'll shew yo in a minit.'

Soa Peter gate a time table,
 They gloor'd o'er t'map together,
 An Drew did all at he wur able,
 But could'nt find it either.
 At last says he, 'There's Leeds Taan Hall,
 An there stands Bradford's Mission;
 It's just between them two—that's all,
 Your map's an old edition.'

'Bud theer it is—I'll lay a craan;—
 An if yo've niver knawn it,
 Yo've miss'd a bonny Yorkshire taan,
 Though monny be 'at scorn it.'
 He open'd th'gate—says he, "its time
 Somebody coom—I'll trust tha;—
 Thal find inside noa friends o' thine,
 Tha'rt furst at's coom thro Pudsey."

The above is copied from the *Halifax Almanack*, for 1866.

PUDSEY'S ANSWER TO HALIFAX, WE THENKS.

Whene'er a chap is short o' wit,
 An hezzn't mich he cud say,
 He quists his nose, an girns a bit,
 An tries a fling at Pudsay.
 Noa daht ears summat grand e' this
 An peeple cannot bud say
 At all these sneers are weel deserv'd,
 If they are true o' Pudsay.
 At onny rate I raather think
 At "Halifax" weant mend us;
 If we sud want a tip-top place
 We'se hev ta travel endus.
 But wait a bit, let's hear all t'tale,
 Then ye can judge it better;
 Ears toathree things ta mention yet
 Abaat this famous letter.
 When t'Pudsey chap gat up to't gate,
 He hed another we him,
 Bud he hed crooidled daan behint,
 Soas Peter cudn't see him.
 He'd aimed ta getten in on t'sly
 When t'gateman worn't lukin,
 An hidden aat o't seet awhile
 E' sum back place or nukin.
 Bud Peter sharply fan him aht,
 An grabb'd him in a minit;
 Says he,—“Where is thee ticket lad?”
 Says t'chap, “Ah cannot fin it.”
 “Wha! where's ta cum thro,” Peter said,
 “Tha duzzn't seem o't sooart lad,
 We've noan o' thy stamp here, I'm suar;
 I'm flaid thaa's miss'd thi port, lad.”
 “I've cum fra Helifax,” sez t'chap,
 “An thowt ye'd let *me* enter;”
 Then Peter said, “Thee thowts is reng,
 For *thee* I dursn't ventur.
 “Ta tell thaa t'truth, I'm noan alaad,
 To pass tha thru my wicket,
 Fer ne'er a one al du for me
 We-aht a first-class ticket.
 “An cum ta think o' Halifax,
 Ears nivir noan been granted;
 I've been a long time here, yit thine
 I'st first un at's been wanted.”

This answer is very much like the retort of my friend Simeon Rayner author of several fugitive poems. It is said however, to have been written by Walker, a local poet.

THE MURDERER'S RETURN.

Collinson and Farrer, Bradford, 1836.

HE stood alone by the cold grey stone
Where his fathers' ashes lay ;
And the wind came by, with a long, long sigh,
As a dirge o'er their decay.

His hand was pressed to the clammy brow—
Scarce colder than his heart,
And his voice came forth with a murmur low,
Through his lips but half apart.

He moaned for the hearts he loved of yore,
Where they lay beneath his tread ;
But the forms he adored in the days that were o'er,
And the hearts once his were dead.

And the cypress-bough droops o'er them now,
And the turf-clod wraps their grave,
And the west winds weep a requiem deep,
To lull the sleep of the brave.

Yet the thoughts of him who wandered there
Were far from that doleful place ;
And to hopes once fair, and to joys that were,
Turned the heart of the last of his race.

Aye ! bygone days met his inward gaze,—
The days of his deeds of blood !
And the sting of his sin seared his soul within
And he sickened where he stood.

He thought of the lives his madness spilt,
In his own once happy home,
Made desolate now by a murderer's guilt—
A spot of despair and gloom.

He thought of the maid he loved—betrayed—
Her remembered voice grew clear,
As of one whose tones, once sweet, upbraided,
Though now no longer dear.

The sea was dark and still below,
By the spot of his fathers' rest ;
And the sun shone out with a crimson glow,
From his home in the isles of the west.

The murderer's footstep pressed the verge,
A thousand feet below
He saw the swell of the rocky surge,
The dark green waters flow.

He turned to the sun,—he watched him set,—
As his eye might meet the ray
No more, as they that eve had met,—
He gazed its light away.

But hark! the sullen echoes tell
 Of a dark deed on the wave,—
 'Tis done, 'tis done! he slumbers well,
 With the wandering surf for his grave.

MINDIN' T'BARNES.

“Yorke Sher-mann,” 1879.

HEY dear! hey dear! here's sich a moil,
 Ther's t'childer just come in throo t' skooil,
 They've lowped o' ivvery chair an' stooil,

An want ther tea;

An t'woife shoo'z gooaan wi' Missis Brahn,
 Shop winda rantin' intul tahn,
 Shuz been gooaan hahrs, aw'll bet a crahn,
 Hay deara me!

Shut up yer dins, ya noisy dogs!

An' Susy get thee off thi nogs,

If t' wakkens t'babby wi' thi clogs

Aw'll knock tha dahn;

Moind what ta't doin, clumsy scamp!

Dooant car dahn theear, tha knows it's damp;

Nah, upset t'teapot ower t'lamp,

Ya gaumless clahn!

Here, Izak, get this drippin' cake;

Thi belly fill, then run an' lake,

An' dew, fer goodness gracious sake,

Get aht o' t' hoyl.

Whot's up wi' thee, then, sulky Matt?

Tha weant hev this nur weant hev that,

If t' leeaves that crust aw'll fell tha flat;—

Jane, fotch some coil,

An' brek up t' fire, an' mak it blaze;

Du shift thi' feet, sich ohdle ways

Al finnd tha aht some o' theas days,

Ya ohdle tresh!

Here, Johnny, run to t' top o' t' street,

See if thi mammy's come i' seet,

By gow! shoo'll hear mi tung ta neet,

The'll be a smesh.

Lewk at that lass! shoo'll burn her cloaz,

An' drat it, Sarah, blaw thi noaz,

It drops off t' end reyt o' thi tooaz,

Ya mucky barn!

Whoaz that 'at's blaytin' aht o' dooar

An' makkin din fer hauf a scooar?

It's Izak's getten pawsed on t'flooar,

Confahnd t'consarn!

If that theer woman darrs ta gooa
 Agean t' t'tahn an leeaves ma sooa,
 Shoo'll get it hot wi t'tong an tooa,
 Shoo will, bi gen!
 Aw ne'er wor better ooined ta deeath,
 Ther yells an' shahts fair tak mi breeath,
 They sahnd all rahnd, aboon, beneeath,
 Like lion's den.

Here, Jane, tha's mended t'fire wi cobs,
 Sooa just gie t'babby tooathree pobs;
 An aw'll wesh up, an' urther jobs;
 An' mak things mense;
 Hay, see ya bud, did iver een
 See sich a mess as this ta cleean?
 Ther's slat, an' crumbs, an' fat, an' leean;
 Ther is na sense

I' sich lihke wark! aw'll tak gooid care
 Aw willnt stir a peg throo t'chair,
 Them slops sal be yer muther's share,
 An' sarve her reyt!
 Bud let her come, aw'll cap her, war
 Nur shoo's been capt o' monny a nahr,
 Shoo'll gape an' stare booath leng an' sahr,
 An' happen feyt.

Nay, really, really, it's ta bad,
 Just run up t'street theer, Johnny, lad—
 Ob! here sho comes; aw'm varry glad
 Tha's cum at last.
 Sooa tak thi barns, a iller lot
 Ta keep i' order nubdy's got,
 Aw'll e'en just goa an hev a pot
 Fer t'neet's repast.

OLIVER HEYWOOD,

A Religious Ballad, REV. JOHN FAWCETT, c. 1790.
 (Heywood, born 1630, was buried at Halifax in 1702.)

HEYWOOD, a monument of grace,
 Was in his early youth
 Inclined to seek his Saviour's face,
 And taught the way of truth

Inspired with love for Jesus' name,
 And zealous in his cause,
 'Twas now his glory to proclaim
 Salvation by the cross

But soon, alas ! a storm arose,
 The threatening billows roll ; [Ejected from Coley,
 Yet grace his spirit did compose, 1662.]
 And strengthened all his soul. . . .

Compelled to leave his house he fled, [Five Mile Act,
 And sought himself to hide ; 1665.]
 He knew not where to lay his head,
 Yet did the Lord provide. . . .

Ten years he mourned as one restrained
 From his beloved employ ;
 But God at length his hands unchained
 And brought him forth with joy. [1688.] . . .

Abhorring tumult, noise and strife,
 The good of all he sought ;
 And holding forth the word of life,
 He practised what he taught.

The pious labours of his pen
 Were yearly multiplied ;
 To save the souls of dying men
 He every method tried.

His latter years were crowned with peace,
 He saw his labours blest ;
 He saw the infant church increase,
 And felt his heart at rest.

At length, in an advanced age,
 Called to the realms on high,
 He quitted life's tumultuous stage
 With honour and with joy.

EPITAPH.

What is known as the Horsfall Mill Riot, in May, 1826, was a serious affair to some of the parties concerned in it. A large mob had surrounded the mill, and after demolishing all the windows with stones someone fired a pistol into the factory, the persons who were defending it fired from twenty to thirty shots upon the mob by which two persons were killed, viz., Jonas Barstow, of Queen's Head (now Queensbury), aged 18 years, and Edward Fearnley, of Bradford, aged 14, interred in Bradford Churchyard. On the gravestone is the following:—

Have you not seen beneath a darken'd sky
 Quicker than thought the vivid lightning fly ?
 Equally as quick was the unmerited blow
 That pierced my heart, and laid my head thus low.
 Merciful God, thou glorious King of Heaven,
 Forgive the deed, that I may be forgiven.

On one grave stone appears the couplet—

Names, and sects, and parties fall,
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all,

GOOD LORD CLIFFORD RESTORED.

Song at Brougham Castle. W. WORDSWORTH.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the minstrel sate,
 And Eamont's murmur mingled with the song :
 The words of ancient time I thus translate,
 A festal strain that hath been silent long.

* * * *

How glad is Skipton at this hour—
 Though she is but a lonely Tower !
 To vacancy and silence left ;
 Of all her guardian sons bereft—
 Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or groom :
 We have them at the feast of Brougham.

* * * *

Glad were the vales and every cottage hearth ;
 The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more ;
 And ages after he was laid in earth,
 The Good Lord Clifford was the name he bore.

SIR EDWARD STANLEY.

By THOMAS STANLEY, Badsworth, 1512.

Thomas became Bishop of Man. He wrote a metrical history of the Stanley Family, (Brit. Museum, Coll. and Harleian MSS.), and the ballad "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessie," printed by Thos. Heywood. "Earls of Derby and Verse Writers of 16th Century" was probably written by Thomas Stanley.

HIS second sonne Edward [Stanley] was married to an heire
 Of a thousand markes a yeare, of good land and faire.
 His playing on instruments was a good noyse,
 His singing as excellent with a sweete voice.
 His countenance comelie, with visage demure,
 Not moving, ne streininge, but stedfast and sure.
 He would shoue in a single recorde pype
 As many partes as any in a bagpipe.
 When the King of Castell was driven hether
 By foarce and violence of wyndie wether,
 He brought with him that were thought good musitions,
 There was none better in their opinions ;
 The King of Castell saide their actes were so able ;
 They were gentlemen of howses notable.
 "I have," quoth the Henerie the Seventh," a Knyght my servant,
 One of the greatest earles sonnes in all my land,
 He playeth on all instruments none comes amisse
 Called Sir Edward Stanley ; loo, there he is.

MURDER OF GEO. BLACKBURN,

Elmhirst, Barnsley, 1840, by John Mitchell, aged 19.



HIS limbs were bound in the lonesome cell,
 With black remorse in his heart to dwell.
 That one so young should do such a deed
 As life to take for unlawful greed,
 Is indeed most sad to the upright mind,
 As it shows how base may become mankind.

Near Vernon's Mount is the blood-stain'd laud,
 Where Blackburn fell by the ruffian's hand ;
 The place is known as the Elmhirst farm ;
 'Twas there he dwelt with no thought of harm :
 But he was waylaid near his own door stone,
 And with fatal stroke he was made to moan.

A stone was hurled with a fearful bound,
 Which laid him low on the damp, cold ground.
 His servant screamed, for she saw him fall,
 The wretches fled o'er the planting wall ;
 From the barracks near, sped some soldiers brave,
 But they were too tardy his life to save.

Stern Justice reached the worst of the gang,
 Who dealt the blow which gave the death pang.
 His brow was seared with foul murder's brand,
 And he was sent to a penal land,
 Like a beast of prey to be barred and chained,
 In thrall to be held while his life remained.

JOHN HUGH BURLAND.

POOR MARY :

A Tale by JOSEPH HARDAKER, Haworth, 1822.

HOARSE the wind was hollow roaring,
 Keen it swept across the plain ;
 Fast in teeming torrents pouring,
 Fell the driving, drenching rain.

Dark and drear, the sky o'erclouded
 Scarce was seen one cheering light ;
 In a robe of blackness shrouded
 Slowly passed the gloomy night.

Mary, whom her friends once wealthy
 Born of affluent parents gay ;
 Rich their farms, their cattle healthy,
 Few in life so rich as they.

But from troubles free are any ?
 Human nature tells us, No !
 Stern misfortune, foe to many,
 Laid poor Mary's parents low :

Fortune frowned, she fell from grandeur
 Yet her mind was still serene ;
 Envy's tongue could never brand her
 Ever haughty, ever vain.

Though of wealth's gay plumes divested
 Ever cheerful, ever fair ;
 Though on humble fare subsisted,
 Still she was her Edwin's care.

That dread night, when fate's black standard,
 Waved o'er moor and dale with gloom ;
 That fell night poor Mary wander'd,
 Far from Edwin, far from home.

Edwin knew his much-lov'd Mary
 Had that night to cross the ford ;
 Off he brush'd o'er mountains dreary,
 Proud to meet her whom he stored.

Wet and weary, and benighted,
From the market homewards bound,
With foreboding fears affrighted,
Trembling at each rustling sound :

Edwin soon approach'd the river,
Soon, too soon, he reached the bourne ;
From whose fatal streams he never
With his Mary must return.

One impatient hour he hover'd,
Near the deep that rumbling roar'd
When his anxious gaze discover'd
Mary wand'ring near the ford.

O'er the river's wild commotions,
Fix'd they viewed the rolling flood ;
Think how each breast with fond emotions
Glowed, while on each side they stood.

Through the wood still wildly howling,
Rushed the wind with murmurs hoarse ;
While the river onwards rolling,
Rumbled with redoubled force.

Edwin, mindful of his Mary,
Though she press'd him to return ;
Nor with thoughtless steps unwary,
Rashly plunge amid the bourne.

As we live, said Mary, turning
From a scene that pierced her breast ;
Let us wander safe till morning,
Or beneath the thickets rest.

Leave, O Edwin, leave, O leave me,
Wouldst't thou peace or pleasure give ;
If thy steps, alas ! deceive thee,
Where can then thy Mary live ?

All entreaty unavailing
On a shelving rock he stood,
While the foamy surge was swelling
O'er the margin of the flood.

His advancing steps alarmed her,
As he smiling left the shore ;
Soon one fearful shriek informed her
That her Edwin was no more.

While borne down with headlong fury,
Ere a lifeless corpse he laid,
"Think upon thy Edwin, Mary,"
Were the faltering words he said.

She for one short moment saw him,
Tugging, struggling hard for breath ;
But she could not, could not draw him,
From the yawning jaws of death.
None but those who pine and languish,
With a mind disorder'd sore,
Can conceive the grief and anguish,
And the miseries that she bore.
Still she lives, by friends protected,
Oft she murmurs, droops and sighs ;
Oft she wanders, sore dejected,
Where her hapless Edwin lies.
O'er his tomb she mourns, but weeps not,
Tearless sorrow racks her breast ;
Sound and soft as once, she sleeps not,
Scarce a slumber gives her rest.
Pale her cheeks, that once so blooming,
Once so florid, fresh, and fair ;
Low her mind, once unassuming,
Burden'd now with sad despair.
Mute, whose song was once so graceful,
As could charm the listening ear ;
Dumb those airs, that once so tasteful,
Soothed to pity, moved to cheer.
Wild her eyes, with frenzy streaming,
Fled her once attracting mien ;
These no more with lustre beaming,
Speak a peaceful mind within.
Loose and careless now her dress is,
Once adjusted, neat, and gay ;
Her once graceful auburn tresses,
Careless with the wild winds play.
Thousands soothe and pity Mary,
Thousands mourn young Edwin's fate ;
Youths, in life's gay scenes unweary,
Curb your passions ere too late.

EPITAPH.

John Knott, scissors-grinder, Sheffield.
Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him ;
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie
Knott christened, Knott begot
And here he lies and yet was Knott,

THE HAMBLETON HILLS.

HO! for the Yorkshire moors and hills!
Where the summer breeze is straying,
And the gay lark sings,
As he upward springs,
His message to heaven conveying.

Fair is the land through which we pass,
With its verdure green and tender,
Where the roses sweet
And the marguerite
Their richest tributes render.

Here are the "fir trees waving high,"
And the light and sunny beeches,
And the heather's seen
And the bracken green
As far as the glad eye reaches.

Far in the west, through a dreamy haze
(One of Nature's own disguises),
Looms the Pennine Range,
Looking dim and strange,
In this land of great surprises.

Ho! for the Yorkshire moors and hills,
And the springing turf, and heather,
Where we sixteen went,
And we sixteen spent
A delightful day together.

"Gormire Lake," an unfathomed tarn,
On its surface is portraying
The clustering trees,
Which the passing breeze
With caressing touch is swaying.

Ho! for the Yorkshire moors and hills!
With such wonders spread before us
Now in songs of praise
We our voices raise
And all join in Nature's chorus.

Ho! for the Yorkshire moors and hills!
And ho! for the land of heather,
If its joys you'd know,
You yourselves must go,
And I hope you'll have fine weather.

M. E. C.

COVENANTERS.

HONOUR to these men of old,
 In the cause of freedom bold,
 Flinching not, though often told
 They must stoop or die!
 Moorland grasses gently wave
 Over many a martyr's grave,
 But their spirits, true and brave,
 Rest with God on high!

What to them were roods of earth,
 Stores of wealth, or princely birth?
 One bright gem of countless worth
 Far outweighed the whole;
 'Twas for this they nobly stood,
 Linked in bonds of brotherhood,
 Claiming still, with tears of blood,
 Liberty of soul.

Heroes of immortal name!
 Oh! may Britain ever claim
 Sons right worthy of the fame
 Which your deeds have won!
 Rather moulder into dust
 Than betray their sacred trust,
 Loyalty to God the Just,
 Fealty to His Son.

[? B. BACKHOUSE, Scarbro'.]

EPITAPHS.

Epitaphs in the Vestry, Norton, near Malton:

Here lyes the corpse of Thomas Westrop, Esquier, a valiont soldiour in campe, a faithfull servitor in court, and a bountyfull housekeeper in ye country.

His worthie partes my muse might more commend,
 But vertue from oblivion will defend;
 And, in dispite of tyme, preserve and keepe
 His praise in memorie, thoughe his person sleepe.
 Obiit 12 die Aprilis, 1604. Anno ætatis suæ 67 timo.

Here worthy Captayne William Courley lies;
 Who served the Emperor Charles fyfth of that name;
 Henry the second, king of Fraunce likewise;
 And lost his legge in Ireland, with fame,
 In service of the queene, his soveraigne dame.
 Courteous he was, and faithfull to his frend,
 Valiant his life, and godly was his ende.

Obiit 17 Junii, ano 1591.

SICK BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

[By S. BARROWCLOUGH, Minister of the Gospel, Stainland. Original Hymns for the Amicable Societies' Annual Sermons, 1794, at Stainland. Printed with the Sermons, 1796.]

HOW pleasant and glorious the sight,
 When brethren in charity join,
 When kindred and friends all unite,
 To assist one another combine.
 Inspir'd with a tender regard,
 They feel for their friends in distress
 Then kindly their help doth afford
 That sufferings so great may be less.
 How skilful, how worthy, and wise,
 The plan that hath gain'd their assent!
 Here's timely and needful supplies,
 Convey'd to their members in want.
 Here all do contribute to raise
 A fund for their brethren in need,
 And this is design'd for relief
 To all who are members indeed.
 'Twas founded in love and good will,
 Approved by the wise and the good;
 Increases, in members who feel,
 The benefits freely bestow'd,
 The favour so needful and kind
 Receiv'd by their indigent poor,
 When all in afflictions do find
 Supplies from their competent store.
 May God with his blessing attend
 The well-meant design of our care,
 May numbers unite as our friends,
 And with us the privilege share.
 Thus while our afflictions abound,
 The friendly assistance we prove,
 And dying if in Christ we are found
 We then shall not need it above.

EPITAPH.

Northallerton :

Margeri Re gist ici a vous Jhu Cri Merci.
 X vous ki passez par ici priez pur l'alme
 ke fu Margeri. (Norman French.)

Here lies Margery Rey,
 To you Jesu she cries mercy;
 All you who go by this way
 Pray for the soul that was Margery.

WILFRED AND ELENORE.

HOW sweetly sunk the summer sun,
Dipt in the golden wave;
The ocean breeze, to Cumberland,
A balmy freshness gave.

White blossoms covered bank and bower,
Loud hymned the feathery choir,
And red, on Duddon's waters, glowed
The western skies on fire.

When, with close hood and rosary,
In pilgrim's amice grey,
Barefooted, down by Duddon's streams,
A friar took his way.

Wayworn appeared his step, and slow,
His meditation deep;
At last, he sat beneath a thorn,
And sadly 'gan to weep.

The river hummed a drowsy tune,
The linnet o'er him sung,
And, o'er the flower-enamel'd meads,
The wild deer lightly sprung.

"What news, what news, thou holy friar?
Why flow thy sorrowing tears?
Or has some unrepented sin
Aroused thy griefs and fears?"

The friar upraised his swimming eyes—
A youthful shepherd spoke,
A mantle wrapped his graceful form,
He grasped a sturdy crook.

"Shepherd," replied the friar grey,
"Man's only born to tears,
And wider ope their fountains,
The faster flow his years.

Away! away! thy heart is light,
Untouched by cankering care,
Go, seek thy herd, my soul is dark
And needs the light of prayer."

"Nay friar," the gentle youth replied,
"Though weeping not like thee,
I yet, perchance, a tale can tell,
Of deeper misery:

'Tis short, but it may ease thy pain,
For woe loves tale of woe,
Know that I am a belted knight
And not a shepherd low.

See'st thou yon castle on the cliff,
 The eagle's eyrie hoar?
 There dwells proud Nevil's wealthy lord
 And beauteous Elenore.

I dared to love, though I was poor,
 A knight of low degree,
 And high o'er all but equal lore,
 A baron's daughter she.

Her sire my suit denied, in wrath
 My presence there forbade,
 And destines for another's love,
 Another's arms the maid.

Nay, look up friar, for could I weep
 Some comfort there might be;
 But place of rest, there's none on earth
 Except the tomb for me.

Disguised I go once more to view
 Sweet Duddon's flower divine,
 And then to seek a soldier's grave
 In distant Palestine.

Thou tremblest, friar, what aileth thee?
 What greater ill can move?
 Or hast thou grief of deeper shade
 Than hapless, hopeless love?"

The friar drew closer down his hood,
 And answered—"In yon tower
 I saw Lord Dalmenie ride fast
 To claim fair Elenore.

It was her bridal day, they said,
 (The shepherd gave a groan,)
 O! she seemed more a sacrifice
 Than wooed and wedded one.

But scarce I'd tarried there an hour,
 When news around was spread
 That from bridegroom, church, priest and sire,
 The destined bride was fled."

The shepherd knight leaned on his crook,
 Shook by strange agony,
 And murmured—"Bless thy heart, good friar,
 But what's that maid to thee?"

The friar resumed his mournful tears
 And turned his head aside,
 And answered not. The shepherd stept
 A step, and sadly cried—

"Farewell, good friar; green Cumberland
I'll search both far and wide,
And if she perish, there I'll rest
And slumber by her side."

But love has many ministers;
A gust came over flood,
O'er waving wood, green holm, and blew
Away the friar's hood.

And Elenore, in beauty's power,
In all her virgin charms,
Burst on Sir Wilfrid's wondering gaze,
And sunk into his arms.

The sun had left gay Duddon's barks,
Heaven gave cool cups of dew
To earth's parched flowers; their hearts more parched,
Love's nectar cheered anew.

Till sleuth-hound bay'd, and bugle sung
Pursuit for many a mile;
But far the lovers fled beyond
The towers of fair Carlisle.

STEPHEN FAWCETT, Bradford, 1842.

THE TIGER LILY.

North Riding Election Ballad, 1865.

HURRAH for the Tiger Lily
Which the gallant Wallace wore; [Sir Maxwell.]
Hurrah the Derby dilly
Shall rule the realm no more.

'Twas on a July morning,
That of a coming fight;
The trumpeters gave warning
In motley armour dight.

And led the Northallerton's stout van,
A Chieftain, at his side
A heroine, like a stately swan
Upon the swelling tide.

Welcomed loud cheers, while banners wave,
Wallace of Waterloo,
And husky throats like welcome gave
To his loyal lady too.

They met the portly Vicar,
As he blandly strode along;
And he spake, as his pace grew quicker,
"Now, Lady, for a song."

"And wouldst thou have me cater,"
 She said "for such as thee,
 To the good cause a traitor
 Of Yorkshire liberty!"

Grimly the 'Lion' he looked down,
 From his palace of ale and gin,
 While the landlord plied the thirsty town
 And his jovial guests within. [Conservative.]

Quoth Wallace wight, with angry scowl,
 "Thy sires and mine were foes,
 And if I hear thy wonted growl
 I'll twist thy Royal nose."

The old 'Black Bull,' claimed homage due,
 As he marked the matchless pair;
 His eyeballs glared as they nearer drew,
 And he tost his horns in air. [Liberal.]

Then Wallace wight, with lowly bow,
 'If thou our cause befriend,
 A Golden Calf, none such, I trow,
 To Parliament we'll send."

God prosper long yon solemn tower
 As when proud Surrey's host
 Wound past in Scotland's darkest hour,
 Be Church and State our boast.

But better suits yon mushroom spire,
 A creed of yesterday;
 And those who would to power aspire
 It boots not where they pray.

To lady fair and stalwart knight
 A whisper came from far,
 Let not stern rule or modish rite
 Betray the chance of war."

"Church and Dissent," quoth Wallace brave,
 "To us are both alike,
 When our country's wrongs our service crave,
 And for the right we strike."

But ah, corrupt Northallerton,
 Deaf to the charmer's voice,
 And the cheer of Scotland's valiant son,
 Thou bidst the foes rejoice.

Now hark, what shout of victory
 Awakes the drowsy street?
 Hath Milbank won, and can it be
 That we the victor greet.

Yes, ere shall hymn the minster's knell,
 The requiem of the day ;
 Shall freedom's scathless citadel
 The yellow flag display.

Hurrah for Milbank ! blessings shower
 On him and those he led ;
 Let Morritt seek his broken bower,
 And Duncombe hide his head !

Hurrah for the Tiger Lily,
 Which the gallant Wallace wore.
 Hurrah ! the Derby dilly
 Shall rule the realm no more.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH, Langton-on-Swale.

See the sequel,—Northallerton's Lament. "They gave me parchments,"

THE PILGRIM FATHERS ;

A Dramatic Cantata by Rev. J. M. Gwynne Owen ; Music by Thos. Facer : Words 24 pp. Part I. Scrooby & Austerfield, 1607-8. Solo by "William Bradford."—(Persecutors' approach.)

HUSH your song ! your worship cease !
 Warning comes to break our peace.
 God hath willed our faith to try,
 Persecution draweth nigh.

King and law have we defied ;
 On our God have we relied ;
 Be ye patient, be ye brave,
 Trust him still for he will save.

Rulers rage, but rage in vain,
 Wrath of man will God restrain ;
 And his grace will manifest
 To his servants when oppress'd.

Though we fly as outlaws now,
 To the king we will not bow,
 Conscience must and shall be free,
 Whatsoe'er the laws decree.

Hide yourselves, the foe is nigh,
 Hunting as with hue and cry ;
 Seek we safety while we may,
 Till the danger pass away.

EPITAPH.

Richmond :
 Here lies the body of William Wix,
 One thousand seven hundred and sixty six.

EPITAPHS.

Aysgarth: Dorothy, wife of Marmaduke Needham, of Thoraby, and of Thomas Terry, (probably her grandson) is a specimen of churchyard doggerel:—

Here is truth, amazing, and reader you may see,
As though the worms should preach to you and me;
We were like you, and you like us must be.

Flamborough, 1843.

Here lie a generous pair,
Now numbered with the dead,
Whose bounteous hands have oft supplied
The hungry poore with bread.

Bradford Church: Mary Outhwaite, 1840, aged 12.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are grieved
This consolation's given:
She's from a world of woe relieved
And blooms a Rose in heaven.

Rotherham Churchyard: Edward Swair, 1781.

Here lies a man which farmers loved,
Who always to them constant proved;
Dealt with freedom, just and fair,
An honest miller all declare.

Masham:

Here lies an old ringer, beneath the cold clay,
Who has rung many peals both to serious and gay,
Thro' grandsires and triplets with ease he could range,
Till death called his Bob, and brought round his last clang.

John Broadley, Minister at Sowerby, buried at Halifax Church,
Feb. 1625-6; his wife two weeks later.

Here lies interred a zealous grave divine,
Meek, loving, loved, only with sin at strife;
Who heard him, saw life in his doctrine shiue,
Who saw him, heard sound doctrine in his life;
And in the same cold bed here rests his wife.
Nor are they dead, but sleep; for he ne'er dies
That waits for his sweet Saviour's word, *Arise*.

Isaac Rhodes, Bingley :

Here lies an old ringer, beneath this cold clay,
Who has rung many peals both for serious and gay,
Bob majors and trebles, with ease he could bang.
Till death called a bob, which brought the last clang.

Bingley: Hezekiah Briggs, 1844, aged 79, sexton 43 years,
buried 7000 corpses.

Here lies an old ringer beneath the cold clay,
Who has rung many peals both for serious and gay;
Through grandsire and trebles with ease he could range,
Till death called a Bob which brought round the last change.

For all the village came to him
When they had need to call;
His counsel free to all was given,
For he was kind to all.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell,
Still kind to me thy matins swell,
And when from earthly things I part,
Sigh o'er my grave, and lull my heart.

Leeds: Jan. 1674;

Here lies his father's eldest son.
Whose name was Edward Waddington;
Close by his grandfather, John Thwaites,
Both snatcht away by cruel fates;
Whom God above (we hope) has blest,
To live with him in endless rest.

In Welton Churchyard: Jeremiah Simpson, 1719, aged 83.

Here lieth He ould Jeremy who hath eight times
married been, but now in his ould age, he lies in
his cage, under the gras so green. [See next.]

Here lies Jeremiah Found, who has eight times married been,
Bnt now old age has caught him in his cage,
And he lies under the grass so green.

He was found by Jeremiah the Sexton, and died at the age of ninety-six.(?)

Barwick-in-Elmet.

Here lies, retired from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of Marines,
Who lately lived in gay content
On board the brave ship "Diligent."
Now stripped of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confined in earth in narrow borders
He rises not till further orders.



Blind Jack Metcalfe, Spofforth, 1810, aged 92.

Here lies John Metcalfe, one whose infant sight
 Felt the dark pressure of an endless night :
 Yet such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
 His limbs full strength, his spirit unconfined,
 That long, ere yet life's bolder years began,
 His sightless efforts mark'd the aspiring man—
 Nor mark'd in vain—high deeds his manhood dared,
 And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared ;
 'Twas his, a guide's unerring aid to lend,
 O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend,
 And when rebellion reared her giant size.
 'Twas his to burn with patriot enterprize ;
 For parting wife and babe one pang to feel,
 Then welcome danger for his country's weal.
 Reader ! like him, exert thy utmost talent given ;
 Reader ! like him, adore the bounteous hand of heaven.

York Minster:

Latin: Here lyes John Wyrnal so well skilled in the arts of music and speech that he made even the organ speak. [before 1640.]

Leeds: Ald. John Thoresby, 1661, aged 69.

Here lies lamented precious dust,
A tradesman true, a justice just;
A husband kind, a parent dear
Who walked with God in faith and fear.

Cantley Church, Doncaster: On the tombstone of a rich eccentric man, whose stone-coffin he made for himself and used it at the inn he kept for a water-trough: (? how far true.)

Here lies one that died;
Nobody either mourned or cried;
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody either knows or cares.

Keighley Church, 1713:

Here lies the body of John Drake
Who never did his friend forsake,
Houses and land he left to be
A Free School Master's sallary.
He lived and dyd without a mate,
And yielded to the laws of fate.

Doncaster: died 1816.

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded,
One dy'd of his wounds and the other was drowned.

York Minster:

Latin: Here lie the ashes of Kirby, an excellent chanter and incomparable organist. He sung extraordinary songs in charming tunes. He was the boast, glory and honour of this church, &c. [about 1600.]

Rothwell: Thomas Flockton, sexton, 1783, aged 78.

Here lies within this porch so calm
Old Thomas. Pray sound his knell,
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

Jepson, the Ripon benefactor.

Here lies Zachary Jepson whose age was 49,
A very short period for so worthy a person.

Bishophthorpe: Robert Brighthouse, 1579:

Here lieth he whose flower of youth in sin was spent;
But thro' grace of the Deity in age he did repent;
And trusted in Christ, from God being sent;
Expecting now with the saints alone
The long'd for coming of Jesus to doom.

Wortley, near Barnsley: Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Nevinson,
1710, aged 7. Relatives of the Nevinsons, highwaymen.

Here lieth interred a gem and jewel rare
A virgin pure, a maiden fair.

St. Michael's, Coventry: Capt. Gervase Scrope, Bolton, Yorks. 1705.
Epitaph written by himself in the agony and dolorous paines of the Gout,
and dyed soon after:

Here lyes an old tossed Tennis Ball,
Was racketted from Spring to Fall
With so much heat and so much hast,
Time's arm (for shame) grew tyr'd at last.
Four Kings in Camps he truly serv'd
And from his loyalty ne'er swerv'd.
Father ruin'd, the son slighted
And from the Crown ne'er requited.
Loss of Estate, Relations, Blood,
Was too well known, but did no good.
With long campaigns and pains of th' gout,
He could no longer hold it out:
Always a restless life he led,
Never at quiet till quite dead.
He marry'd in his latter dayes,
One who exceeds the common praise,
But wanting breath still to make known
Her true affection and his own.
Death kindly came, all wants supply'd
By giving Rest which life deny'd.

On the floor of the nave, Selby.

Here lyes ye body of poor Frank Raw,
Parish clark and gravestone cutter;
And ys is writt to let yu know
Wht Frank for others us'd to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.
Buried March ye 31st, 1706.

Rothwell: Elizabeth Darwin, 1843.

Her manners mild, her temper such,
Her language good and not too much.

St. Trinity, Gotheramgate, York : Wm. Ramsden, late Lord Mayor,
died 1679.

Here lyeth loyalty and love,
The choicest grace sent from above ;
One who was pious, prudent, just,
The poor man's friend, in sacred dust.
If in this life perfection be
Ask for the man ? Lo ! this was he.

York Minster :

Here lyeth Thorne, musitian, most perfitt in art,
In Logicks lore who did excell, all vice who set apart,
Whose lief and conversation did all men's love allure.
And now doth reign above the skies in joys most firm
and pure : who died Dec. 7, 1573.

Ecclesfield Church : seen by Dodsworth before 1640.

Here lieth Thomas Shercliffe in Halumshire Mr. of game ;
Who for justice, truth, love and bounty, had alwaies the fame.

Alexander his son and heire lies here hard by,
Who languished in sorrow by his Mrs cruelty.
No Goddes she was but of like nomination
As prudence to the Goddesses have application.
Progeny that read this eschew like fate :
Jehova say Amen. Continue your posterity on
earth and I rest in Heaven. Finis.

John Dealtry, M.D., 1773, York Minster :

Here o'er the tomb where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
See Health in emblematic anguish weep !
She drops her faded wreath ; " No more," she cries,
" Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
Implore my feeble aid : It failed to save
My own and nature's guardian from the grave."

Scarbro' : George Lancaster, drowned, 1848.

Here is an instance set before our eyes
How soon the stoutest is cut down and dies.
He rose in health, he was the same at noon,
Before the next sun rose his glass was run.

On a tomb for Mr. Thomas Martin, of Holbeck, 1677—Leeds P. Ch.

Here, near God's Temple, lyes at rest
A Martyn in his earthly nest ;
Dutiful to his parents and charitable to the poor ;
Careful—God blessed him therefore.

Bradford Church : Wm. Ellis, 1820, infant.

Here rests in peace beneath this sculptured stone
A fav'rite baby, a lovely first-born son,
Who sweetly spent, on earth, three years of time,
Then made his exit to a fairer clime.
Ah ! cruel death, that could so soon destroy
A father's comfort and a mother's joy.

Esther Brearcliffe and her son Favour. Halifax, 1629.

Here rest three saints ; the one a little brother,
The Favour of his scarce surviving mother :
Then she expired, and bore unto her tomb,
An unborn infant coffin'd in her womb.

Bradford Church : Mary Walker, 1825, aged 24.

Here sleeps a tender wife and friend,
Far from her native home ;
Summoned in youth her days to end,
My tears shall bathe her tomb.
Her lovely babes I will defend,
And may we meet where sorrows end.

Brodsworth : Abigail, dau. of Archbishop Drummond.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace.
12 lines by the Rev. Wm. Mason.

On a tablet outside St. Mary's Church, Beverley, there is this inscription :

Here two young Danish souldiers lye,
The one in quarrell chanced to dye ;
The other's head by their own law
With sword was sever'd at one blow.
December 23d, 1689.

The register confirms this, and gives their names, Straker and Bellow.

Norton, Malton : Wm. Courley, 1591.

Here worthy Captayne William Courley lies ;
Who served the Emperor Charles fyfth of that name ;
Henry the second, king of Fraunce likewise ;
And lost his legge in Ireland, with fame ;
In service of the Queene his soveraigne dame.
Courteous he was, and faithfull to his frend ;
Valiant his life, and godly was his ende.

Ann, wife of Joseph Teale, Woodkirk, Wakefield, died Nov. 1845,
aged 54.

Her like on earth I never more shall find,
So meek, so humble, and so good and kind;
But now that she is dead I will no more complain,
For my great loss is her eternal gain.

In the North Transept of Westminster Abbey, on one of the pillars is a neat tablet, on which is this inscription:—

Grace, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Mauleverer, of Allerton Mauleverer, in Yorkshire, Bart., born 1622, married to Colonel Scott, a member of the Honourable House of Commons, 1644, and died February 24th, 1645.

He that will give my GRACE but what is hers
Must say her death has not
Made only her dear *Scott*,
But Virtue, Worth, and Sweetness, Widowers.

John Claybourn, Scarbro', drowned 1836.

He was an affectionate husband and a sincere friend;
Here safely moor'd, amongst the peaceful dead
And from his labours rests his weary head.
With Neptune's waves he many times has fought,
But yet the blow was struck when least was thought.

Hartshead Church: John Fearnley died at Wakefield in 1756, aged 86.

He was born at Clifton and as it appears,
In Kirklees family lived seventeen years,
He at that place had seven baronets seen,
Here in his time hath sixteen curates been,
Lived fifty years at Hightown, thence was married,
His first espoused was at Birstall buried;
Near the other two here is laid,
Waiting the resurrection of the dead.

Hessle: Robert Pease, Hull, banker, 1770.

He whose remains now rest beneath this stone
In social grace and filial duty shone;
Good was his judgment, his discernment clear,
Ardent his friendship and his soul sincere;
Such wast thou, *Pease*, here *peaceful* rest thy dust
Till waked at the revival of the just.

All Hallows, York.

John Etty, carpenter, Jan. 1708-9, aged 75; probably ancestor of his namesake the great artist.

His Art was great, his Industry was no less;
What one projected, the other brought to pass.

Northallerton, 1853.

Hic jacet Walter Gunn,
Sometime landlord of the Sun.
Sic transit gloria mundi,
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed and died on Sunday.

Lestingham.

His languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching is o'er;
His quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.

Idle Church, Powell, 1851, infant.

His thread was short but finely spun,
His morning gone, his work is done;
His tender plant cropt in its rise,
Transplanted into paradise.

Norton, Malton: Thomas Westrop, Esq., soldier, 1604, aged 66.

His worthie partes my muse might more commend,
But vertue from oblivion will defend;
And in despite of tyme, preserve and keepe
His praise in memorie, though he person sleepe.

Wensley; Thomas Maude, Esq., poet, 1798.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in the life to come.

Doncaster, 1579.

Howe, howe, who is heare?
I Robin of Doncastere
And Margaret my feare (wife);
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

Quoth Robert Byrkes who in the world did reign
Three score years and seven, and yet lived not one.

Bradford Church: Martha Blagborough, 1817, aged 62.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Malton, Thomas Weatherhead, died 1786, aged 68; and also on the
gravestone of Maria Atkinson, Beverley Minster, died 1814, aged 20.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,
To whom related, by whom begot.
A heap of dust remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Keighley Church: Ann Greenwood, 1792, aged 17.

How loved, you lived, how much lamented fell,
Your husband's mournful heart and friends can tell,
Then take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys forgive our grief.

Idle Church: Thomas North, 1867.

How sudden and how painful was the stroke,
By which the slender thread of life was broke;
Reader reflect, what happened unto me,
For aught thou knowest may happen unto thee.

Hull Cemetery, Hesse Road: Thomas Crackles, drowned 1869.

How swift the torrent rolls
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On to Eternity.

St. Michael le Belfry, York. On Vavasour's infant, great grand-child
of Michael Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley.

How vain a thing is man
When God thinks meet
Oft-times with swaddling clothes,
To join the winding sheet!
A web of forty weeks
Spun forth in pain,
To his dear parent's grief
Soon unravelled out again
This babe intomb'd
Upon the world did peep;
Disliked it; closed his eyes;
Fell fast asleep.

At Whitby, on a gravestone near the outside of the chancel door of the old church, is the following:—

Here lieth the body of Francis Huntrodes, sen., and Mary, his wife; who were interred here the 12th day of September, anno 1680.

Husband, and wife that did twelve children bear,
Dyed the same day; alike both aged were,
About eighty years they lived: Five hours did part
(Even on their marriage day) each dearest heart.
So fit a match surely could never be;
Both in their lives, and in their deaths, agree.

BOLD IRISHMAN.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

I AM a bold Irishman, just come to town,
To view London City of fame and renown,
And when I came there people used to walk,
The name that I gave it was Hyde-park.
Fal de ral, &c.

I was in a hurry until I got there,
By my soul you'd have thought I was going to the fair,
For when I got there they were making a rout
About two naked buffers were buffing it out.

There was great fencing but the devil a stroke,
Thought I to myself all this is a joke,
I said my brave bullies leave off your tricks,
For it's my country fashion to box with two sticks.

A big headed bullie with a head like a turk,
Says you're welcome from Ireland, sweet Paddy from Cork,
Arrah turn you round Pat I have been kind,
For I never yet saw a coat button'd behind.

A beef-headed butcher was then standing by,
Cried Paddy you rogue I'll bung up your eye,
Such blustering words made my poor heart ache,
For fear of my eyes not a word dare I spake.

It's I've been put up to the word of command,
I took my shelalah right fast in my hand,
I hit these two bullies right over the head,
By my soul you'd have thought they'd been seven years dead.

The bully that threaten'd to bang out my eye,
I tipt him a grinder as I passed by,
I let him to know as he laid in his gore,
That an Irishman's coat was button'd before.

Less than ten minutes the green it was clear,
The devil a bully was there to appear,
Says one to the other I'd have you run quick,
Do you see the wild Irishman's got a big stick.

It's I being up to the rigs of the City
 To kiss pretty fair maids I thought it no pity,
 Such blustering words made them all stare,
 Yet they all own'd I was the boy for the fair.

THE MINSTREL.

I AM a Minstrel old and grey,
 And through our ancient vales
 I wander forth to sing and play
 Where rural life prevails;
 And though I earn but scanty fare,
 I do not weary on my way,
 For when I play a mirthful air,
 I'm merry as the birds in May.



I take my stand beneath a tree
 Adjacent to the village inn,
 And there I chant a moving glee
 To all the villagers within;
 I mark with joy each jocund smile
 As cheery to me they do say,
 And pass me ale and pence the while,
 "We're merry as the birds in May."

And when the rustic children troop
 From school upon a rosy eve,
 They cluster round, a smiling group,
 Who fain would not the minstrel leave.
 I lightly touch my harp and sing
 When gaily to me they do say,
 "Your songs to us much gladness bring,
 We're merry as the birds in May."

The Squire upon his horse comes by
 And bids me to his hall :
 An old horn there is never dry,
 For welcome is my call ;
 His daughters to me they do cling,
 My grey beard pull and quaintly say,
 "O minstrel, when your songs you sing,
 We're merry as the birds in May."

'Tis thus I wander on my way
 And envy neither court nor king,
 For while I've power my harp to play
 Enjoyment to me it will bring ;
 And though I earn but scanty fare
 I do not weary on my way,
 For when I play a mirthful air
 "I'm merry as the birds in May."

T. J. MONKMAN, Hull, b. 1844.

COUNTY OF TYRONE.

I AM a young weaver and I'll do my endeavour
 To please all the pretty girls abroad and at home.
 My mind run on rambling and I took to travelling,
 So I took my departure from the county of Tyrone.

My parents often told me they would never control me,
 They'd make me a draper if I'd stay at home ;
 But I took a notion of a higher promotion,
 So I took my departure from the county of Tyrone.

I straight went to Nury where I fell a courting
 A pretty young girl for a wife of my own ;
 When I went to her she ne'er could endure me,
 She said that I was married in the county of Tyrone.

Then as for my character you need not to mind it,
 For married or promised I ne'er was to none ;
 She said on her conscience she would chance it,
 And travel with me to the county of Tyrone.

Then early next morning as day was dawning,
 We took our departure to the third mile-stone ;
 The guards did pursue us but never could reach us,
 So I wished in my heart I had been at Tyrone.

Still they pursned us but ne'er could come to us,
 Till met with an old man walking alone,
 He told them he met us & where they might get us,
 And we were talking of the county of Tyrone.

Yet they pursued us but could not come to us,
 They swore if they caught me they'd break my bone,
 If they e'er took me a prisoner they'd make me
 They'd commit, march, and hang me in Tyrone.

A captain being near us where a vessel was lying,
 Then all our cares to him we made known,
 He sent a boat to us and on board they got us,
 And told me their vessel was bound to Tyrone.

When the ship was sailing, my love fell a wailing,
 I offered her a cordial that I brought from home,
 But still she denied it and said never mind it,
 I can do without it till I come to Tyrone.

It's now I am landed in my own native county,
 In spite of her friends I have brought her home;
 My love's name to finish is young Fanny so fair,
 And the best I could find in the county of Tyrone.

Spencer, Bradford.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I AM sitting in the firelight,
 While around a shadowy train
 Flits, as dreamy thoughts are flitting,
 Through the chambers of my brain:
 Sitting lonely by the embers,
 As my heart sits in my breast,
 Talking with the ghostly shadows
 And the grief that will not rest.

Sitting in the dreamy firelight,
 While the roseate embers glow,
 Flashing lightly as my hopes did
 In the golden long ago.
 Flashing lightly, sinking sadly,
 Waning, dying, one by one;
 And my heart sits by the embers,
 While the mortal night wears on.

I am sitting in the firelight,
 Dreaming of the after time;
 Dreaming dreams I may not utter
 In the feeble words of rhyme;
 Thinking of the coming dawning,
 When the night hath passed away;
 And my ghostly train of shadows
 Shall have vanished, and for aye.

Sitting in the dreamy firelight,
 Tasting of a dreamy joy,
 Building castles in the embers,
 As I did when still a boy—
 Flashing lightly, sinking sadly,
 Fading, crumbling one by one:
 I shall rise from out the ashes
 At the rising of the sun.

Sitting in the fading firelight,
 Thus I pass the night away,
 Waiting through the weary watches
 For the dawning of the day;
 Waiting for the hopes that die not,
 And the joys that shall not flee;
 Mingling dreams of that which hath been,
 Still with that which is to be.

Sitting in the dying firelight,
 Still the shadows come and go;
 Still the ghostly train is dancing—
 Dancing, flitting to and fro;
 And the mystic spell unbroken,
 Holds my willing heart in thrall,
 While my thoughts are weirdly flitting,
 Like the shadows on the wall.

THOMAS NORMINGTON.

SONG OF THE HEART.

I AM with thee in spirit wherever thou art;
 In light or in darkness the spell's on my heart;
 Every thought, every feeling, like streams to the sea,
 In joy or in sorrow glide gently to thee.

In the ray of the sun, and the beam of the moon,
 In the first blush of morning, the glory of noon;
 With the dew on the grass, and the scent on the flower;
 I am with thee in spirit through every hour.

Distance can dim not the light of the soul—
 Ocean divide not though ceaseless it roll,
 Two hearts that have sworn death alone shall dis sever,
 Spirit with spirit shall mingle ever.

Though envy may perish and hatred pass by,
 They are feelings we cherish 'tis well to let die.
 But love must live on, the best boon that is given
 To the children on earth from the Father in heaven.

EDWARD MARSH HEAVISIDES, Stokesley, 1845.

AHR MAGGIE.

A W bleeve ahr Maggie is coortin,
 Fur shu dresses hersen sa smart,
 An shoo's allus runnin tut winda

When thers ony o't' chaps abaat :
 Shoo willent wear her owd shawl,

Bud dons a bonnet et' sted
 An' laps her can in her gahn
 Az shoo gooas tut weyvin shed.

Ov a neet wi snoddened hair,
 An' cheeks like a summer's cherry,
 An lips fair assin fer kisses

An een sa black an sa merry ;
 Shoo taks her knittin tut meadas,
 An sits in a shady nuik,
 An knits while shoo sighs an watches,
 Wi a dreamy lingrin luik.

Thus knittin, sighin, an watchin,
 Shoo cahrs aht on t'soft meada grass,
 Listnin tut murmurin brooklet,

An waitin fur t'sweetheart ta pass ;
 Sho drops her wark i' hur aprun
 An glints aht on t'settin sun :
 An wonders if he gooes a courtin
 When his long day's wark is done.

But shoo hears t'chap's footsteps comin,
 So shoo rises wi modest grace ;

Ay, Mag, tha sly lavin lassie !
 Fershame o' thi bashful face !
 Shoo frames ta be gooin hooem'ards,
 As he lilts ower t'stile,
 Bud when he cums anent her
 Shoo gies him sich a smile.

Then he plaices his airms arrahnd hur,
 An shoo creeps clois to his side,
 An leyns hur heead on his waiscoit,

An walks wi an air o' pride.
 Bud oh ! yo sud see hur glances,
 An oh ! yo sud hear em kiss
 When they pairt thro' one anuther ;
 If shoo izzut coortin, who is ?

EDMUND HATTON.

 EPITAPH.

Hull Cemetery : Wm. Walker, drowned 1823.

I have left the troubled ocean, and now laid down to sleep,
 In hopes I shall set sail Our Saviour Christ to meet.

THE OLD HOME.

By HENRY GALLY-KNIGHT, M.P.,

Born at Langold, near Roche Abbey, in 1788. After extensive travels in the East, he settled at Firbeck and issued a volume of poems entitled "Eastern Sketches."

I CAME where the hall of my fathers had stood,
And mournfully wandered around ;
The blue smoke no longer curled over the wood,
But fragments encumbered the ground.

In vain each old haunt I endeavoured to trace,
Where all was a mouldering heap ;
The garden a desert, and scarcely a place
For remembrance to rest on, and weep.

At length, as I lingered with painful delay,
I glanced on a leaflet of green,
That, entangled with ruin, was forcing its way,
The sole thing of life to be seen.

I ran to the spot, and, relieving the wreath
From the fragments, its features I knew ;
A plant well remembered and loved,—for beneath
My mother's own casement it grew.

There once, when the turret was braving the sky,
Around it that rose had entwined ;
Had leant on its bosom, and decked it on high,
With verdure and blossoms combined.

And now when the turret was gone to the ground,
The garden a wilderness bare,
At its post the pale floweret, though wounded, was found
In pride or adversity there.

Oh, methought as I gazed on its petals of white,
Like woman's affection they blow,
That graces and shares our meridian height,
But clings round us closer in woe.

EPITAPH.

Hull Cemetery : David Collison, drowned 1864.

I cannot bend over his grave,
He sleeps in the secret sea ;
And not one gentle whispered wave
Can tell that place to me.
Although unseen by human eyes,
And mortal *know'd* it not ;
Yet Christ knows where his body lies,
And angels guard the spot.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

(Music by J. H. Tomlinson ; dedicated to Miss Dundas, Aske.)

I CANNOT bear to pass thee by
 As though I knew thee not ;
 Or view past days as vacancy,
 As childish dreams forgot :
 If thou hast found another's brow,
 To be a brighter shrine ;
 Thy changed heart, thy broken vow,
 Shall never alter mine.

I cannot bear to pass thee by,
 Companion of my youth !
 When I have seen thy heart and eye,
 All brightness, love, and truth ;
 Peace be upon thy cloudless brow,
 Unchanging bliss be thine ;
 For when I know thee bless'd below,
 That blessing brightens mine.

I cannot bear to pass thee by,
 Though sealed our lips may be,
 Without a tear, without a sigh,
 Without a prayer for thee :
 When future years around my head,
 Their whiten'd locks entwine ;
 I would that it was pillowed,
 Where thou reposest thine.

W. S. THOMPSON, York.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Wife.—Wharivver hev ye been to, ye maupin owd tyke.

DRINKING SONG.

Air.—"Yorkshire ale is my delight,"

I can not eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood,
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both hand and foot go cold ;
 But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast, but a nut brown toast.
 And a crab laid in the fire,
 A little bread shall do me stead
 Much bread I not desire.
 Drink is my life, although my wife
 Some time does chide and scold,
 Yet spare I not to ply the pot
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back, &c.

TOM TWISLETON, Burnsall.

TE MAH DEAR FREND MARY.*

AH deant intend to hire agean,
 Far Jack's detarmin'd cum what may,
 To mack mah hev him he is fain,
 Neah matter what t'oad fooaks say.
 He's gahing te be a datal man,
 An oad Bob Broon al gie him wark,
 He'll tak a hoose sean as he can,
 And dissent mean te loup it dark;
 For Uncle's promis'd him a coo,
 An tonops for it hoaf at year,
 An nobbut we get winter throo,
 We see neah kasion far te fear.
 There's itting for it hit looan,
 Far which he says there's nowt te pay,
 An that leaks sumthing like all gain,
 But ah sed tive him 'Get away.'
 'Where mun e gan,' sez he te me,
 'Why wheare thah likes, far me,' ah sed,
 Then he sed 'Why al gan wiv thee
 Tit church e neah tarm an be wed.'
 'Noo dis thah mean it, Jack,' sed ah,
 'As sere as Mart'mas is here,
 If thoo'l hev me, ah mean te try
 Te tak thah yam bit end at year.
 Ah sarned teetotal lang ago,
 An seaved me brass, av thorty pund,
 An thoal hev summut, deant say no,
 Ah no thoal hev a lartle fund.'
 'Why, Jack,' sed ah, 'ah hevent mitch,
 Just twenty pund is all me stare,'
 He teak an kist mah, sed 'We're rich,
 An ah kist him, we sed ne mare.

* From *Malton Messenger*, dialect corrected by Robert Mortimer.

But off te Moton, bowt a ring
 Fra that chap wiv a queer neam,
 An if thoe's wanting onny thing,
 If yance thoo gans thool gan agean ;

He sels them oad grandfader's clacks,
 An varry tcheap they seem te be,
 An when tha gans te buy tha fracks,
 Thoo'l earzee find him, gan an see,

They hev a shop e Yarkersgeat,
 An another it Railway Street,
 But as its getting varry leat,
 Ah'l tel thah mare to moan at neet.

Last Sunday as ah sat it pew
 At church, ah heard oad parson read
 Oar askins oat an then a few
 Began te leak at mah, indeed.

Ah was seah shamd ah'd nut been there
 Had ah noan onnything aboot it,
 Ah'd rader a been onnywhere
 Than wear ah was thoo'l nut doot it.

Thoa'l hev te cum an be't brardsmaid,
 An oad Bob Broon's te be me fadder,
 Thoo'l laugh neah doat at what arve sed,
 Seah noo ar'l end this lang palaver.

THE TOILER'S SONG.

I DEARLY love my rustic home,
 My lowly little cot ;
 I crave not for a lordly dome,
 The rich I envy not.

I have no costly gems to wear,
 Nor gorgeous gay attire ;
 For things like these I little care,
 I long for something higher.

I have, 'tis true, no hoarded store
 Of this world's cherished wealth ;
 But I have what I value more—
 Strong willing hands and health.

With these to earn my daily bread
 Right joyfully I toil ;
 And when my humble board is spread,
 'Tis garnished with a smile.

And I have little children dear,
 How loved can not be told;
 And only for their sakes I'd share
 The miser's worship'd gold.
 But though these loved ones cannot claim
 Broad acres, rich and fair,
 I'll leave to them an honest name,
 And many a tearful prayer.

MRS. LOUISA A. HORSFIELD, collier's wife, Barnsley.

THE LARK.

Published in 1843—"Songs from the Parsonage or Lyrical Teachings,
 by a Clergyman."

I DO not love a lay that tells
 A long, unvaried tale of grief;
 The heavy chime of muffled bells,
 Should aye be brief.
 Far better told in sighs than songs—
 If they must needs be told at all—
 The pains, and sorrows, wants and wrongs,
 That each befall.
 The world but little cares, I ween,
 To hear the minstrel's tuneful moan;
 Enough they think to bear the spleen
 That is their own.
 They love far more to hear a lay
 Which speaks not of another's cares;
 But, with sweet music, takes away
 Or lessens theirs.
 A song should be when hearts beat high
 With joy, not sink opprest with sadness;
 Who silent in their troubles lie
 Best sing in gladness.
 The merry lark may have his tune
 Of want and sorrow—none can doubt it;
 But then he does not mount sublime,
 And sing about it.
 No; little diamond edition
 Of nature's sweetest, blithest ditty!
 He dreams not of the poor ambition.
 Of winning pity!
 Still as a bee, 'mid winter snows,
 On dreary days the songster lies;
 But when his gladness overflows
 It fills the skies.

He soars on high, and all may see
 He soars to sing, and sings to bless;
 And not to pour forth melody
 In heaviness.

If when he mounts, his gladsome strain
 Should please the world below, and move them
 With joy, 'tis well,—if not, 'tis plain
 He's far above them.

It grieves not him, light hearted elf,
 If some won't heed his music—still
 He warbles on to please himself,
 And those who will.

Such ways I love thou minstrel gay!
 I'll sing with thee in sunny weather;
 And when there comes a gloomy day,
 We'll rest together.

REV. T. DAVIES, Roundhay.

KING ALDFRED'S EXILE IN ERINN; 685.

Written by King Alfred of Driffield; translated by John O'Donovan.

I FOUND in the fair Innisfail,
 In Ireland, when in exile;
 Many women—no silly crowd—
 Many laics, many clerics.

I found in each Province
 Of the five Provinces of Ireland
 Both in Church and State
 Much of food, much of raiment.

I found gold and silver,
 I found honey and wheat,
 I found affection with the people of God,
 I found banquets and cities.

I found in Armagh the splendid,
 Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,
 Fasting in obedience to the Son of God,
 Noble, prosperous sages.

. . . 40 lines omitted here. . . .

I found the aged of strict morals,
 The historians recording truth;
 Each good, each benefit that I have sung
 In Ireland I have seen.

THE CRAFTY PLOUGHBOY; OR THE YORKSHIRE BITE.

From broadside, 1780. Differs from Dr. Ingledew's copy.

* See *Saddle to Rags*.

IF you please to draw near till the truth I declare,
I'll sing of a farmer who lived in Hartfordshire.
A pretty Yorkshire boy he had for his man
For to do his business; his name it was John.

One morning right early he called his man,
And when he came to him he thus began—
'Take this cow,' he said, 'this day to the fair;
She is in good order, and her I can spare.'

The boy went away, with the cow in a band,
And came to the fair, as we understand;
In a very short time he met with two men,
And sold them the cow for six pounds ten.

They went to his master's host's house for to drink,
Where the farmer paid to the boy down his clink.
The boy to the landlady then he did say,
'Oh, what shall I do with my money, I pray?'

'I'll sew it in the lining of your coat,' said she,
'For fear on the road you robbed should be,'
Thus heard a highwayman, while drinking of wine
Who thought to himself, "The money is mine."

The boy took his leave and homeward did go;
The highwayman he followed after also,
And soon overtook him upon the highway:
'Oh, well overtaken, young man,' he did say.

'Will you get up behind me?' the highwayman said;
'But where are you going?' inquired the lad;
'Above four miles farther, for aught that I know.'
So he jumped up behind, and away they did go.

They rode till they came to a dark, dark lane;
The highwayman said, 'I must tell you plain,
Deliver your money without any strife,
Or else I will surely deprive you of life.'

He found there was no time to dispute,
So jumped off behind him without fear or doubt,
He tore from his linings the money throughout,
And among the long grass he strewed it about.

The highwayman instantly jumped from his horse,
But little he dreamed it was for his loss.
Before he could find where the money was sown
The boy got on horseback and off he was gone.

The highwayman shouted, and bid him to stay,
 The boy would not hear him, but still rode away
 Unto his own master and to him did bring
 Saddle and bridle and many a fine thing.

When the maid-servant saw Jack come riding home,
 To acquaint her master ran into the room.
 The farmer he came to the door with a curse,
 'What a plague! Is my cow turned into a horse?'

The boy said, 'Good master, the cow I have sold,
 But was robbed on the road by a highwayman bold,
 And while he was putting it into his purse,
 To make you amend I came home with his horse.'

His master laughed till his side he did hold,
 And said, 'For a boy thou hast been very bold;
 And as for the villain, you served him right.
 And has put upon him a true Yorkshire bite.'

They opened the bags and quickly was told
 Two hundred pounds in silver and gold,
 With two brace of pistols; the boy said, 'I vow
 I think, my good master, I've well sold your cow.'

Now, Jack, for his courage and valour so rare,
 Three parts of the money he got for his share;
 And since the highwayman has lost all his store,
 Let him go a robbing until he get more.

EPITAPHS.

Thirsk: The Hon. Amelia, daughter of Baron Sparre, Sweden, 1778,
 aged 40.

If e'er sharp sorrow from thine eye did flow,
 If e'er thy bosom felt another's woe,
 If e'er fair beauty's charms thine heart did prove,
 If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
 Bloomed to thy wishes, to thy soul was dear,
 This plaintive stone does ask of thee a tear.
 For here, alas! too early snatched away,
 An honest faithful heart death made its prey.
 Doomed to receive all that my soul holds dear,
 Give her that rest her heart refused her here;
 O, screen her from the pain the tender know,
 The train of sorrows that from passion flow,
 And to her envied new-born state adjoin
 That heavenly bliss fit for such hearts as thine,

Ecclesfield Church, 1815.

I affliction sore with patience bore,
 Physicians tried in vain,
 Till God did please to give me ease
 And take away my pain.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate, York.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds,
 I have deer, I have hounds,
 And for sporting a neat little cottage;
 I have youth, I have wealth,
 I have strength, I have health,
 Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage,
 What can I want!—"Tis the girl of my heart,
 To share those treasures with me:
 For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
 No pleasure would it give to me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.



My domain far extends,
 And sustains social friends,
 Who make music divinely enchanting;
 We have balls, we have plays,
 We have routs, public days,
 And yet still I find something is wanting.
 What should it be, but the girl of my heart,
 To share those pleasures with me?
 For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
 No pleasure would it give to me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

EPITAPH.

Hedon: Wm. Robinson, d. 1831, aged 55.
 If any ask whose dust reposeth here,
 Know the kind parent and the husband dear;
 Loving he toiled for those he left behind,
 And dying breath'd his last with peace of mind.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

I HEAR the beat of muffled drum,
 I see by the church an open grave;
 Whom bear they to his narrow home?
 Is it some soldier—hero brave?
 A soldier do they bring indeed;
 But one who lived unknown to fame,
 Who never yet in war did bleed,
 Nor ever yet acquired a *name*.
 In city hospital, so lone,
 Unfriended, he had suffered long,
 And there was heard his latest moan,
 Amid a fever stricken throng,
 Not one was nigh who held him dear,
 His native vale was far away,
 Not one was seen to shed a tear,
 Over his cold and lifeless clay.
 And yet a bride is waiting there,
 Within the valley far remote,
 A youthful maiden, passing fair,
 Awaiteth one that cometh not.
 And on her cheek the rose so red
 Shall change to white when she shall know
 That he whom she hath loved is dead,
 And by the city sleepeth now.

ABM. STANSFIELD, Kersal.

RESIGNATION.

I HOPED that with the brave and strong,
 My portioned task might lie;
 To toil amid the busy throng,
 With purpose pure and high.
 But God has fixed another part,
 And He has fixed it well;
 I said so with my bleeding heart,
 When first the anguish fell.
 Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
 Our treasured hope away;
 Thou bidst us now weep through the night
 And sorrow through the day.
 These weary hours will not be lost,
 These days of misery,
 These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
 Can I but turn to Thee.

With secret labour to sustain
 In humble patience every blow ;
 To gather fortitude from pain,
 And hope and holiness from woe.
 Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
 Whate'er may be my written fate :
 Whether thus early to depart,
 Or yet a while to wait.
 If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
 More humbled I should be ;
 More wise—more strengthened for the strife—
 More apt to lean on Thee.
 Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow :
 But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
 Oh, let me serve Thee now !

ANNE BRONTE, (Acton Bell.)

These lines written, the desk was closed, the pen laid aside—for ever.
 C. B."

SYLVIA.

J. Lightowler published a volume at Halifax, 1867, 100 pages,
 "Songs, Ballads and Sonnets."

I KNOW a lovely sylvan dell,
 And there a merry streamlet flows ;
 It lightly skips its pebbly bed,
 And on its banks the violet grows :
 The wild-rose bushes there excel,
 And welcome zephyr sweetly blows,
 As through the winding dale he's led,
 Rich fragrance all around he throws.
 There oft I've strayed, and longed to bide
 Beneath those blue expanding skies,
 And breathed my love in Sylvia's ear
 And seen her pleasure in her eyes.
 The other flowers she far outvied,
 An artless, modest, matchless prize,
 And now as fancy brings her near,
 The joys of former days arise.
 I hear the tuneful birds again,
 The lark once more its gladness sings ;
 Now clear the Cuckoo's distant note,
 And all the vale with music rings.
 The beauties there my mind enchain,
 And rapture in my bosom springs,
 The scenes before me fairly float,
 On recollection's steady wings.

THE DEEP GREEN WOOD :

I KNOW a nook in the deep, green wood,
 Of old Nature's own creating,
 Where Echo mocks in the solitude
 The songs that the birds are making—
 In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
 When the forest heads are shaking.
 In this lonely place, away from care,
 Where the wild rose has its dwelling,
 Where the timid deer and gamesome hare
 Their loves and their fears are telling—
 In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
 Where the crystal streams are welling.
 'Tis sweet to muse in the noontide hour,
 When the silent ray is streaming
 Thro' the leafy roof of the scented bower,
 As the nodding oaks are dreaming.
 In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
 Where the hyacinths are gleaming.
 'Tis a holy place, this pathless dell,
 Where the choral-birds are singing—
 Where the woodbines cling to the rocky cell,
 And the flowers their sweets are flinging ;
 In the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
 Where the glades with joy are ringing.
 In the twilight time of declining day,
 When the faint-puls'd breeze is sighing,
 The golden clouds and the evening grey
 Spin a robe for the god who is dying ;
 And the solitude of the deep, deep wood,
 Sings low where the shades are lying.
 'Tis sweet to be in the silence there,
 As the mellow'd light is blending
 With the ether arc of the dark blue air,
 When the star-lamps their rays are lending
 To the solitude of the deep, deep wood
 As the dew to the flowers is descending.

FRANCIS BUCHANAN, Sheffield.

 EPITAPH.

Guiseley Church :

If on this stone | you cast a weep | ing eye
 know | vnderneath | doth William | Baildon lye
 his | body's dead and | in this grave | doth rest
 his | soul's alive and | free from death | Conquest |
 this William | son of Peter | Baildon of Nowel |
 died the 22 of | November Anno | Domini 1680.
 Arms—(Argent), three fleurs-de-lis (sable).

OUT AT SEA.

I KNOW that I am dying, mate, so fetch the Bible here
That's laid unopened in the chest for five-and-twenty year,
And bring a light along with you, and read a bit to me
Who haven't heard a word of it since I first came out to sea.

It's five-and-twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest,
Who put that dear old Bible at the bottom of my chest;
And I can well remember the words she says to me,—
“Now don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea.”

And I never thought about it, mate, for it clean slipped from my head,
But when I came from that first voyage the dear old girl was dead,
And the neighbours told me while I stood as still as still could be,
That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,
For I never gave a thought to it, a-sailing everywhere;
But now that I am dying you can read a bit to me,
As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and read it up, right loud,
So that the Lord can hear it, if it finds Him in a crowd;
I can scarce hear what you're saying for the wind that howls to lee,
But the Lord will hear above it all, for He's been out to sea.

It's set in very dark, mate, and I think I'll say good night,—
But stop—look there—why mate, why Bill, the cabin's nearly light:
There's the dear old mother standing there, as gave the book to me,—
All right, I'm coming,—mate, good bye, my soul's going out to sea.

J. S. FLETCHER, (Son of the Soil.)

I LEATLY LOVED A LASS RIGHT WEEL.

I LEATLY loved a lass right weel,
Was beautiful and witty;
But all I said (an' it was a deal)
Could never raise her pity,
Or mak her love me.

I tell'd her owre an' owre again
(Did monie reasons render)
She'd never find another swain
Wad be so fond and tender.
If she'd bud love me.

I'd tent my sheep i' field or faud
Wi' spirits light and cheary,
Through summer's heat and winter's caud,
If she wad be my deary,
An' say she'd love me.

I's nobbut a poor shepherd lad,
 My hands aleeen mainteean me ;
 Waes me ! weel may I be sad
That makes the lass disdaeen me,
 At winnot love me.

I thowt at first i' my despair,
 I'd gang and get me listed,
 An' bravely meet death i' the war,
 Because the lass insisted
 She wad not love me.

But now I've teean another mind,
 I'll try to quite forget her ;
 Another lass may be mair kind,
 I'se like as weel or better,
 An' she may love me.

REV. THOMAS BROWNE.

Robert Burns never wrote a better or neater song than this, by the son of the good Rector of Lestringham, near Kirkby Moorside, York-shire. They are charming vernacular verses. The Rev. Thomas Browne was also the author of the rhyming dialogue, "Awd Daisy," and also of the little song—"Jenny tak care o' thy sen."

SONG :

Wm. Congreve, buried in Westminster Abbey, Jan. 1728-9, aged 56.

I LOOK'D and I sigh'd and I wish'd I could speak,
 And very fain would have been at her ;
 But when I strove most my fond passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the matter.

I swore to myself and resolved I would try,
 Some way my poor heart to recover ;
 But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Celia ! be kind then ; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

We'll look and we'll love, and tho' neither should speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.

EPITAPH.

Idle Church : Daniel Senior, 1874.

I little thought when I left home
 My race was so near run,
 But, ah, alas, death called me home,
 Before I did return.

BALLAD ON JUNE.

I LIKE the sunny, flowery month of June,
 Fit time for bard to celebrate in ballad ;
 A time when soaring larks their songs attune ;
 A time for lamb, potatoes new, and salad.
 A time for shady walks, for loving swain
 To whisper vows to fair one, and to court her ;
 A time to now and then enjoy a drain
 Of something cool, or swig the creamy porter.
 A time to range high hills, and breathe pure air,
 A wide expanse of wooded vale to scan,
 And then to some snug wayside inn repair,
 To wash, and well refresh the inner man.
 A time to roam by tinkling, silvery stream
 That glistening winds through lovely verdant-dale
 By farmstead, where is had the sweetest cream,
 And eggs, new-layed, and home-brewed, nut-brown ale.
 The monks of olden time, and friars gray,
 Oft named in song, of whom our records tell,
 And who in valleys used to wend their way ;
 They wisely knew the art of living well.
 Whene'er I stand within the sacred gates
 Of Bolton's ruin old, with fancy's eye,
 I see the gaberdined with shining pates
 Partaking clotted cream and warden pie.



Bolton Priory.

Whate'er might be their faith, they lacked not reason;
 Some worship wealth—are devotees to Mammon;
 Give me good things to eat, that are in season;
 A time is this for parsley sauce and salmon.

Abstainer lean, repressive laws would make;
 For evermore he homilies is giving
 How men should live; I ask, "For goodness sake,
 What better thing can be than right good living?"

Let him vituperate, and me assail
 With names of drunkard, epicure, and glutton,
 Though virtuous he, I'll have my cake and ale,
 And pleasant walks, and "walks into the mutton."

Howe'er we set our minds on things above;
 Below we somehow like a well-spread table;
 'Tis well, and good while here, to live and love—
 Enjoy and make enjoy, while we are able.

Then here's to thee, sweet month of fruits and flowers;
 Thy sunny time ascetic ones might please;
 Thou mayest not bring to Continental powers
 An early peace, but thou wilt bring us peace.

Bradford, June 5th, 1871.

B. HARDACRE.

A POOR MAN'S SONG:

Leeds, 1832; "Signs of the Times."

I'LL sing a song, and such a song
 As men will weep to hear—
 A sorrowing song, of right and wrong,
 So, brethren, lend an ear.

God said to man "This pleasant land
 I make it wholly thine:"
 I look and say, on this sad day,
 'There's not one furrow mine.

God said to man, "Increase, enjoy,
 Build, till, and sow your seed;"
 But though the land the Lord gave me,
 My children beg their bread.

God said to man, "All winged fowl,
 The fin'n'd fish of the flood,
 The heath-fowl on his desert hills,
 The wild deer of the wood—

Take them and live." The strong man came,
 As came the fiend of yore
 To Paradise,—put forth his hand,
 And they are mine no more!

I saw the rulers of the land,
 In chariots bright with gold,
 Roll on—I gazed, my babes and I
 In hunger and in cold.

I saw a prelate sleek and proud,
 Drawn by four chargers pass;
 How much seemed he like Jesus meek,
 When he rode on an ass?

A trinket of a lord swept by
 With all his rich array,
 And waved me off, my babes and I,
 As things of coarser clay.

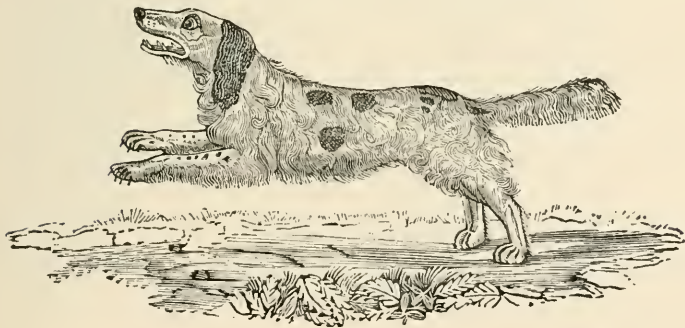
There followed close a bideous throng
 Of pert and pensioned things,
 Earthworms, for whom our sweat and blood
 Must furnish gilded wings.

I will not tell you what I thought,
 Nor for my burning looks
 Find words; but they were bitterer far
 Than aught that's writ in books.

THE PRIDE OF THE PACK!

OR, THE WENSLEYDALE HOUND TRAIL.

I'LL sing you a song of a capital race,
 A wonderful hound trail, that lately took place;
 Brave Spauker, from Teesdale, was matched for five pounds,
 With Butcher, the pride of the Wensleydale hounds.
 'Tally ho! Tally ho! hark away my brave hounds,
 Tally ho!



Said the sporting young fellows on Carperby side,
 "We'll run him a race that will bring down his pride;
 By the swift running Tees is a far swifter hound—
 Brave Spanker we'll match all the North country round."

This challenge so fearless roused Tomlinson's ire,
 The sportsmen of Wensleydale rose like a fire;
 "We'll back him," they said, "as we backed him before—
 Old Butcher, that hunts by the bonny bright Yore."

Kit Routh, Squire Chapman, and Fryer, and Parke,
 Besides many others, came up to the mark;
 Tom Handcock, the trainer, took Butcher in hand—
 There was never a trainer like Tom in the land.

Over valley and moor, from the North far away,
 Young Spanker they brought for the sport of that day;
 Said Lobley, and smiled, as he stroked down his back,
 "Here's death to the pride of the Wensleydale pack."

And ah! well-a-day, for the fame of Old Roy.
 He had run with his own matchless pack from a boy,
 Over mountain, and woodland, and moor in all weather;
 But now he backed Spanker, and showed the white feather.

The grey mountains basked in the sun's rosy beam,
 The gentle breeze sighed over wild wood and stream;
 No jollier day for a hound trail or chase,
 When Stag's Fell beheld them both start on the race.

Then loud was the shout on each mountain and height,
 "Ho, Butcher!" "Ho, Spanker!" as each came in sight;
 Grim Whit Fell re-echoed the sound of their call,
 With How Bank, and Nab End, and Ellerkin tall.

Ten miles did they run to Marly Ha' top,
 Ten miles did they run without waver or stop;
 "Tally ho! shouted Lobley, "I see only one,
 "'Tis Spanker! brave Spanker! as sure as a gun."

Then shouting and cheering rose lustier still,
 When Butcher leapt up o'er the brow of a hill;
 Right ahead the brave hound turned the post like a dart,
 And their cheers died in silence, and sorrow of heart.

Then here's to brave Butcher, to Handcock, and Fryer,
 To Tomlinson, Parke, and the jolly old Squire;
 Hurrah, jolly fellows! to Teesdale go back,
 You've nought like the pride of the Wensleydale pack.

EPITAPH.

Flamborough: Jas. Spike, 1828.

In quiet may thy dust repose,
 Beneath this friendly stone;
 When living, best was loved by those
 To whom thou best was known.

SWISS SONG.

I'M a fearless mountaineer, And love my native home,
 Where high upon the proud glacier, In freedom I can roam.
 The wonders of my mountain land Attract me with a magic hand:
 I am a son of Switzerland, And fondly love my home.

I am a merry mountaineer, A friend of joy and mirth;
 For envious cares are strangers here, Where I have made my berth.
 Oh! listen to the merry peal, And hear it through the valleys steal,
 When playing on the Alpine horn The Switzer seeks his home.

I am a trusty mountaineer, And freedom is my choice;
 Yea, proud I can, devoid of fear, A freeman, lift my voice!
 Thy league [1307,] oh Rutli, is the star Of blessings scattered near
 and far;
 And sweet it is, oh Switzerland, To say—thou art my home!

C. A. FEDERER, Bradford.

ALOAN I' T'HAASE.

I'M all aloan i' t'haase, An' all I loves is dead;
 I cannot sleep, I'se flayed, So I'm sittin' up i' bed.

My father died long sin', O' what, I cannot tell;
 My mother worked i' t'miln, Shoo wor nut ower well.

My mother, shoo's gone too, Shoo died a week last Monday,
 An' t'parish buried shoo As cheap as owt o' Sunday.

I'se flayed as I'm alone, I wish I wer to dee;
 I allus was wi' mother, Or mother was wi' me.

I see the blacklocks creeping About the lime-ash floar,
 An t'winter wind is piping Beneath the chamber door.

And t'rattens race an' rummle, I' t'cellar under t'haase.
 Why sithee! What's on't t'posnet! It's moving! It's a maase.

Now I mun go to t'workus, They'll fettle me i'brown;
 At Whitsuntide I allus War geen a bonny gown.

I mun love t'Board o' Guardians; Will t'Guardian Board love me,
 While I fill t'pipe wi' bacca, Sittin' upon its knee?

Will t'Board o' Guardians nuss me, An' let me lig an' rest,
 Like mother o' an evening, My head upon her breast?

Will t'Board o' Guardians kiss me On t'pairting o' my hair?
 An' say, "My bairn, my bonny, I love thee mair and mair"?

I reckon nay. My mother Were all i' t'world to me,
 A lone i' t'haase, alone i' t'world, Would I were bahn ta dee!

The two poems "A Stranger i' t'Haase," and "Alone i' t'Haase," are the compositions of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A., formerly of Horbury. He was the compiler of "Yorkshire Oddities."

T' SONG ET NEW SKOIL.

I'M a native you see, I'm jolly ehn free,
 I belong te the fair trade skoil;
 Your notice I crave whilst I chant you a stave,
 Tho' perhaps you may dub me e foil.

In Bradford they've built a fameous consarn,
 They are goin' te teich students tharin,
 The science of weivin' ehn hah te spin yarn
 Cute experts te make thay go in.

Thay've been et business since te Flemins kame here,
 When thay wove ehn thay spun all bi hand;
 Bud nah wi ther power, ehn steam it looks queer,
 Eht trade hez been driven thro' t land.

Bud then don't ye see, wer' trade 's been so free,
 And we've tout other fouk all we knew;
 We've sent 'em goid men and machines across sea,
 So kuah we begin te luke blue.

Yet still after all we're nut bahn te be bet,
 Bud we'll leearn thro' them eht wi tout;
 We'll take thro t deutsche the lessons thay've set,
 Ehn all tother nations about.

We've got sum rare talent in Bradford ye know,
 Inventors ehn men of high art;
 Such men haz perhaps the world niver saw,
 Whose ancestor gave us the first start.

We've wer Lister's ehn Mitchell's ehn Salt's of renown,
 Wer Garnett's, wer Waud's, ehn wer Wade's,
 Ehn a hundred more brave men, who've built up the tahn,
 Ehn fostered the arts ehn the trades.

Then success te the skoil,
 The tahn ehn the trade,
 The shuttle ehn loom,
 Ehn the plow ehn spade.

Bowling.

THOMPSON BLAND.

 EPITAPH.

Huddersfield Church: on Thomas Brook of Newhouse, gentleman,
 who died in 1638, aged 87.

In the Church Mylitant I fout so unshaken,
 That to the Church Tryumphant I am taken,
 I am one o'th' Church still;
 Greeve not frends to know me advanced higher,
 Whilst I stayed I prayed, and now I sing in ye quier,

JACK AND TOM:

From Dr. Dixon's "Ballads of the Peasantry," 1847; supposed to be two hundred years older.

I'M a north countrie man, in Redesdale born,
Where our land lies lea and grows ne corn,—
And such two lads to my house never com,
As them two lads called Jack and Tom.

Now Jack and Tom they're going to the sea;
I wish them both in good companie;
They're going to seek their fortunes ayont the wide sea,
Far, far away frae their oan countrie.

They mounted their horses and rode over the moor,
Till they came to a house, when they rapped at the door;
'D'ye brew ony ale? D'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?'
And out came Jockey the hostler man.

'No, we brew ne ale, nor we sell ne beer,
Nor we have ne lodgings for strangers here,'
So he bolted the door, and bade them begone,
Fer there was ne lodgings there for poor Jack and Tom.

They mounted their horses and rode over the plain,
Dark was the night, and down fell the rain;
Till a twinkling light they happened to spy,
And a castle and a house they were close by.

They rode up to the house, and they rapped at the door,
And out came Jockey, the hosteler,
'D'ye brew ony ale? 'D'ye sell ony beer?
Or have ye ony lodgings for strangers here?'

'Yes, we have brewed ale this fifty lang year,
And we have got lodgings for strangers here.'
So the roast to the fire and the pot hung on,
And all to accommodate poor Jack and Tom.

When supper was over and all sided down,
The glasses of wine did go merrily roun';
'Here's to thee, Jack, and here is to thee,
And all the bonny lasses in our countrie.'
'Here is to thee, Tom, and here is to thee,
And look they may leuk for thee and me.'

'Twas early next morning, before the break of day,
They mounted their horses and so they rode away.
Poor Jack he died upon a far foreign shore,
And Tom he was never, never heard of more.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME :

Tune—"Robin Adair."

I'M but a stranger here, Heaven is my home :
 Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home :
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage ! *Heaven—*
 Short is my pilgrimage ; *Heaven—*
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be over past ;
 I shall reach home at last ; *Heaven—*

There at my Saviour's side, *Heaven—*
 I shall be glorified ; *Heaven—*
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best ;
 And there I too shall rest, *Heaven—*

Therefore I murmur not, *Heaven—*
 Whate'er my earthly lot, *Heaven—*
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand ;
 Heaven is my fatherland, *Heaven—*

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, Bradford.

DEEIN BE INCHES.

A 'M deein be inches tha knaws weel enuf,
 Bud net een a fig duz ta care ;
 A'ma get aght et rooad az sooin az I like—
 Mi cumpany I knaw tha can spare.
 Goa fetch me that bottle ov fizzick daan stairs,
 An bring me that noggin o' gin :
 A' really feel ready ta faint inta t'earth—
 Tha knaws what a state I am in.

A'cuddnt quite finish them two mutton chops,
 A'm az wake az wumman can be ;
 A've all soarts o' pains flyin reight thro mi boans,
 But then tha's noa pity fer me.
 A'l try an get t'docter to gi' me a chainge
 Sich pain I noa longer can bihd ;
 A'mun hev sum owd poort ta strenthen me up,
 An a drop o' gooid brandy besihde.



A've hed a stiff neck an saand i' me heead,
 An felt dizzy tihmes aght o' mihnd;
 Bud then it's noa use, a kind word er thowt
 Tha nivver once hez e thi mihnd.
 Wen I sit daan an groan tha stands like a stoop
 An nivver wonce tries fer mah sake
 To walk a bit faster, though do what I will
 Tha knaws at A'm all on a ake.

Pray keep aght that draft—I feel all on a sweet,
 A'm suar at A'm wastin ta ncwt;
 A'sal have them cowl shivvers az suar az A'm wick,
 Tha can't have a morsel o' thowt.
 Shut that dooer, an goa get spoo in an t'glass,
 An mix up a drop nihce an strong;
 It's tihme tha did summet fer't sake o' thee wihfe,
 A'm feear'd tha weecant hev me sa long.

A've waited fer grewil this haar an a hawf,
 Summet strenthnin iz what I requibr;
 A'm faintin away, yet az trew az I live,
 Tha's nivver put t' pan onta t'fibr.
 A'sal fade likhe a cannle at bottom o' t'stick,
 Fer want ov attention an care;
 Be quick wi that glass, an bring me sum tooast,
 I feel fit to sink through mi chair.

It's a queer piece o' bizzniss (sed John tull hizsen,)
 It's cappin what wimmin can do ;
 Shoo's been cryin aght for this last twenty year,
 An sayin at shoo woddn't get through ;
 Yet shoo aits an shoo drinks all at cums i' her way,
 An lewks weel an strong az can be,
 Wal here I'm hawf pihn'd, an get nowt but crusts,
 It's noan hur at's deein, it's ME.

JOSEPH H. ECCLES, Leeds.

LIFE'S WEATHER GAUGE.

Kendrew, Printer, York.

I'M for Tom Tiller's golden maxim,
 Who studies life in every stage ;
 He'll tell you plainly if you ax him,
 Content's this life's best Weather Gauge ;
 I own Tom has but little learning,
 Such as your flats pick up at school ;
 Yet is he cuuning and discerning,
 And though no conjuror, Tom's no fool.
 A Tar, cried Tom, 's to peace a stranger ;
 'Fore fortune's tempest cuts and drives,
 No single moment free from danger,
 And so does every man that lives ;
 In toil and peril he his part takes,
 Stands fire, and hurricane, and sbot ;
 He has his qualms, his head aches, heart aches,
 And where's the lubber that has not ?
 The gold he gets does good to others,
 Though he at random lets it fly ;
 For, as mankind are all his brothers,
 He keeps it in the family ;
 Hair breadth escapes each hour he weathers ;
 No moment he can call his own,
 And thus are men put to their tethers,
 Up from the cottage to the throne.
 The thing is this, in every station
 We're born for pleasure and for trouble ;
 And, if you strike to each vexation,
 Good Hope's true Cape you'll never double ;
 Bnt take the good and evil cheerly,
 And sum up creditor and debtor,
 If in this world they use you queerly,
 Be honest, and you'll find a better.

CHAS. DIBBIN, Halifax.

SHORT TIMER'S SONG.

I'M too little, you think, to move about here,
 Midst the constant clink of the whirling gear.
 But at home there are little ones less than I,
 Sweet little darlings who often would cry,
 Did they want the bread that my wages will buy.

No father have we, our mother lies ill,
 And in hunger we'd be were it not for the mill;
 But the mill, the mill keepeth hunger away,
 It giveth me schooling for half of the day,
 And giveth me joys that I ne'er found in play.

My work is to spin, but when bigger grown
 To weave I'll begin, and more money own;
 Then my mother shall want nor biscuits nor wine,
 My brothers shall dress in cloth rich and fine,
 And all with the wages the mill shall make mine.

What a joy 'tis to feel little hands like these
 Some sorrow can heal, some hunger appease;
 And the thoughts of it all doth make me so glad,
 I think I can never again be sad
 So long as I've health, and work can be had.

JAMES BURNLEY, Bradford, 1869.

TO HIS BETROTHED:

Stray Leaves by IOTA, 1843. Manchester, 24 pages.

[These poems were written 1827-1838, by John Harland, the Antiquary and Anthologist, of Lancashire, but a native of Yorkshire. Born 1806; died April, 1868.]

I MET thee not in lordly halls, in fashion's giddy throng,
 Nor did thy voice entrance me with Italia's tide of song;
 No soft, seductive waltz's snare was spread to trap my heart,
 No jewels' dazzling blaze put on, no practised smile of art.

Yon humble peasant's lowly cot, I first beheld thee there;
 For the dying in that solemn hour thy voice was heard in prayer.
 I marked thy modest look and garb, thy silent footsteps' fall,
 And blest thy choice—that mourning but before the festive hall.

Since then thou'st plighted love to me, those vows I know thou'lt keep,
 For we've joyed with those that do rejoice, we've wept with those that weep;
 And thy heart's affection has grown warm, where the worldling's had
 congealed,
 Midst distress, disease and poverty, which thy hand has soothed and
 healed.

Though thy nights have not been fashion-long, making thy beauty dim,
 Our voices oft have mingled in the holy evening hymn :
 Though no costly banquets hast thou graced at groaning Plenty's board,
 Yet I've drank with thee of the hallowed cup at the table of the Lord.
 Our love has been no summer-bloom which an evening's frost would
 blight ;
 Together we have drunk of the stream of ever-living light ;
 And the dearest of all earthly ties to us is kindly given,
 That our happiness, begun below, may ever dure in heaven.

JOHN HARLAND

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

‘ Behold, I have set before thee an open door.’—REV. iii., 8.

IMMORTAL Lord, who hast the key
 Of life, of death, and worlds unknown,
 Our times, with all their mystery,
 Are in Thine hand, and Thine alone.
 Thou standest in the open door
 Between the Old Year and the New,
 Where lies our way, untrod before,
 And wholly veiled from mortal view.
 With faltering feet we onward move,
 Not knowing what awaits us there,
 And dreading lest its trials prove
 Beyond our utmost strength to bear.
 But when thy radiant face we see
 Shine in the portal of the year,
 And hear Thy voice say, Follow Me,
 Our hearts grow strong and part with fear ;
 Assured that Thou our steps wilt lead
 To life and service. large and free,
 All grace bestow for every need,
 And life yet more abundantly.
 O Christ, our Leader, Saviour, Friend,
 Where Thou art we would always be,
 On Thee alone our hopes depend
 For time and for eternity.

Bradford.

REV. BRYAN DALE, M.A.

EPITAPH.

Bradford Church : Mary Rodley, 1871, aged 26.

I miss thee, dear, where'er I go,
 And oh, 'tis sad to miss thee so,
 But since thou canst not come to me
 I almost wish to come to thee.

THE FOREST HORN.

These lines were composed for the inauguration of the New Horn,
at Bainbrigg, March 10th, 1864,

IN ancient times when forests were wild,
And travellers at night were often beguiled,
An ox horn at ten in Bainbridge was blown,
As a signal to draw the wanderers home.

Cho.—The forest horn, the forest horn,
O, the forester's horn, the forester's horn,
We'll follow the sound of the forester's horn.

For seven hundred years its sonorous blast
Each winter did echo in the forest so ghaſt,
From the feaſt of Holy Rood to the feaſt of Shrovetide,
The blaſt of the horn ſounds far and wide.

Though now the forest of its thickets is clear'd,
And no longer the howl of the wild beaſt heard,
Yet ſtill the old horn his duty performs,
But nearly worn out by braving the ſtorms.

Cheer up, old chap, though thy race be run,
A brother from Africa's deſerts has come;
Brought by a friend, and freely given,
To perform thy work and Bainbridge enliven.

So now my young friend from Af-ri-ca,
For whom we're all met to welcome to-day,
We wiſh thee ſucceſs to thy honoured place,
And be like thy old brother to have a long race.

We thank Mr. Harburn, from whoſe generous hand,
We've received this gift from a far diſtant land;
And health to our friends and neighbours all round,
Whoſe hearts with frienſhip and loyalty abound.

MR. J. HOPPER.

EPITAPH.

Will Day, gent., Hornſea, lived 34 years, dyed May 22nd, 1616.

“If that man's life be likened to a DAY
One here interred in youth did loſe a DAY
By death, and yet no loſs to him at all,
For he a threefold DAY gained by his fall;
One DAY of reſt in bliſs ceſtial,
TWO DAYS on earth by gifts terreſtryall.
Three pounds at Chriſtmas, three at Eaſter DAY,
Given to the poore until the world's laſt DAY.
This was no cauſe to heaven; but conſequent,
Who thither will, muſt tread the ſteps he went.
For why? Faith, Hope and Chriſtian Charity
Perfect the houſe framed for eternity.

HALF AND HALF.

I. Forth, Printer & Bookbinder, Pocklington.

IN better days, when folly reign'd,
 My friends in swarms I found,
 I thought myself the happiest man
 In all the country round;
 One liked my dinners vastly well,
 Another wine would quaff.
 But each agreed the best of all
 Was my prime half-and-half.

The glass went round, no care prevail'd
 And night was turn'd to day.
 My friends talk'd loud, and eat as much,
 Thus time did flit away;
 But truth, alas! will e'er come out,
 Soon did I cease to laugh,
 My friends left me by twos and threes,
 They'd drank my half-and-half.

But how reversed is now my fate—
 Deserted by each friend,
 I'm left to seek my bread by toil;
 Should luckless fate e'er mend,
 I'll keep this lesson in my mind,
 And have myself the laugh;
 I'll spurn the friends my fortune brings,
 And save my half-and-half.

EPITAPH.

Dr. Favour, Vicar of Halifax, died 1623.
 Translation from the Latin on mural tablet:

"In their souls and bodies sick: the murmur swells on every side
 Of the throng bereft and smitten, when alas! it's Favour died.
 Lo the Pastor, the Physician, and the Jurist lowly lies;
 Go thou now who would be healed, follow Favour to the skies.

On his gravestone —

Occubuit seris, heu! quod non serius, annis,
 Nec longæva magis quam bona vita fuit.
 Quam sacre velavit speciosum pectore corpus,
 Dignum equidem tumulo nobiliore tegi,
 Qui quidem extremam fidus permansit ad horam.
 Non illi tumulus, sed diadema decus.
 Theologus, Medicusq; obiit, Jurisq; peritus,
 I sequare in cœlos, qui modo salvus eris.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Popular indignation against George IV. rose very high owing to his ill-treatment of Her Majesty. Amongst the numerous effusions was one printed in "The Signs of the Times," Leeds, 1832: (24 verses.)

IN Brunswick's Royal garden,
A Rose-bush once did grow,
Its name it was fair Caroline,
As millions yet doth know.
The rose it was transplanted
To England we are told,
And while that I relate the same,
It makes my blood run cold.

Now you will sure exclude him
For you must say he's mad,
To destroy out of his garden
The most rare plant he had.

NONSENSICAL RHYME, (still rehearsed.)

Queen. Queen Caroline,	m : m : r : d.d
Dipped her hair in turpentine,	t. : d : r. m. s. f.f
Turpentine made it shine.	f : f : m : r : r
Queen, Queen Caroline.	d. t. : l. . d : r : d. d

THE BOY OF EGREMONT:

By FREDK. CHAS. SPENCER.

Mr. Spencer was successively a Schoolmaster and Accountant in Halifax. He published "The Vale of Bolton, and other Poems."

IN Egremont's bosom his heart blithely dancing,
As the beams of the moon on the woods of his chase;
O proud was a mother's fond eye on him glancing,
The lustre of youth and of beauty to trace:
The eye bright with joy gazing on him that morning,
Alas! shall not sparkle to see him returning,—
But shall view, consolation distractedly scorning,
For ever extinguished her hopes and her race.

How fondly she saw, (in Hope's bright region soaring)
As he gallantly sprung to the warrior's game,
In him to her lone widowed side Heaven restering
Once more her lost mate,—to its lustre his name.
False Hope, O believe her not! ever deceiving,
And still the most faithless with hearts most believing,
She whispers of joy but to deepen our grieving,
She kindles the heart,—'tis consumed in the flame.

But, hark ! his gay horn in that wild valley sounding,
 With his leash-hound the echoing woodland he tries ;
 Startled from his green haunt, lo the fleet deer is bounding,
 And in speed with that menacing echo he vies.
 As swiftly his steps his brave hunter pursuing,
 Now lost for a moment,—now anxiously viewing,
 As he strains for the Strid, his last refuge from ruin,
 His victim he nears, and ah ! surely he dies.

Not so was he fated. Where savagely moaning
 The Wharfe through the rifted rock fierce bursts her way,
 (The black rock itself with the struggle is groaning,)
 And below wildly foaming in eddies doth play ;
 The near sounding step of his foe trembling, heaving,
 The gleam of his burnished blade, ready-bared, fearing,
 At one gallant effort the deadly space clearing.

The chase, from impending death saved, bounds away.

Now Romillé did he stay on the brink pausing ?
 Undaunted he ventures the perilous wave,
 But his cowardly comrade the hazard refusing—
 He springs,—but 'tis into a turbulent grave !
 For his shroud, and the requiem that should be sung o'er him,
 He has but the torrent's white foam and loud roaring,—
 The forester, powerless, and deeply deploring,
 Hangs o'er the dire gulph of the young and the brave.

But who to a mother shall bear the sad message ?
 His pule looks betray, ere his tongue can relate ;
 In her fast-heaving bosom she feels a dark presage,
 Ere breaks from his lips hapless Romillé's fate.
 Yet doom not thyself to a ne'er ending sorrow,
 On the night-gloom of life dawns a bright-shining morrow ;
 Let hope from religion thy future peace borrow,
 And the woe that will die not, shall yet mitigate.

Where, free and vouchsafing the wave softly gliding,
 Through the green vale it mirrors, flows calmly as wont,
 Yon hoar walls she reared, where secluded residing,
 Consolation she sought at the ne'er failing fount.
 And say, for devotion what peaceful scene meeter ?
 For pensive seclusion what hermit-spot sweeter ?
 Than the Wharfe's plaintive voice, as repentant, what fitter,
 To join her sad wail for her lost Egremont.

EPITAPH.

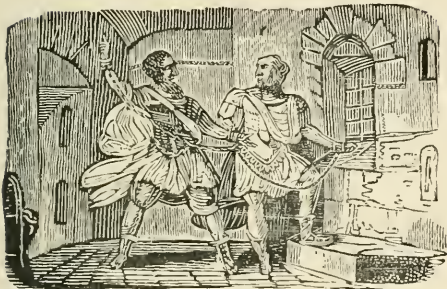
Hull, Hessle Road Cemetery ; John Sleight, railway guard,
 killed at Howden, 1863, aged 33.

I left my home in perfect health,
 I little thought of death so nigh ;
 But God saw good to take me hence,
 And with His will I must comply.

DE LACY :

[Inscribed to Chas. Turner, Esq., Idle.]

IN feudal days, when William's men
 Came clinking o'er from Normandy,
 A castle stood in upland glen,
 Where goblins held high revelry.



The sun rose there with drowsy eyes,
 In morning robes of misty grey,
 And took night's lanthorn from the skies,
 And yawning asked the time o' day.

Sleep and sloth chained young and old,
 Clowns with owls would wink and sit;
 The lazy Aire beneath it rolled,
 And Bradford calls it Idle yet. (?)

De Lacy to that dark tower came,
 Where dwelt the Lady Erminie;
 Ten Saxon knights of stalwart frame,
 Had fallen by her sorcery.

Three hung themselves on cornell tree,
 Three widows boxed three others' ears,
 Trausmogrified to beer casks three,
 And one dissolved away in tears.

De Lacy, curtal axe in hand,
 Banged boldly on the castle gate,
 And in he stalked with dag and brand,—
 A bell tolled—dead lights' hurried fate.

Ten mailed forms stood round the hall,
 Like trophies in an armoury;
 Each clashed his arms as rung his call
 "Lead me to Lady Erminie."

In tone sepulchral outspoke one ;
 "Our lady sleeps within her bower ;
 One errant knight, her demons own,
 Can disenchant her pagan tower.
 That knight alone may kiss her lip.
 And break her magic wand and spell ;
 But if he fears its dew to sip—
 He dies." Bang ! clanged again the bell.
 Bars clashed, and iron doors flew back,—
 A shining dragon near him stood ;
 Turrets tremble, pillars crack,
 Danger cools not gentle blood.
 There was a smack—no dragon hissed
 But changed its form, and strange to see,
 The monster's lip the knight had kissed,
 Was owned by Lady Erminie.
 All honour to the Norman knight
 Who won the lady and her dower ;
 All honour to the brave in fight,
 And gallant in a lady's bower.

STEPHEN FAWCETT, 1872.

Fawcett has another ballad on De Lacy, the lord of Bradford, 32 lines, that like the former is void of historical fact or tradition. His "Pity Poor Bradford," 42 lines, is founded on the apparition of Bowling Hall ghost story, 1644. See "The Sieges of Bradford," by the Editor hereof.

GROWTH OF BRADFORD.

IN former days, when Bradford was not so large a town,
 When Cromwell sent old Fairfax to blow St. Peter's down,*
 The factories then were very few and very far between,
 Few noble sons of noble sires had in her halls been seen.

Embowered in nature's beauty, in shady grove and glen,
 Bradfordians did their duty, and drove the foe like men ;
 To-day that ancient spirit and strong, determined will,
 Is marked in every step they take, and seen from every hill.

So now look round the district and see what has been done,
 Her structures have no equals on this side of the sun ;
 Her talented mechanics and her skilful engineers,
 Are noted over Enrope and both the Hemi-spheres.

Still, science is progressive, and stronger far than man,
 Hence Bradford builds a noble school to train the technizan ;
 To teach the young idea how best to spin and weave—
 From certain wreck and ruin our staple trade to save.

* Nonsense,

By aid of ancient Guild, and the wealth from generous hands,
 Our native merchant princes and those of other lands
 Have reared a useful edifice that shall for ever be
 A proof of our industry at home and over the sea.

So as fierce competition grows year by year in force,
 And science in its splendour runs its exhaustive course,
 Shall Bradford men move forward, and keep well to the fore,
 Fight the keen battle bravely, as they have done of yore.

Then long live the Lady Bective,
 The Priuce and the Princess,
 Foreign and Noble Native,
 And all who wear our dress.

THOMPSON BLAND, Cowk Hill poet, 4, Whitworth Street, Bowling.

THE CHAPLET.

IN happy days I formed a bower,
 And sweetest garlands wove;
 But mingled in the wreath no flower
 That was allied to love.



The myrtle first my fancy chose,
So fadeless, pure, and bright ;
Friendship, its equal leaves disclose,
Unchanged by winter's night.

What shall the violet's emblem be ?
Affection's loveliest flower,
For when its beauty none can see,
The fragrance is not o'er.

The lily shows a spotless mind,
And innocence of guile ;
The violet let the lily bind,
And near the myrtle smile.

The jessamine robed as truth's bright star,
Shall twine the stems around ;
And banish enmity afar
From such enchanted ground.

The rose must enter not my wreath
The favourite flower of love ;
It blooms in beauty, but beneath
The thorn will fatal prove.

Pensive I'll group for happiness,
And thus my fancy please,
For who would weep at pale distress,
Encircled by *heart's ease* ?

The blossom in the orange grove,
Will constancy display ;
The perfume time can ne'er remove,
It will not pass away.

The lilac buds—but rarely blooms—
Let hope the likeness own ;
Though disappointment oft its dooms,
Here shall it find a home.

My chaplet now has but one space,
The olive to receive ;
A branch denoting heavenly peace
I'll in my garland weave.

Around thy temples I would bind,
These flowers my fancy wove ;
The violet, myrtle, lily twined,
But not the rose of love.

JANE BRUCE, née Downing, born 1791.

YORK MYSTERIES :

Cardmakers' Play, [c. 1380.] [y = th; Z = Y.]

Deus (God). I N hevyn and erthe duly bedene,
 Of v days werke evyn on to ende,
 I have complete by curssis clene;
 Me thynke ye space of yame well spende.

In hevyn er angels fayre and brighte,
 Sternes and planets yar curssis to ga
 Ye mone servis on to ye nyght,
 Ye son to lyghte ye day als wa.

In erthe is treys and gres to springe;
 Bestis and foulis bothe gret and smalle;
 Fysschis in flode; alle othyr thyng
 Thryffe aud have my blessing alle.

This werke is wroght now at my wille;
 But zet can I no best see
 Yat acordys be kynde and skyll,
 And for my werke myght worschippe me.

For perfyttte werke ne ware it nane
 But ought ware made yt myght it zeme.
 For love mad I yis warlde alane;
 Therfor my loffe sall in it seme.

To kepe this warlde bothe mare and lesse,
 A skylfulle best yane wille I make
 Eftyr my schape and my lyknes;
 The wilke sall worschippe to my take.

Off ye symplest part of erthe yt is here
 I sall make man, and for yis skylle,
 For to abate his hauttande chere,
 Bothe his gret pride and other ille.

And also for to have in mynde
 How simpylle he is at hys makyng.
 For als febylle I sall hym fynd
 Qwen he is dede at his endyng.

For yis reson and skylle alane,
 I sall make man lyke on to me,
 Ryse up yu erthe in blode and bane,
 In schape of man I commaunde the.

A female sall yu have to fere;
 Her sall I make of yi lyft rybe:
 Alane so sall yu nought be here
 Withoutyn faythefull frende and sybe.

Takys now here ye gast of lyffe
 And ressayve bothe youre saules of me,
 The femalle take yu to yi wyffe;
 Adam and Eve your names salle be.

Adam. A lorde! full mekyll is yi mighte;
 And yat is sene in ilke a syde.
 For now twis here a joyfull syght,
 To se yis worlde so lange and wyde.

Mony divers thyngis now here es
 Off bestis and foulis bothe wylde and tame;
 Yet is nan made to ye liknes,
 But we alone; a lovyd by yi name!

Eve. To swylke a lorde in all ye degre,
 Be evirmore lastande lovyng,
 Yat tyll us swylke a dyngnite
 Has gyffyne before alle othyr thyng.

And selcouth thyngis may we se here
 Of yis ilke warlde, so large and brade,
 With bestis and fowlis so many and sere,
 Blessid be he yt hase us made!

Adam. A blyssid lorde! now at yi wille
 Syne we er wroght, woche saff to telle,
 And also say us two untylle
 Qwate we sall do and whare to dwelle.

Deus. For yis skyl made I zow yis day
 My name to worschip ay whare.
 Lovys me for yi and lovys me ay
 For my makyng,—I axke no mare.

Bothe wys and witty sall yu be,
 Als man yt I have made of noght.
 Lordschippe in erthe yan granut I the;
 Allethyng to serve the yt I have wroghte.

In paradyse salle ze same wone:
 Of erthely thyng get ze no nede;
 Ille and gude both salle ze kone:
 I salle zon lerne zoure lyve to lede.

Adam. A lorde! sene we salle do no thyng,
 But louffe ye for yi gret gudnesse,
 Wo sall ay bay to yi byddyng,
 And fulfill it both more and less.

Eve. His syng sone he has on us sette
 Beforne alle othre thyng certayne.
 Hem for to love we sall noght lett,
 And worschip hym with myght and mayne.

Deus. At hevyn and erth first I begane,
And vi days wroght or I walde ryst,
My warke is endyde now at mane,
Alle lykes me welle, but yis is beste.

My blyssyng have yai ever and ay !
The seveynte day sall my restyng be ;
Yus wille I sesc, sothely to say,
Of my doying is yis degre.

To blys I salle zow bryng :
Comys forth ze tow with me ! .
Ze salle lyffe in lykyng ;
My blyssyng wyth zow be.—Amen.

BALLINAFAD.

IN Ireland so frisky,
With sweet girls and whisky,
We managed to keep care and sorrow aloof ;
The whirligig revels
Made all the Blue Devils,
Creep out with the smoke thro' a hole in the roof.

But well I remember,
One foggy November,
My mother cried, Go seek your fortune, my lad,
Go bother the ninnies
Quite out of their guineas,—
Away then I scamper'd from Ballinafad.

Then to seek for promotion
I walk'd the wide ocean,
Was shipwreck'd, and murder'd, and sold for a slave
O'er mountains and rivers,
Sore pelted to shivers,
And met on this land with a watery grave.

But now, Mr. Jewman
Has made me a new man,
And whisky Mamora shall make my heart glad,
To the sweet-flowing Liffy
I'm off in a jiffy,
With a whack for old Ireland and Ballinafad.

From that cursed station
To this blessed nation,
Again Mister Rooney shall visit your shore,
Where flourish so gaily
The sprig of Shillalagh,—
Long life to the nabob of great Mogadore.

O then all my cousins
 Will run out by dozens,
 And out too will hobble old mammy and dad,
 At dinner they'll treat us
 With mealy potatoes,
 And whisky distill'd at sweet Ballinafad.

Broadside printed by Spencer, Bradford.

THE LASS OF HUMBER SIDE.

[Edinburgh Musical Miscellany, 1792.]

IN lonely cot by Humber side,
 I sit and mourn my hours away,
 For Constant Will was Peggy's pride,
 But now he sleeps in Iceland Bay;
 Ah, me! I sit oppressed with woe.
 And hear the sailors' yo, heave, ho!

Another Chorus runs—

Still, as the ships pass to and fro,
 I fondly list to yo, ya, yo.

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,
 Where half the year is dreary night,
 He toiled for me, and oft would boast
 That Peggy was his sole delight;

Ah, woe is me! I often cry,
 As through the broken panes I peep,
 And as the distant sails I spy,
 I think of dearest Will and weep;

If loud the swelling storms I heard,
 As on my lonesome bed I lay'd,
 All night alone for Will I feared,
 All night alone for Will I prayed.

The bride knot which my love did wear
 Loose hung a pendant o'er my door,
 And when it told the wind was fair,
 I fancy'd soon he'd be on shore.

At length the very ship I spy'd
 In which my constant Will had sail'd,
 With haste I ran to Humber side,
 And loud and oft the sailors hail'd;
 The deck they traversed to and fro,
 And answer'd nought but "yo, heave, ho."

The boatswain now full near the shore,
 I ask for Will—he shook his head;
 “I fear,” said I, “he is no more,”
 His answer was, “Poor Will is dead.”
 Ah, me! I fell, oppressed with woe,
 And hear no more their yo, heave, ho!
 Now on my lonely bed I lie,
 And through the broken panes I peep,
 And as the distant sails I spy,
 I think of dearest Will, and weep.
Cho.—Ah, me, &c.

DE RERESBY.

“In olden time, ere fire and smoke,” is the beginning of a ballad of 204 lines in “Ivanhoe Review,” Rotherham, 1898, and was written by the Rev. J. H. Clark, of West Dereham, 1882.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING CERES.

IN praise of Venus poets sing,
 And Music moves the sounding string,
 Her vices veil'd from sight,
 While Ceres, modest as the Moon,
 In form like Sol at radiant noon,
 Gives innocent delight:
 Her charms, 'tis true, are quickly gone,
 Display'd at night, one night alone,
 Though delicate and gay;
 Fit emblem of terrestrial things,
 The joys of sense and pomp of kings!
 How soon they pass away!

Rotherham College.

REV. DR. WILLIAMS.

EPITAPH.

Bradford Church: Wm. Greenhough, 1844, aged 27.

It was so suddenly I fell
 My neighbours started at my knell,
 Amazed that I should be no more
 The man they'd seen the day before.
 But what security has breath
 Against the uplifted hand of death?
 Not one is safe, not one secure,
 Not one can call a moment sure;
 Be wise and let that holy path be trod
 On which, without surprise, a man may meet his God.

WEALTH.

IN solemn truth, Wealth is the god of power :
 Without his healing touch our world would die.
 But by its magic spells the deserts flower,
 And heaven and earth within its purchase lie.
 Broad lands and mansions, dells and flowing streams,
 Fantastic founts, and groves, and fairy bowers ;
 E'en health and life are sensate to its beams,
 And honour on the rich in torrents showers.
 And whence comes mighty Wealth, but from the earth,
 By art and labour wrought to form required ?
 With mindful tact one stores his laboured worth ;
 Another gains from fools with plots conspired.
 Though fountains flow, whoe'er would drink must ply his will ;
 The same applies to those who would their coffers fill.

ISRAEL HOLDSWORTH.

THE NIGHT WIND :

A Song by EMILY JANE BRONTE.

IN summer's mellow midnight,
 A cloudless moon shone through
 Our open parlour window,
 And rose trees wet with dew.

I sat in silent musing ;
 The soft wind waved my hair ;
 It told me heaven was glorious,
 And sleeping earth was fair.

I needed not its breathing
 To bring such thoughts to me ;
 But still it whispered lowly,
 How dark the woods will be !

'The thick leaves in my murmur
 Are rustling like a dream,
 And all their myriad voices
 Instinct with spirit seem.'

I said, 'Go, gentle singer,
 Thy wooing voice is kind :
 But do not think its music
 Has power to reach my mind.

'Play with the scented flower,
 The young tree's supple bough,
 And leave my human feelings
 In their own course to flow.'

The wanderer would not heed me ;
 Its kiss grew warmer still,
 'O come' ! it sighed so sweetly ;
 I'll win thee 'gainst thy will.
 'Were we not friends from childhood ?
 Have I not loved thee long ?
 As long as thou, the solemn night,
 Whose silence wakes my song.
 'And when thy heart is resting
 Beneath the church-aisle stone,
 I shall have time for mourning,
 And thou for being alone.'

KING JOHN AND THE BARKER OF BRAAM.

IN summer time when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King John wolde a hunting ryde, [c. 1210.]
 Some pastime for to see.
 With hawke and hounde he made him boune,
 With horne, and eke with bowe ;
 To Spofforth Castle he took his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.
 And he had ridden o'er dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold barker,
 Come ryding along the waye.
 A fayre russet coat the barker had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.
 "Now stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye ;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye."
 "God speede, God speede thee," said our King,
 "Thou art welcome, Sir," sayd hee.
 "The readyest way to Spofforth Castle
 I praye thee to shew to mee."
 "To Spofforth Castle woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand ;
 The next pair of gallowes thou comest
 Turne in upon thy right hand."
 "That is an unreadye way," sayd our King,
 "Thou doest but jest, I see ;
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the barker,
 "I hold thee out of thy witt:
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Spofforth Castle
 No daynties we will spare;
 All daye shalt thou eat and drinke of the best,
 And I will pay thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the barker replied,
 "Thou payest no fare of mine!
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give the joy of them," sayd the King,
 "And send them well to priefe,"
 The barker wolde faine have been away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

"What art thou," hee sayde, "thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare,
 For the clothes, thou wearest upon thy back,
 Might besee me a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
 "I tell you, Sir, by the roode."

"Then thou ployest, as many an unthrif doth,
 And standeth in midds of thy goode."*

"What tydings heare you," sayd the kynge,
 "As you ryde farre and neare?"

"I heare no tydings, Sir, by the masse,
 But that cow hides are deare."

"Cow hides! cow hides! what things are those?
 I marvell what they bee?"

"What art thou a foole?" the barker reply'd
 "I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman art thou," sayd the kinge,
 "I pray thee tell me trowe."

"I am a barker,† Sir, by my trade;
 Nowe tell mee what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, Sir," quoth hee,
 "That am forth of service worne;
 And faine I wolde thy prentice bee,
 Thy cunning for to learne."

"Marrye heaven forfend," the barker replyde,
 "That thou my prentice were:
 Thou woldst spend more good than I should winne
 By forty shilling a yere."

* That is,—he carried all his wealth on his back.

† Barker: a dealer in bark.

"Yet one thing wolde I," sayd the kynge,
 "If thou wilt not seem strange:
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I fain wold change."

"Why if with mee thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,
 I will have some boct of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the kynge,
 "I sweare, so mote I thee:
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, Sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare:
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
 Aye skipping here and there."

"What boote wilt thou have?" our kynge replied;
 "Now tell mee in this stound.
 "No pence, nor half-pence, by my faye
 But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twenty groates of white monye,
 Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
 "I would have sworne now," quoth the barker,
 "Thou hadst not had one pennie."

But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide,
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cow hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the kynge,
 "I sweare, so mought I thee;
 Thy foule cow-hide I wolde not beare,
 If thou wouldst give it to me."

The barker hee tooke his good cow hide,
 That of the cow was hilt;
 And threwe it upon the kynge's sadelle,
 That was soe fayrelve gilde.

"Now helpe me up, thou fine fellowe
 'Tis time that I were gone:
 When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
 She'll say I am a gentilmon."

The kynge he tooke him up by the legge;
 The barker a fart let fall.

"Nowe marrye, good fellowe," sayd the kynge,
 "Thy courtesye is but small."

When the barker he was in the kynge's sadelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was ;
He marvelled greatly in his minde,
Whether it was golde or brasse.

And when his steede saw the cow's taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cow horne ;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The barker he pull'd, the barker he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast.
At length the barker came tumbling throne,
His neck he had well nye brast.

"Take thy horse againe with a vengeance," sayd he
"With mee he shall not byde."
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knew not of thy cove-hide.

Yet if againe thou fain woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly barker,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the barker replied
Now tell me in this stound !"
"Noe pence, nor half-pence Sir, by my faye,
But I will have twenty pounce."

"Here's twentye groats out of my purse ;
And twenty I have of thine :
And I have one more which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The kynge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and shrille :
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas !" the barker he cryde,
"That ever I sawe this daye !
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will bear my cow-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the kynge replied,
"I sweare, so mote I thee :
But they are the lords of the North countree,
Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our kynge they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde :
Then might the barker have been awaye,
He had liefer than twentye pounce.

"A collar, a collar," sayd the kynge,
 "A collar" he loud gan crye:
 Then woulde he liefer than twentye pounde,
 He had not beene so nighe.

"A collar, a collar," the barker he sayd,
 "I trowe it will breed sorrowe;
 After a collar cometh a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrow."

"Be not afraid, barker," said our kynge;
 "I tell thee, so mought I thee,
 So here I make thee the best esquire
 That is in the North countrie.

Away with thy feare, thou jolly barker,
 For the sport thou hast shewn to mee,
 I wote no halter thou shalt weare,
 But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside:
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the year,
 To maintaine thy good cowe-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the barker replied,
 "For the favour thou hast me showne;
 If ever thou comest to merry Braam,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoon."

THE ASHUPTON GARLAND,

See Jewitt's *Derbyshire Ballads*, some of which though referring to Sheffield district, can scarcely be claimed for Yorkshire.

- (1) **I**N summer time when leaves were green,
 With a hey derry down you shall see;
 James Oakes he called his merry men all,
 Unto the greenwood tree, [to a modern pic-nic.]
- (6) Then came blithe Helen of Osgarthorpe,
 With her sister as you shall know;
 Two fairer maids in Sheffield town
 Did ne'er set foot I trow.
- (15) Bill Graham of Skiers he then stepped forth,
 All buskined up to the knee;
 And he swore by all the fair maids there,
 Their champion he would be.
- (18) "By my troth," cried Bill, "thou'rt a gallant knight,
 And worthy of me for thy squire,
 And I'll show thee how for a lady I'll fight,
 If thou'lt meet me in good Yorkshire."
- (37) And here's a health unto James Oakes, &c.

THE GREAT REFORM HUMBUG.

A Ballad.

Printed for distribution on the occasion of the Visit of Lord Palmerston to lay the First Stone of the New Exchange, in Market Street, Bradford, August Ninth, 1864.

IN the glorious days of Palmerston,
That mighty man of yore,
St. Stephen's halls scarce number'd then
Of honest men five score ;
Brave Palmerston, the jocular,
He was a leader then,
And the rogues that he could muster
Were full five hundred men.

Now listen all, both great and small,
And I will tell to you
How this sad state was brought about,
And I will tell you true ;
And may the bonny muses nine,
Who haunt Parnassus' hill,
Inspire me with the sacred fire,
And guide my nimble quill.

Lord Derby was a noble man,
And a gallant man was he,
For he was of the Stanley race
Of ancient ancestry ;
He was a deep-dyed Tory too,
And to Whiggery a foe,
And o'er his door there waved a flag
As blue as indigo.

Now just before this great man's door,
On the other side the way,
There lived a famous cunning Jew,
His name was Vivian Grey,
A member of St. Stephen's halls
For little Buckingham,
Whose principles were "all my eye,"
His politics a sham.

Says Derby to this man one day,
"I sit among the Lords,
And you sit in the Commons,
Now listen to my words :
If thou wilt there my true
And trusty spokesman be,
I'll make a bid for place and power,
And thou shalt share with me.

Five-sixths in all the land you know
Have got no vote at all,
And yet when taxes must be raised
We call on great and small;
Hold out to these a shining bait,
And call that bait—Reform;
But recollect our promises
We never must perform.”

Then up and quickly answer'd him,
This scion of Abraham's seed:
“Your high behests, most noble Lord,
I evermore will heed;
Fancy and Fiction are my forte,
Yet 'twill be better far
To be a Chancellor and win
A garter and a star.”

When Palmerston, the jocular,
First heard of this compact,
He moved uneasy in his chair,
Scarce knowing how to act;
But soon he started with a bound,
And “by the powers” he swore,
That whatever Derby offered
Why he would offer more.

Full fifty years a diplomat
This wily Lord had been,
And he the rise of many a throne
And many a fall had seen;
Had many a sacred cause betrayed,
And compass'd all the woe
Of the noble sons of Poland,
And of Hungary too.

And as he sat, this great man said,
“This Franchise is a bore,
For give the people all they ask
They soon will crave for more:
My Order, and the power they wield,
Must soon part company,
Yet though that power must be the price,
I will the Premier be.”

Then up spake he to his valet:
“I would John Russell see,
And as I cannot go to him
Why he must come to me.
My gouty leg is worse to day,
But Johnny wont be nice,
So take this note, and take my coach,
And fetch him in a trice.”

Now Lord John Russell was a man
 Wise, honest, and discreet,
 A better never lifted leg
 Or walked along a street;
 A plucky body in his youth
 As ever you could meet—
 Could rule the realm, or at a pinch,
 Command the channel fleet.

Soon he and jaunty Palmerston
 Between them did agree,
 To grant a six and ten pound vote,
 If such a thing might be.
 But members on the hustings pledged
 Were seldom found sincere,
 And so they toss'd Reform about
 For many and many a year.

It was Tory in and Tory out,
 Then Whiggery had a spell,
 And full five times from royal lips
 The shadowy promise fell,
 Until at length the people rose,
 Rose like the roaring storm,
 And ere a month had passed away,
 The Queen had signed—Reform.

THE CROPTON MURDERS.

IN the quiet village of Cropton,
 Among the Yorkshire farming grounds.
 A cruel murder, sad and startling,
 Has aroused the country round.

One Joseph Wood, a well-known farmer,
 In seclusion there did dwell,
 His son and him they lived together,
 Their sad fate we now must tell.

No one pities the cruel monster,
 For the deed that he has done,
 Although he killed the poor old farmer,
 Why didn't he spare the helpless son?

These two poor victims have been missing
 Since nearly six months ago,
 Their cruel relation, Robert Charter,
 A Liverpool letter he did show.

The letter said, the poor old farmer
 And his son had gone away
 From Liverpool to cross the ocean,
 And would return some other day.

There were many had their own suspicions
 That some foul play had been done,
 But nothing could be found to prove it,
 Or bring it home to the guilty one.

At last some old shoes were discovered
 Belonging to the missing man,
 The police were quickly made acquainted,
 And the search once more began.

They searched the fields in all directions,
 With pick and spade turned up the land,
 At last beneath some muddy water
 They found the murdered farmer's band.

They found the feet and parts of clothing,
 A sad and sickening sight to see,
 The remainder of the decaying body
 Was buried beneath an old oak tree.

They tried to find the poor boy's body,
 They searched around both night and day,
 Human bones they have discovered,
 That ravenous pigs had gnawed away.

The cruel monster perhaps did murder
 The helpless, unopposing boy,
 And threw his body in the pigsty,
 There all traces to destroy.

But God's all-seeing eye was watching,
 To bring to light this fearful crime.
 And now the murderer, pale and trembling,
 Awaits for trial the appointed time.

If the jury find him guilty,
 To eternity he'll soon be hurled,
 To meet his mutilated victims
 Face to face in another world.

Horrible murder and mutilation of the bodies of Joseph Wood and his son, at Pickering, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on or about the 17th or 18th of May, 1872. Robert Charter stands committed for the murder

Copied from a broadside, no printer's name attached.

NOTE.—Charter was tried at York Assizes for the above murder but the evidence was not clear enough to convict him.

EPITAPH.

Saddleworth, 1723.

In Deanshaw I did live and die
 John Gartside was my name,
 In youthful years I was sharp,
 Atropos did cut my thread in twain,
 I willingly gave up the ghost
 In hopes to live again.

WE'LL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS.

IN the ways of true Temperance see children delighting,
 So joyful and happy wherever we go;
 If firm to the purpose in which we're uniting
 We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!
 The first little drop of strong drink that is taken
 Is the first step to ruin; e'en children may know;
 If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken.
 We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

Then free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,
 We'll stand by our Temp'rance wherever we go;
 And if bad men should tempt, we'll resist their persuasion
 And never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!
 Oh come and belong to our Band of Hope army,
 You'll be shielded from danger wherever you go;
 We have wisdom in mirth and we've loving communion,
 And you'll never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

JABEZ TUNNICLIFF, Leeds.

SOMEONE LOVES THEE STILL:

IN thy hour of tribulation,
 When sad griefs thy thoughts invade,
 When thy soul is pierced with sorrow
 Call this truth unto thy aid,—Some one, &c.
 When thy heart is torn with anguish,
 When with grief thy bosom swells,
 Oh! believe in midst thy sorrow
 That 'tis truth's own voice which tells,—Some one, &c.
 When thy eyes are swollen with weeping,
 When bowed down with grief and pain,
 In thy misery fondly listen
 To the voice which says again.—Some one, &c.
 Should thy dearest friends forsake thee,
 Should they pass thee coldly by,
 Yet in midst thy desolation
 Listen to that joyous cry,—Some one, &c.
 And should pain and ling'ring illness
 Bend and shatter thy loved form,
 In the midst of thy despairing
 May these words thy bosom warm,—Some one, &c.
 Should a subtle wavering
 Cloud with doubt thy coming morrow,
 Cast it out thy inmost mind,
 And believe mid all thy sorrow—Some one, &c.

Though the world may seem to spurn thee,
 Cruelly may bend thee down,
 Cast its sting of malice at thee,
 Meet thee with reproachful frown,—Some one, &c.
 Though mid briars thy foot is planted,
 Though foul snares beset thy ways,
 Though thy path is hemmed by dangers,
 Yet thy loving voice still says,—Some one, &c.
 Should thy fond and loving heart
 In its inward depths be torn
 Though rackt with pain and rent with grief
 Let these words remove the thorn—Some one, &c.
 Should all earthly sympathies
 Cruelly from thee be rent,
 Should they spurn thy love with loathing,
 Still in truth these words are meant,—Some one, &c.
 Oh, when pressed by earthly sufferings,
 When thy soul in anguish prays,
 Look thou upward in thy trouble,
 While a voice from heaven says,
 Thy Father loves thee still!

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

MIRFIELD CASTLE.

Ismay's MS., 1720.

IN times of yore a knight did dwell
 At Castle-hall, near Chapel Well,
 And Sir John Heaton was his name,
 A worthy baron, great in fame;
 Lord of this town, as story tells,
 When chapel stood at Chapel Wells.
 He got this church parochial made,
 And the foundation of it laid
 In the same place where now it stands,
 Upon a part of his own lands.



Behind the house a mound appears
 A lasting monument of years;
 It was erected by the Danes
 And piled up with wondrous pains.
 A Saxon lord possessed the same
 Before the Norman Princes came,
 As doth appear by Domesday-book.
 The Beaumonts did the place command
 When Harry Tudor ruled the land,
 The house re-built, which ages stood,
 And front adorned with carved wood
 By Thomas B[eaumont] the owner's name
 Who lived and died in the same.
 Belis to the church the living call;
 And to the grave they summon all,
 And, when by death, one gets a fall
He's neighbour then to Castle Hall.

DRAGON OF WANTLEY:

From the *Cantata*, adapted by J. L. Brain, Music by W. W. Pearson
 in "Yorkshire Musician," Stanningley.

See the Wantley or Wharnccliffe Ballad in Ingledew's collection.

IN Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
 The place I know it well,
 Some two miles or thereabout
 I vow I cannot tell.
 But there is a nook just by the brook
 Where beeches throw their cooling shade,
 O there and then was the dragon's den,
 His dwelling made in woodland glade.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
 The place I know it well;
 A spot where twines the sweet woodbine,
 And scented roses dwell.
 And down the hill a limpid rill,
 From out the well flows pure and sweet,
 Through moss and fern with many a turn,
 Meand'ring on the brook to meet.

Alas! that here a place of rest,
 Of calm and peaceful loveliness
 Was that great pest the dragon's nest
 And all around the hunting ground.
 In Yorkshire . . . roses dwell.

THE DON-SIDE LOVERS.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

—
I ONCE had a true-love on Don-side did well,
There was none in Scotland that could excel;
I courted this fair maid by night and by day,
Until by French wars I was forced away.

To join the Scotch standard the bold forty-two,
When they were in Egypt to fight with Menoue,
And we shewed our thistle in Egypt's wild plain,
And under General Wellington in Portugal and Spain.

Where we fought many a battle with victory and fame,
Which are all brave Scotch soldiers wish for to gain.
The wars now are ended, and I'm to leave Spain,
Once more I'll see my true-love in Scotland again.

When once more I landed on the banks of the Don,
I went to my true love, but found she was gone,
I was told at the place where she used to stay,
But now she had left it and crossed the Spay.

I march'd soldier like, by the light of the moon,
The road she had taken, I hop'd to find soon,
Thro' wild woods and mountains, and cold frosty snow
For a fortnight and better, I constant did go.

At length being full weary, I sat myself down,
I spied a small cottage by the light of the moon,
Being hungry and thirsty, I set out with speed,
I ask'd for a night's lodgings, and small piece of bread.

The old wife made answer, you canna come here,
You seem an old soldier, so off you must steer,
Yes I am an old soldier, I ne'er will deny,
And to turn me out of quarters I will you defy.

And turning me round, there I did espy,
My dearest sweet Nelly, sitting close by,
I then asked my fair one, pray how do you do,
Since we parted on Don-side I've fought much for you.

Nelly she started with wondering eye,
Are you my dear Jemmy the wars took from me?
Yes, I'm your dear Jemmy, still true and alive,
And now from the wars I've a lasting reprieve.

Nelly exclaim'd, saying what shall I do,
For I'm to be married in a week or two.
And there is the young man just now standing by,
That I am to marry, I ne'er will deny.

But believe me dear Jemmy, believe what I say,
I'm as free for to marry, as when you went away,
O then my dear Nelly you know what to do,
You've got two choices, say which of the two.

She fled in my arms, saying Jemmy it is you,
That I am to marry, for you have been true.
This young man made answer, and thus he did say,
Before you take her from me, some of us shall die.

Then bright martial courage soon fired Jemmy's eye,
A massy old sword he drew from his thigh;
The sight of my sword makes you tremble for fear,
You must fight me and conquer ere the laurels you wear.

He struck him a blow, that soon made him fly,
He remained with his fair one, in her defence for to die
Now Jemmy is married to Nelly so true,
They live in true comfort as all lovers do.

THE MASKERS' SONG.

Recorded by Dr. Dixon, from the recital of a young besom-maker at Linton, one of five performers, dressed in grotesque characters, who acted a rude drama, with songs and music, at the farm houses during Christmas festivities. It really is an Easter drama, (see Peace-Egg.)

Clown recites—

I OPEN this door, I enter in,
I hope your favour for to win;
Whether we shall stand or fall,
We do endeavour to please you all.
A room! a room! a gallant room,
A room to let us ride!
We are not of the raggald sort,
But of the royal tribe:
Stir up the fire and make a light,
To see the bloody act to-night.

Fiddler sings—

Here's two or three jolly boys all in one mind;
We've come a pace-egging, I hope you'll prove kind:
I hope you'll prove kind with your money and beer,
We shall come no more near you until the next year.
Fal de ral, lal de lal, &c.

The first that steps up is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee,
With a star on his breast, like silver doth shine;
I hope you'll remember this pace-egging time.
Fal de ral.

O! the next that steps up is a jolly Jack tar,
 He sailed with Lord Nelson during last war;
 He's right on the sea, Old England to view:
 He's come a pace-egging with so jolly a crew.

O! the next that steps up is old Toss-pot, you'll see,
 He's a valiant old man, in every degree,
 He's a valiant old man, and he wears a pig-tail;
 And all his delight is drinking mulled ale.

O! the next that steps up is old Miser, you'll see;
 She heaps up her white and her yellow money;
 She wears her old rags till she starves and she begs;
 And she's come here to ask for a dish of pace-eggs.

Song and dance—

Gentlemen and ladies, that sit by the fire,
 Put your hand in your pocket, 'tis all we desire;
 Put your hand in your pocket, and pull out your purse,
 And give us a trifle,—you'll not be much worse.

MARY'S ROSE:

A Ballad.

I PULLED a rose from off the bower,
 And O, it was a thornless blossom;
 From every sting I cleared the flower,
 And placed it in my Mary's bosom.
 She took it thence with trembling hand,
 And to her bonny lip she pressed it;
 But every leaf, so fair and bland,
 Fell to the ground as she caressed it.
 A tear bedimmed her lovely e'e,
 While o'er this wreck of beauty leaning;
 She cast a doubtful look on me,
 And O! full well I knew its meaning.
 Alas, I said, my lovely maid,
 The matchless gem is gone for ever,
 Like woman by false man betrayed,
 No more to bloom, ah never, never.
 But think not, as thou lookst on me,
 That love so soon can quit its station;
 And that this ruined rose can be
 An emblem of its short duration.
 How long or brief our days may be,
 Till in the tomb this head reposes,
 O Mary, I will cling to thee,
 And till my fate be like the rose's.

THOMAS CROSSLEY, Halifax, 1837.

ORPHAN CHILDREN.

I REACHED the village on the plain,
Just when the setting sun's last ray
Shone blazing on the golden vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way alone I sped,
And climbed the stile, and sat me there,
To think in silence on the dead
Who in the church-yard sleeping were.

There many a long, low grave I viewed
Where toil and want in quiet lie;
And costly slabs amongst them stood
That bore the names of rich and high.

One new-made mound I saw close by,
O'er which the grasses hardly crept,
Where, looking forth with listless eye,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed as it could take;
And yet so worn and white were they
With want, it made my bosom ache.

I looked awhile, and said at last,
"Why in such sorrow sit you here?
And why the food you leave and waste
Which your own hunger well might cheer?"

The boy rose instant to his feet,
And said with gentle, eager haste,
'Lady, we've not enough to eat;
O, if we had, we should not waste.

But sister Mary's naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate'er I say;
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to day."

'Indeed,' the poor starved Mary said,
'Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
For yesterday I had some bread;
He's had none since the day before.'

My heart with pity swelled so high,
I could not speak a single word:
Yet the boy straightway made reply,
As if my inward wish he heard.

'Before our father went away,
By bad men tempted o'er the sea,
Sister and I did naught but play;
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

But then poor mother did so cry,
 And looked so changed, I cannot tell !
 She told us that she soon should die,
 And bade us love each other well.
 She said that when the war was o'er,
 Perhaps our father we might see :
 But if we never saw him more,
 That God would then our father be.
 She kissed us both, and then she died,
 And then they put her in the grave ;
 There many a day we've sat and cried
 That we no more a mother have.
 But when our father came not here,
 I thought if we could find the sea
 We should be sure to meet him there,
 And once again might happy be.
 So hand in hand for many a mile,
 And many a long, long day we went :
 Some sighed to see, some turned to smile,
 And fed us when our stock was spent.
 But when we reached the sea, and found
 'Twas one great flood before us spread,
 We thought that father must be drowned,
 And cried, and wished we too were dead.
 So we came back to mother's grave,
 And only long with her to be ;
 For Goody, when this bread she gave,
 Said father died beyond the sea.
 So since no parent we have here,
 We'll go and search for God around ;—
 Pray lady, can you tell us where
 That God our Father may be found ?
 He lives in heaven, mother said
 And Goody says that mother's there ;
 But though we've walked, and searched, and pray'd,
 We cannot find them anywhere !'
 I clasped the prattlers in my arms,
 I cried ' Come, both, and live with me.
 I'll clothe and feed you, safe from harms—
 Your second mother I will be.
 'Till you to your own mother's side
 He in His own good time may call,
 With Him for ever to abide
 Who is the Father of us all.'

The oldest copy of this that I have seen is in an early volume of the
 "Cottage Magazine," Bradford. I have since discovered that Samuel
 Roberts, Sheffield, was the author.

THE BIRTWHISTLE WICHT.

I'REDE ye tak' tent o' the Birtwhistle Wicht,
 He forays by day, and he raids by the night;
 He cares na for warden, for bailee, or reeve,
 Ye may post him at kirk, and he'll laugh in his sleeve; (1)
 He'd harry, though Harribee tree were in sight,
 So daring a chiel is the Birtwhistle Wicht. (2)

The Tyne, and the Tarras, the Tweed, and the Till,
 They never could stop him, and troth! never will:
 At the mirk hour o' midnight, he'll cross the dark fen,
 He knows every wiuding o' valley and glen;
 Unscathed he can roam, though no star shed its light,
 For who would dare question the Birtwhistle Wicht?

The proud lord o' Dilston has deer in his park,
 He has keepers to watch them, and ban-dogs to bark;
 The barou o' Thirlwall has housen and kye,
 And old gaffer Featherstone pigs in his sty—
 The priest cannot claim them, or tythe them of right,
 But they all will pay tythe to the Birtwhistle Wicht?

The Prior o' Brinkburn is telling his beads,
 He patters his aves, and mutters his creeds;
 At each pause o' the choir, he starts, when the breeze
 Booms its dirge through the tower, or sighs through the trees
 He prays to the Virgin to shield him through night,
 From the powers o' hell, and the Birtwhistle Wicht!

Fair lasses o' Cheviot, he bodes ye no gude,
 He'll ne'er kneel at the altar, nor bow to the roode;
 But tell ye, your eyne ha' the gowan's bright sheen,
 The whiles he's preparing your mantles o' green.
 He'll grieve ye, and leave ye—alas for the plicht!
 For reckless in love is the Birtwhistle Wicht.

O! if he were ta'en to the Harribee tree,
 There'd be starers and gazers of every degree;
 There'd be shepherds from Sheilings, and knights from their ha's,
 And his neck-verse (3) would gain him unbounded applause.
 But it's no' in a hurry ye'll witness the sight,
 For wary and cute is the Birtwhistle Wicht!

Probably by ROBERT SURTEES, [DR. J. H. DIXON, Craven?]

(1) The door of a northern village church was not merely used for the purpose of posting parochial or Parliamentary notices; it was the place for announcements of every description requiring publicity.

(2) *Harribee* was the common place of execution for all border marauders.

(3) The "neck-verse," was the beginning of the 51st psalm.

ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST, (HOLDERNESS.)

I SAT by the scarlet poppies near the sands of the sunken shore :
 The hedges rustled above me as the warm wind wandered o'er :
 I heard it speak to the cornfields—I heard it speak to the sea :—
 Had it no message, I wondered—nothing to whisper to me ?

It passed from the brimming river to the waves that died at my feet,
 O'er the land of bearded barley, deep meadow and yellow wheat :
 Blue was the Northern Ocean, blue was the summer sky,
 And all things laughed for gladness as the wind went fluttering by.

I marked by the rushing ripples its path through the golden grain :
 Gay wavelets danced before it over the sunlit main :
 What were the words it whispered as it kissed the ocean spray ?
 Tell me, O bending corn-fields, what did the soft wind say ?

The wheat and the poppies answered : It whispered of sunny mirth,
 Of the wealth of the coming harvest, of the gifts of the goodly earth :
 Its breath was the blended odour of fruit, and flower, and corn,—
 Pure as the noon-day Heaven, fresh as the early morn.

But the great blue sea made answer : It came from the laughing land ;—
 It breathed of joy as it hurried over the glistening sand ;
 But its gladness grew to yearning as it sank on my boundless breast,
 And it wandered away for ever and could not find its nest.

It could not find its haven : it drooped and it yearned to die :
 The voice of its noon-day laughter was hushed in a weary sigh :
 It sighed, "O joy and sunshine, I fathomed your deepest deep,
 And depths were still beneath it"—it sighed—and it fell asleep.

EDMOND G. A. HOLMES, Oxford.

 EPITAPHS.

Kirkby Malham : Waddington, Oct. 10, 1673.

In seaventy three under this stone
 Interred was Jane Waddinton
 And Joshuah her brother, they
 Being buried both upon one day
 He twelve and she but six years old
 Who are we hope mongst saints enroled.

North Cave : Barbara Montgomery, 1747 :

In the vault lies Barbara,
 Hugh Montgomery Esq's. wife,
 Who ne'er was angry in her life ;
 As daughter, sister, wife or mother,
 You'll rarely hear of such another.

SENSITIVENESS.

I SAW the sea, with weary eye a-looking at the sun ;
 As if to say how long 'twill be before thy course is run.
 And all the prospect everywhere seem'd thinking of the same ;
 As it lay weltering silently steep'd in the sickening-flame.

The buzzing day seemed ill at rest, and flying to and fro ;
 Like the stifled screams of an infant's dreams, the noontide lay below.
 The ocean of the elements may roll as e'er it will ;
 Old nature seems in most turmoil to me when all is still.

It is a settled fixedness of rest where peace is none ;
 Like the vacancy of human mind when sorrow's pangs are gone.
 I hate the rest that seemeth rest, the selfishness of pain ;
 Where all the passions whisper peace, to roar more loud again.

The world is but a truce at best, a truce from peace or war ;
 Where all things are not as they seem, and seem not as they are.
 Noontide, the slumber of the ghosts, hangs heavy on our sight ;
 And dreams, the witchery of sleep, prolong the weary night.

Silent and bright the flame may glow, which lights this earthly shell ;
 Yet like the wreck of human hearts, its throbbing speaks not well.
 The light that lies upon the clouds like marble cold and fair ;
 And as a soulless multitude they stir not in the air.

The air may sleep in stillness, the beetle dream its flight ;
 The shuddering of a burning tear will keep me wake till night.
 The drop that falls in quietness, upon the mountain sod,
 To me it seems as solemn as the deathliest voice of God.

The snowdrop that reclines its head upon the desert air.
 Speaks but of death to me, for 'tis so beautiful and fair.
 The very light that pours the bliss of joy in every eye,
 Seems but in every turn to say that darkness is more nigh.

The sun may kiss the morn awake, and fill the hearts of some
 With the warm blush of tenderness, because her beauties come.
 I cannot share such fond delight, or smile to smiles again ;
 Because the very tenderness of pleasure gives me pain !

WILLIAM MASON, Guisborough.

EPITAPH.

North Cave: Hugh Montgomery, 1748.

My father a North Briton my mother Rutlandshire,
 From Dublin their son, Hugh Montgomery, Esq.
 When my race is run shall rest me in this choir,
 In hope, as he began, God will raise me higher.

SLY SALLY.

A H'S gying te hev a walk down t' lane—
 Come, Sally, will tha gan?
 Thou awllas is seea shy wi' me,
 Thou 's nowt like our Ann!

If your Bob just waits i' t' lane,
 Our Ann runs out wi' glee;
 Bud thou—thou stans an' hings the heead,—
 Thou mun be flayd o' me.

Thou is n't flay'd?—then tak me ame.
 An' put the band weel through,
 An let mah hear tha tawk a bit—
 Ah deea feel happy noo.

Thou knows how weel Ah luv tha, Sal,
 An' Ah thinks 'at thou luvs me;
 Leeak up, me lass, an' let mah wipe
 That tear-drop frae the e'e.

There 's sike a canny hoose te let,
 Just down beside t' draw-well;
 Ah think Ah 'll tak 't. What dis the say?
To liv' in 't be mesel'?

Thou knows Ah mean 't for thou an' me,
 If nobbut thou wad wed:
 Ah 've brass aneeaf te furnish 't wiv
 As seen as t' word's been sed.

Cum, tell mah what tha means, at yance!
Thou will te mooun at neet?
 Ah's ommost loss mah wits wi' joy
 If thou gies t' anser reet!

Bud let 's be off, te hev wer walk
 Tahme it 's seea nice an leet:
 Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Ah sall feel queer
 Untell te mooun at neet!

MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

EPITAPH.

Keighley Church, 1717.

I William Steille no pains now feel:
 What tho I did resign my breath
 A better life comes after death,
 In which I live and so shall be
 Blessed unto Eternity. Prepare to follow me.

DAFFY DOWN DILLY.

I SHALL never forget the first day that we met,
 In a sweet little cot on the hill;
 It was one day in June, when the birds sang in tune,
 To the sound of the murmuring rill.
 She was bashful, yet free, and as blithe as a bee,
 And her beauty none e'er could surpass;
 She was fair as a lily, gay Daffy Down Dilly
 Was the name of this sweet Yorkshire lass.

I asked, "Who's your father?" she said "I would rather
 Not answer, I think you so bold;"
 Then I asked, "Who's your mother?" she answered "Don't
 bother
 You'd not know them, supposing I told."
 Then I said, "Pretty darling, it's no use you snarling,
 Your face cannot put on a frown,"
 "Pray don't talk so silly," said Daffy Down Dilly,
 And her eyes she cast modestly down.

Then I ventured to clasp her small hand in my grasp,
 And she poutingly struggled to free it;
 And she cried, "Go along, I'm sure it is wrong!"
 But I told her I quite failed to see it.
 Then soon after that down together we sat,
 My arm round her waist gently stealing;—
 "Behave yourself, Willy!" said Daffy Down Dilly,
 But I told her 'twas all in good feeling.

"Though father and mother, and sister and brother
 May love you, sweet maiden, most dearly,
 I vow and declare, nay, I almost could swear,
 They don't love you like I do, nor nearly.
 For my heart's all your own, you're the queen on its throne,
 I'm your slave, your devoted one, Willie!"
 She said, "You're soon struck, I admire your pluck,
 But you can't have this Daffy Down Dilly."

"Then with sorrow," said I, "broken-hearted I die,
 For I cannot live longer without you."
 She answered, "Oh, fie! you can live if you try,
 Though my heart's half inclined not to doubt you."
 So I clung to her still, and she called me her Will,
 To my bosom I gathered my lily,
 And I now pass my life with a dear little wife,
 My beautiful Daffy Down Dilly.

JOHN HARTLEY, Halifax.

THE LONDON SIGHTS.

A New Song.

I'SE a poor country lad, and humble's my lot,
 I'm come up to London to see what is what;
 Folks call I fool, if I be so don't frown,
 I've a pretty good pack of relations in town.
 Some folks in the street by th' Lord made me stare,
 So comic and droll is the dress that they wear;
 For the gentlemen's waists are a-top of their backs,
 And their large Cossac trousers fit just like to sacks.
 Then the ladies, their dresses are equally queer,
 They wear such big bonnets their face can't appear;
 It puts me in mind, 'pon my word I'm no joker,
 Of a coal scuttle stuck on the head of a poker.



In their bonnets they wear of green such a power,
 It puts me in mind of large cauliflower,
 And in winter their legs must be ready to freeze,
 For *they* wear all their petticoats up to their knees.

They carry large bags full of trinkets and lockets,
 For the fashion is now not to wear any pockets;
 And to keep off the flies from every beholder,
 They throw a large cabbage-net over their shoulder.

I went to the Opera, (I think 'twas the place)
 I did not much like it, but may hap I want taste;
 Such squeaking and squalling, and dancing far fam'd,
 Talk of legs! I came out, I was really a-ham'd.

I next went to a place, which is call'd a Bazaar,
 A place that beats all the others by far;
 I was ask'd by a lady to buy at a stall,
 Like most other folks—I bought nothing at all.

Then the bucks wear stiff'ners tied round the neck,
 And a large flashy collar that covers the cheek;
 Since the times are so hard, this fashion I'll follow,
 If I can't get a shirt, I'll e'en wear a collar.

But the most of all fashions doth puzzle I,
 Is to see folks cock up a glass to their eye;
 Since boxing the vogue is, their plan is no doubt,
 To keep one eye in store, till the other's knock'd out.

Once the great coats in fashion, no skirts could be found,
 Now th' cloth is got dear, the skirt's on th' ground,
 Our bucks look like monkey's, I'll prove it on the nail,
 For a monkey is known, by the length of his tail.

But however the fashions are given to range,
 In your smiles and your favors I hope for no change;
 Your kind approbation I will study to keep,
 And to please you I'll sing till you're all fast asleep.

Booth, Printer, Selby.

AH'S YORKSHIRE.

AH'S Yorkshire! bi mi truly!
 Ah is, Ah'm prond ti say;
 Just try ya ti get ower mah,
 Ye'll hev eneaf ti deah.
 Ah's oppen-gobbed an' soft like;
 Ah knaw mare than ah tell;
 The fellah that wad bite mah,
 All seaf get bit his sel. Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire! Ah's a plain stick,
 What's that? It's been mi luck,
 Ti be like monny a dahmond,
 Covered at top wi muck.
 Some fooaks weear t'muck at insard
 Seeah deep it's scarcely seen,
 Nooah's flood a pure soft watter
 Wad scarcely wesh 'em clean. Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire ti the back beean,
 Out-spokken, frank and free,
 Ah hate a lecar as Ah hate
 Awd Nick, that tell'd fost lee.
 Ance Ah may be catch'd nappin,
 We all may slip sum day
 But twice if ye get ower mah,
 Ah nivver mair al say, Ah's Yorkshire.

Ah's Yorkshire! Ah's true hear'ed,
 Ah luv a recal awd frind,
 An' Ah allus stick up for him,
 An' his good neam defend.
 If ony chap should call him,
 Au' Ah be stannin by,
 Ah lets him knaw his bizness,
 Au' this is t' reason why—Ah's Yorkshire.

WM. HALL BURNETT, born at Stokesley in 1841.

[Three more verses. The dialect is very mixed.]

EPITAPH.

Rothwell: Robt. Skelton, coal miner, 1764.
 In youth's high tide of blood my soul took flight,
 From instant health, into the realms of night,
 So short the date, so narrow is the span
 Which separates Eternity from man.

THE THIEF'S ARM.

I SING of a man to some well known,
 Who went and listed in the King's own;
 For he was tall and mighty grown,
 Full six feet high of flesh and bone.
 Ri tol re rol lay, &c.

Now this man to battle did go,
 The balls flew thick, and whistled so,
 There was one came straight and gave him a blow
 And knocked off his arm above his elbow.

When the surgeon came to look at the wound,
 A noted thief lay on the ground;
 Quite dead, but still he'd a perfect arm,
 So he saw'd it off whilst it was warm.

Now this arm he spliced to our hero's stump;
 And bound it fast, was not he a trump;
 And in short time it got well,
 And many of that brave corps can tell.

This man he turned out a thief,
 And was discharged for stealing beef;
 For with this curs'd thief's arm he'd got,
 He could let nothing be too heavy or hot.

Then up to London he did repair,
 To see if advice he could get there;
 And all the way that he did jog,
 The arm was at work and found him in prog.

And when he got there he walked along,
 And strove to bustle through the throng;
 But the arm kept diving in every one's pocket,
 He tried all he could but could not stop it.

It stole him watches, gold and rings,
 And many other precious things;
 And one night he found he'd wealth in store,
 For bandanna wipes he had a score.

He robb'd the Bank, and the Treasury,
 Likewise a poet at the play;
 And one night going home, 'tis said,
 He stole a glass eye from an old woman's head.

Now this arm had such a propensity
 For stealing, that it could not stay;
 It robbed a regiment of its baggage;
 Likewise a tailor of his cabbage.

Long time he carried on the trade,
 Until he had a fortune made;
 But for a crime he was afterwards taken,
 And sent by the Judge to be hung up like bacon.

And when he came to the Gallows' tree,
 With the parson's watch he did make free;
 And as Jack Ketch was tying the knot,
 He picked his pocket of all he'd got.

Now this man he was buried you may suppose,
 And after that the arm arose,
 And joined a body-snatching knave,
 Who stole his old master out of his Grave.

[Printed by Spencer, Bradford.]

ROLL THE WORLD ALONG.

I SING the mighty in spirit and deed,
 Who do the great work of the world;
 Who cannot be vanquished, taking the lead
 Till the banner of triumph's unfurled.
 Their genius is labour, their power is in toil,
 The breezes are with them, they've strength in the soil;
 No obstacles baffle, nor trials despoil;
 Their manhood goes into their work,
 And their life's like an earnest song,
 And scorning their duty to shirk,
 They roll the world along.

I sing the men who are daring and bold;
 I sing of the brave and the free;
 O give me the labour, better than gold
 That conquers o'er land or on sea,
 The world is a plaything, the world is a toy;
 To every true hero, the task is his joy,
 To master its forces, its evils destroy;
 His manhood goes into his work,
 And his life's like an earnest song;
 And scorning his duty to shirk,
 He rolls the world along.

I sing the few who are faithful and true,
 Whose life is with grandeur impressed;
 Their noble endeavours always renew
 Till highest is reached and their best.
 O follow them ever, redeeming mankind!
 Rely on thine own self and fall not behind!
 The crown is for him with true courage inclined.
 Thy manhood put into thy work;
 Make thy life like an earnest song;
 And scorning thy duty to shirk,
 O! roll the world along.

H. BODELL SMITH, Pudsey.

A LOVE SONG :

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM ; for the "Yorkshire Musician."

I SLEPT and saw in a dream the face
Of my love in bygone years.
It smiled on me with its own sweet grace,
And shamed me for its tears.
For I had walked in the paths of night
And wept for my love afar,
As a child who saw its gleaming light
Might sigh for a distant star.

Cho.—Will it be so for aye, sweetheart?
Will it be so for aye?
I to walk in the night apart,
You in the light of day?

I woke at morn and the dream was dead
And my love had gone away,
But the smile and its grace will for ever shed
A light on my lonely way:
For across the strings of my weary soul
The hand of an angel swept
And its music over my spirit stole
And my heart no longer wept!

Cho.—Let it be so till then, sweetheart,
Till we have met for aye
I to walk in the night, apart,
You in the light of day!

THE SEEDS OF LOVE :

MRS. HABERGHAM, of Habergham, in Lancashire, and Elland, Yorkshire. "Ruined by her husband's extravagance and disgraced by his vices [see West Riding Sessions' Rolls, MS.,] she soothed her sorrows, as under." She was buried at Padiham in 1703.

I SOWED the seeds of love, it was all in the spring,
In April, May and June, likewise when small birds they do sing,
My garden's well planted with flowers everywhere,
Yet I had not the liberty to choose for myself the flower that I loved
so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I asked him to choose for me,
He chose me the violet, the lily and pink, but those I refused all three,
The violet I forsook because it fades so soon,
The lily and the pink I did o'erlook, and I vowed I'd stay till June.

[The gardener standing by preferred to chuse for me,
The pink, the primrose and the rose, but I refused the three;
The primrose I forsook because it came too soon,
The violet I o'erlooked, and vowed to wait till June.]

[In June the red rose sprung, but was no flower for me,
I plucked it up, lo! by the stalk, and planted the willow tree;
The willow I must wear with sorrow twined among,
That all the world may know I falsehood loved too long.]

In June there's a red rose-bud, and that's the flower for me!
But often have I plucked at the red rose-bud till I gained the willow-tree;

The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree will twine,—
Oh! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms that once had the heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take great care,
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there grows a sharp thorn there;
I told him I'd take no care till I did feel the smart,
And often I plucked at the red rose-bud till I pierced it to the heart.

I'll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I can touch,—
That all the world may plainly see I love one flower too much;
My garden is run wild! where shall I plant anew—
For my bed, that once was covered with thyme, is all overrun with rue?

THE LOST SHIP:

. A Song by ÆTHELBERT BINNS, Wilsden, 1890.

I STOOD with many hundreds more
To watch the proud ship leave the shore;
With hundreds more I waved adieu,
Gazed on the ship till lost to view,
Sobbed with the rest, shed bitter tears,
Hoped for the best for coming years.

* * *

Like hundreds more I read the tale
Of ship that foundered in a gale;
Like hundreds more I was bereaved
Of one to whom my heart had cleaved;
Like 'twas to others, so to me—
My life on earth must single be.

Still with those many hundreds more,
Who watched the proud ship leave the shore,
I know that I ere long shall reach
A far-off country's tranquil beach,
Whereon will be the shipwrecked crew
To whom on earth we waved adieu.

EPITAPH.

Idle Church. Cordingley's infant, 1869.

I was unto my parents dear,
A flower sweet and good,
But death you see has called me
And pluckt me in the bud.

RIDIN' T' STANG.

A H (I) tinkle, Ah tinkle, Ah tinkle tang,
 It's nut foor your part ner mah part
 'At Ah rahd the stang,
 Bud foor yan Bill Switch whan his weyfe did bang,
 Ah tinkle, Ah tinkle, Ah tinkle tang.
 He banged her, he banged her, he banged her indeed.
 He banged her, he banged her, afoor sha steead need.
 Upstairs aback o' t' bed
 He sairly brayed her whahl sha bled,
 Oot o' t' hoos on ti t' green
 Sikan a seet ez nivver war seen,
 Ez neean cud think, ez neean cud dream.
 Sae Ah gat ma a few cumarades
 Ti traal ma aboot;
 Sae it's hip hip hurrah, lads,
 Set up a gert shoot,
 An' blaw all yer whistles,
 Screeam, rattle an' bang
 All 'at ivver ya've gitten,
 Foor Ah ride the stang.

BLAKEBOROUGH'S "NORTH YORKSHIRE."

On the third night the effigy is burnt.

Riding the stang was adopted in Yorkshire among the lower orders, on the discovery of any frailty on the side of either man or wife. A stang was procured, on which a good-natured friend mounted, who was borne through the streets in the dusk of the evening on the shoulders of two men, preceded by a man carrying a lantern. At every fifty yards or so they made a halt, when the exalted personage roared out something similar to the following—

"Good neighbours attend,
 While I you harangue,
 'Tis neither for your sake
 Nor for my sake
 That I ride the stang,
 But it is for the wife of Oliver Grey
 That I ride the stang."

This oration being concluded, they hurrahed, and after repeating it in different places, proceeded to the residence of the frail one, where they concluded with hootings and jeerings, and then dispersed. But in the place of a stang, they had at Grassington a cart, in which the spokesman with several others were drawn through the different parts of the town, till they had been all over it, and then they were taken to Linton Church, round which they went three times in order to escape local law. The following is a copy of what was said on one of these occasions:—

"Heigh dilly, how dilly, heigh dilly, dang,
 It's naether for thy part nor my part
 That I ride the stang.

But it is for Jack Solomon
 His wife he does bang,
 He bang'd her, he bang'd her,
 He bang'd her indeed;
 He bang'd t' poor woman,
 Though shoo stood him na need,
 He naether tuke stick, staen, wire, nor stower,
 But he up wi' a besom and knocked her ower,
 So all ye good nahbors, who live in this row,
 I pray ye tak warning, for this is our law;
 And all ye cross husbands
 Who do yer wives bang,
 We'll blow for ye t' horn,
 And ride for ye t' stang,
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah."

—*B. J. Harker's "Rambles in Upper Wharfedale."*

This, perhaps wholesome custom, went out of fashion with the advent of the West Riding Police Force. But the writer of this can remember a stang riding which he witnessed at the village of Queenshead, now called Queensbury, near Halifax, when the wife-beating delinquent was himself placed on the stang, and carried by force the round of all the neighbourhood." See Walker's *Yorkshire Costumes* for a picture.

QUEEN MAB AND THE YORKSHIRE SQUIRES.

IT chanced one fine night, having little to do,
 Queen Mab called around her, her frolicsome crew;
 Moth, Cobweb and Blossom were there to a man,
 And gay Robin Goodfellow led up the van.

"My brisk little sprites," she began then to say,
 "To the Yorkshire high wolds you must hasten away;
 In their bottle the lads there so dearly delight,
 They shall have enough on't this whimsical night.

Away to their chambers, like gossamers fly.
 And touch them all round as in slumbers they lie;
 That instant a change in each shape shall be seen,
 And all become bottles, red, purple, and green.

Nor yet have I told you the whole of my plan—
 To know them again you must ticket each man;
 Describe their materials, their nature, and use,
 And daylight shall shew what the labels produce."

Away flew the sprites as light as the wind,
 And fairy land soon was a vast way behind;
 Their journey perform'd, through the keyholes they crept,
 And each mark'd his hero, as soundly he slept.

The charm was soon wrought, and the sprites flew away,
But oh! what a sight was there seen the next day;
For when they arose, tho' without any legs,
Each bottle had motion, and walk'd upon pegs.

All shapes, all dimensions, all colours were there,
Flat-sided, broad-shoulder'd, thick, thin, round, and square;
Some more than half empty, some usefully full,
Some pleasant, some acid, some brisk, and some dull.

For the fairies, extending their sovereign's plot,
Touch'd all who loved liquor, and some who did not;
The proverb remembering which says, when you know
With whom men assort you will know what they do.

Cries one, "Keep aloof, or my neck you will break!"
"Oh Lord," cries another, "I'm brittle and weak!"
"I'm so used," says a third, "to the loss of my legs,
That I'm sure I can walk just as well on my pegs."

In one knot you might see a whole herd of small fry,
Who shook when a huge Magnum-bonum came by; (1)
His colours a mixture of scarlet and blue,
Presenting a stout, bloody hand to the view.

But what his contents? Why, his label go read;
"A cordial who wants, may here find one in need;
Give care to the winds! Let's be merry and free,
Here's a glass to good humour! good-humour'd we'll be."

His heir (2) next you'd think, of a different strain,
Transparent and tall, as if blown from Champagne,
His label—"No liquor more quiet than I,
Yet when I am mounted, my lads, I can fly."

A third yet remains of the same cheerful brood;
A justice upright, and a lecturer good; (3)
Though now on his label appears but one line,
"This bottle contains very generous Wine."

A stately decanter, advancing, behold,
Its contents have heart, and that heart is of gold;
But his label declares, if, like gold, by his weight,
You would buy Welham's Lord, (4) you must sell your estate.

Who will dare to pronounce Neswick's (5) squire without
merit,

A square little case—bottle full of choice spirit;
Or the pastor of Ganton (6) we must not name names—
Whose ticket the essence of ether proclaims.

Such a bottle came next as was ne'er seen before,
Its stopper the form of a coronet bore;
In state it moved on, and the ticket tied round
Said "The acid of vitriol (7) is here to be found."

A fanciful flask to the view next unfolds,
Some juice of the lemon; much spirit it holds;
But so pleasantly mix't you may drink o'er and o'er,
Yet still be as thirsty and brisk as before.

Full many a blockhead his satire has whipt,
For his wit is as keen as his coat nondescript;
And this is his motto—no bad one you'll say—
"Here's the blood of old Snowball, (8) so gallant and gay."

Come, little smart pint, Squire Thornton, (9) advance,
And Aldby, rose-colour'd, a flask of right Nantz (10).
Says label the first, "Though so young, I can think;"
Says label the second, "Who loves me must drink."

But what's this strange phial we saw not before,
Whose flourishing motto proclaims hellebore?
It whizzes and bounces quite up to the sky,
And if not well cork'd, like a Hawke it will fly.

What numbers besides in brisk motion are seen!
Gay Burton, a bottle of Rhenish are seen;
Wall-Cræsus, whose riches can never be told,
A neat pocket phial of portable gold.

This group before night of their change became glad,
For, top full of liquor, how could they be sad;
Till Mab sent her fairies next midnight, and then
They back again changed them from bottles to men.

1. Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, of whom see note to the ballad, "Matt Horsley's death."

2. Tatton Sykes, now Sir Tatton, thought to be one of the best riders in England.

3. His brother, then the Rev. C. Sykes.

4. Major Bower, a man of great weight, both in his person and manners, when the song was written.

5. John Grimston, Esq.

6. Rev. William Legard.

7. Lord Middleton.

8. Major Topham, of Wold Cottage, near Doncaster.

9. Young Wilf Thornton, a small man in person, but great in understanding.

10. Mr. Darley, a man of a good deal of spirit, unadulterated.

THE HERMIT OF ESKDALE-SIDE.

IT fell about the May-day time,*
When the wild flowers sweetly lie,
When the primrose decks the green-shaw copse,
When the lark salutes the sky.

* It fell about the Lammas tide: Otterburn ballads.

That Piercie, Bruce, and Allatson,
 And the Herberts light and gay,
 From their proud mountain homes went forth
 To spend a hunting day.

And they have left fair Kildale's halls
 And Skelton's castle fair,
 And the stately towers of Ghestborough (1)
 To seek the wild-boar's lair.

And up spake proud Lord Piercie then,
 And O, but he spake hie—
 "This day among the Eskdale woods
 Our prowess we will try.

"O, Eskdale is a bonny wood,
 And Esk a bonny stream,
 The Eskdale hills are high and bright,
 And lovely as a dream!

"The deer run wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree,
 The silver trout glide numberless,
 The wild flowers blossom free."

They lighted high on Eskdale-side,
 Upon the bent so brown,
 They lighted where that wild-boar lay
 The dread of Whitby Town!

They luncheon'd by the mossy hill,
 They drank the blood-red wine,
 They swore an oath the boar must die,
 Ere they would sit to dine.

Then from their slips the hounds were loosed,
 The hounds so fierce and fell,
 And far the chorns echoed loud
 O'er rock and woody dell.

Loud cheered those noble hunters,
 Loud neighed those joyous steeds,—
 This day shall Esk,—shall Cleveland ring
 With those brave gallants' deeds.

But O! what stirs the branches—?
 Why start the hounds aback?
 Why snort the trembling horses—,
 Nor dare that rugged track?

"The boar! the boar! the brindled boar!"
 Young Piercie loudly cried!
 "A silver dirk for him who spears
 The boar of Eskdale-side!"

And fast as wolves that hunger,
And strong as Whitby tide,
The huntsmen chaced o'er hill and wood,
The boar of Eskdale-side.

O'er moss and moor, o'er rock and cliff,
O'er heath and caverned glen
They drove the grim old wild-boar,
The wild boar from his den !

But in that ancient forest,
Beside the gnarled oak,
The Hermit meek of Eskdaleside
His lone communings took.

He was a silent dreamer,
A Prophet of the skies,
A Teacher and a Minister
Of Nature's mysteries.

No star illum'd the heavens,
No shadow touched the Earth,
But Eskdale's holy hermit
Could track their earliest birth.

The wild flowers of the forest,
The wealth of hill and dell,
All treasures, and all loveliness
That hermit knew full well.

But most in prayer and penitence,
But most in God's pure Word,
He spent his nightly vigils,
He wept before the Lord.

'Twas here the boar, all red with gore,
Rushed through the open stead,—
Wounded and torn it staggered on,
Then fell before him dead.

He sore was grieved, that holy man,
To see the piteous sight—
"O, man is far more fierce," he said,
"Than wild beasts in their might.

"Methought this drear and desert spot
To God and I were given,—
I little deemed that earthly rage
Had power o'er things of heaven.

"Back to your homes ! Proud Piercie, back !
Far hence your footsteps trace :
Herbert, De Bruce, how dare you thus,
Pollute this sacred place !"

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud,
 So loud I hear ye lie— (2)
 Ope wide the gates"—Young Piercie roared,
 'Or, surely thou shalt die!"

Balked of their prey and mad with rage
 They charged with pointed spear—
 The rustic door in pieces fell
 Where he was praying near.

"Thou shaven Priest, how dared thou stop
 The heir of Piercie's hall?
 How dared thou balk my fleet stag-hounds,
 And keep our prey in thrall?"

"Belike thou thought 'twas dainty fare,
 A banquet easy got—
 And by my troth, fit doom were thine,
 To match that wild-boar's lot."

"Stop, Piercie, stop that jeering tongue,
 Thy braggart falsehoods hence—
 Behold this Crucifix my shield,
 This Church my sure defence."

Then Piercie with his good broad sword
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has smote the hermit on the brow
 Into a deadly swound.

Wild terror like a storm of hail,
 Now struck each hunter's soul,—
 Away—away—o'er heath and crag
 Each seeks his stately hall!

To Sedman, lord of Streonshalh,
 The horrid outrage spread,
 That the holy monk of Eskdaleside
 Of his wound was well nigh dead.

Swiftly the Abbot did command
 Those youths to Eskdaleside,—
 "Now, by our holy Mother Church
 What may this deed betide?"

Whate'er this pious hermit asks,
 Your punishment shall be,—
 Yea, by my soul, though he should fix
 Your doom the gallow's tree."

"Alas, my lord," the hermit said,
 "Revenge be none of mine,
 To extend our Holy Church's bound
 Were nobler aim of thine!"

"I charge you on Ascension Eve,
In penance for this crime,
Of twigs within this forest ta'en
At earliest morning time—

"To rear on Whitby's yellow shore
A hedge that still must stand
Three tides,—nor Ocean's giant waves
Shall wash it from the sand.

"The bugle horn which rung this day
Your deed of shame shall sound,
And all your heirs this tribute give
To Time's remotest bound."

His eyes grew dim, his voice grew faint—
"Farewell thou smiling shore—
Sweet Esk, bright Esk, I loved thee well"—
One gasp—and all is o'er!

JOHN WALKER ORD, d. 1854.

1. The ancient name of Gisborough.
2. See old ballad of Patrick Spens, and the ballad of Otterbourne. The whole of this story appears in the 1st volume of Young's History of Whitby.

THE OLD OFFICE JACKET.

IT hangs on a peg on the wainscotted wall,
Tattered and faded, shapeless and torn,
Frayed at the wristbands, ink-splashed and small,
Dying in harness, really outworn,
The old office jacket that hangs on the wall.

A history written in eloquent lines,
Of work-a-day life, hangs limp from the peg,
Where habit has wrinkled, where energy shines;
And soulful it seems some tribute to beg,
The old office jacket that hangs on the wall.

It is old, but that garment was once all the go,
Was quite à la mode, and mellow in hue;
I courted the sunlight that May-time ago,
But now who would guess it was rich navy blue,
The old office jacket that hangs on the wall?

In the warp and the woof, summer dust is ingrained,
Perchance mild tobacco, aroma of hay,
Whose rarified atoms the texture has strained,
Or holds it imprisoned the fragrance of May,
That old office jacket that hangs on the wall.

Whatever there is, and whatever it saw,

Whatever that listless right sleeve has entwined,
Or lamp-post or maiden, none ever will draw ;

Circumspect garment, the best of thy kind,
Knowing old jacket that winks on the wall.

Roving old jacket, thy wrinkles bespeak

A garner of mem'ries, of starlight and gas,
Dost think of the touch of a velvety cheek,

Or laugh at those jokes round the tinkling glass,
Artful old jacket that smiles on the wall?

For aye have I doffed thee, and tenderly grieve

The time of our severance draweth anigh,
Was that a salute, which traversed thy sleeve,

Did the wind lift thy folds, or was it a sigh?
Tender old jacket that hangs on the wall.

To-night thou wilt lie in the W. P. B., [waste paper
basket]

The charwoman's son thou yet may'st adorn,
A fresh lease of life may be granted to thee,

So I wish thee a loving farewell—in the morn
A new office jacket will hang on the wall.

JOHN WATSON LUMB.

OUR LADY'S WELL: AN ANCIENT VILLAGE LEGEND.

IT is dawn ; and far in the purpling East
Is rising the ruddy morn,
And his glinting beams, with warmth increased,
Have roused from his dewy lair each beast,
And gold-tipped the waving corn ;
And the milkmaid, as she saunters along,
Is blithely trolling her matin song.

A merry dame and of joyful mien
Is that laughing village maid,
As the best and brightest that may be seen
In the May-day dance, or when mistletoe green
Mocks swains in the hall's deep shade.
But though belle of the vill, and unrivalled she
There is room in her heart for jealousy.

And under the giant oak's broad crest,
That stands at the foot of yond hill ;
Are the lazy kine with flowing breast,
Urged on to their wonted place of trest,
By the maiden's merry trill,
It is there they know they must yield the juice
That God has given to man's best use.

With arching back and with curling tail

They raise a kindly mean,

As the maiden drops her milking pail ;

But this morning their greeting has no avail

For away has their mistress gone !

And through bracken green and the heather-bell

She climbs the hill to the Fairy's Well.

She had dreamt as she lay in her lowly cote

That the fairies would be kind,

And for one bright pin or a shining groat

Dropt into the well, if it did not float,

In its place she would speedily find

The sweet vision of him whom her heart most craves

Rise clear to her view on the rippling waves.

The shining groat lay in her palm,

And a deep sigh swelled her breast ;

Could that tiny piece bear such a charm ?

And without Our Lady's succouring balm

Set her fluttering heart at rest !

So the fairies said ; and so forth she threw

The bribe that should bring either reck or rue.

It danced on the bright pellucid wave,

Then the ripples closed over its sheen ;

" O Virgin mild ! it has found a grave

And the Fairies will give me the thing I crave,

Then Hail to thee heavenly Queen ! "

And she peered on the ripples with anxious eye

But no vision comes, and the ripples die !

It is e'en, and the vesper bell has tolled

And the western sun is low ;

The kine are gathered to the fold,

Or spread abroad on the grassy wold,

And the old folk homeward go ;

But the young remain, and in the choir

Await the priest and the sacred fire.

Then the bells ring out a merry peal

Of clattering gladsome song ;

And their chimes o'er the silent hamlet steal

Far away to the hill, that the elves may feel

'Tis their own death knell that's rung ;

And southward come, with helping glee,

The mighty tones from the monastery.

And it is the time, so the young folk say,

When the fairies abroad would start

Their mischievous snares for youth to lay,

Or their sad mad pranks on age to play,

Or the cattle to maim or smart ;

It is then the best time that could arise

These tronblesome sprites to exorcise.

So the censer swings before the priest,
 And the banner floats on high ;
 Ere the course at the Syren's haunt has ceased,
 The hymn of praise has its sound increased,
 By the voice of the passer-by ;
 And as they stand round the Fairies' Well
 It is cursed by candle, book, and bell.
 Then the Holy Virgin they implore
 To give it her sacred name—
 To be held henceforth for evermore,
 For love-sick maid or for leper sore,
 To the fairies' bitter shame.
 Yet now, though no Syren's name they tell.
 Still the pin is dropped in Our Lady's Well !

W. W. ? W. WHEATER.

Brayton Barf is a solitary hill but little more than a mile south-west of Selby.

TRUE HEROISM.

IT is not the warrior Alone who can boast,
 Of actions heroic, And deeds that have cost
 Full many a struggle The right to maintain,
 Full many a conflict, The victory to gain.

Ah no ! there are heroes With hearts brave and true,
 Who never wear armour, Or coats of red hue,
 But yet who can battle, Nor give any rest
 To the foe, ever watchful Their peace to molest.

Lo ! he is a hero Who self can deny,
 E'en though it may cost him A tear or a sigh ;
 Who will not stand idle When work's to be done,
 But though oft discouraged, Will still labour on.

And they, too, are heroes Who all will forsake,
 That heathen, far distant Of Life may partake ;
 That Hindoo and Kafir, The free-man and slave,
 May all know that Jesus Is mighty to save.

That man is a hero Who will, for Christ's name,
 Endure the cross daily, Despising the shame ;
 Who under His banner Will manfully fight,
 Will face opposition, Will dare to do right.

And if you're a hero, You'll reck not the sneer
 Of the godless and worldly, The gay or severe ;
 But when you are tempted The right to forego,
 You will dare to be manly, You will dare to say "No."

Ah ! be not discouraged Though strong foes assail,
 God's true-hearted heroes *Must* always prevail :—
 You're weak—but your Captain Is able to save,
 Through Him you shall conquer Sin, death, and the grave.

MISS S. M. HARRISON, Idle, now of Norton Lees Vicarage.

YORKSHIRE DICK.

IT is now for a new song gentlemen all,
 Perhaps you've not heard of my dreadful downfall,
 I had three pair of looms, they are taken for rent,
 By three bumbailiffs from York was sent.

O poor Dicky, I think its a pity,
 I've nothing to work on, pray what must I do.



I've five little children, my wife she is lame,
 My neighbours all round very well know the same,
 Thin water pobs for my children I make,
 For no flour in loaves have I for to bake.

I to York market one Saturday went,
 For to buy a few things it was my intent,
 I had seven new shillings tied up in a rag,
 Stole out of my pocket, then I got the bag.

Potatoes I wanted, and for half a score,
 I went to a man that I'd bought on before,
 I begg'd he would trust, but he soon said me nay,
 We can have such good customers every day.

You may think poor Dicky was here at a stand,
 Not knowing what plan he should now take in hand,
 I went to a shop for two pounds of meal,
 Says the shopman your cash, sir, or else we can't deal.

You may very well think that my case it was bad,
 No money at all nor no trust to be had,
 But now I am better, I need not to care,
 My Uncle has left me five thousand a year.

O fine Dicky, I think it is pretty,
 Plenty of money, and nothing to do.

I strut through the streets and look very big,
 With a new pair of boots and powdered wig,
 I've a new gig at making to London I'll go,
 And I'll do my endeavours to bring markets low.

If Parliament man I should happen to be,
 A friend to the poor I surely will be,
 For peace and good trade I would speak like a man,
 And I'll take off the corn bill as soon as I can.

On beef and plum-pudding I'll live like a king,
 In my two-arm'd chair I will nobly sing,
 Success to my Uncle for being so brave,
 And Yorkshire Dick no more porridge will have.

W. Booth, Printer, Selby.

HAL, OF KIRKLEES HALL, BRIGHOUSE.

IT is of other days a tale now ready to be told,
 Driving a moral like a nail, so therefore, lo, behold!
 The comic Hal, of Kirklees Hall, was, in his own queer way,
 As willing at a moment's call, as echo, to obey.
 And sometimes when no spoken word had touched his outward ear,
 He started, as in spirit stirred, by someone speaking near.
 It happen'd thus upon a day—a day in distant years,
 When summer's hand had wiped away all trace of nature's tears,—
 It was sheep-shearing time, in short, and Hal, who near would keep,
 Pronounced it as the primest sport, the shearing of the sheep.
 "How well," said he, "they wield the shears! and wherefore may
 not I?"
 A voice seemed urging in his ears, "Well, Hal, why don't you try?"
 "I *will*," he said, "and *that* I will, soon as the men have done,
 They mean to shear them all, but still, I'm in for number one!
 There's one about as fat as grease, reposing in the park,
 I'll bring it in, and shear its fleece, just at the edge of dark!"
 The merry twinkling in his eyes wrought by the secret whim,
 Created not the least surprise, 'twas natural to him.
 The evening came, the men had gone, said Hal, "My time is come,
 Now for the shears to act upon one of the creatures dumb!"
 "Come, come," said he, "haste, haste, post haste! was ever sheep so
 slow!
 The shears upon the board are placed, there too, my lamb, you go."
 "There! stop that struggling! stop those screams! now for the
 shining shears!"
 But other tones rushed on in teams, attacking both his ears.
 "Why, Hal, whatever have you got?" cried voices strong and full;
 He answering said, "Unhappy lot! much cry, but little wool."
 Well might he for misfortune mourn; well droop in trouble deep;
 He had selected to be shorn a pig and not a sheep.
 The moral of the tale, you'll grant, is sensible and sound,
 Ne'er go seeking what you want where it can not be found.

JOHN SWAIN, Otley.

For a portrait and account of the half-wit Hal, see the *History of Brighouse*, and *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*, by J. Horsfall Turner.

OLD JOHN BLYTHE.

IT'S old John Blythe, he had a grey mare,
 He took her up to Sheffield Fair;
 He brought her back, aye, that he did,
 'Cos nobody would a farthing bid.
 Ri fol-de-rol-larol! Fol-de-rol-larol!
 Fol-de-rol-larol aye!

Then he turned his mare into a wood,
 Hoping that she would do some good;
 She ran her head again a tree,
 And she were likely for to dee.

His neighbours' hens got into his corn,
 He swore he'd shoot 'em, sure as he were born;
 He sent his dog to turn 'em out,
 And he ran after as hard as he could shout.

Then he loaded his gun, and again he went
 To shoot the hens, being fully bent,
 And with both e'en he did so stare,
 He shot at the hens, and killed his auld mare.

So now as my story must come to an end,
 To show you that John was his mare's best friend,
 After she wor dead, as I've heard say,
 Into her mouth he stuffed some hay.

This crude composition has many variations and dates back to last century, at least in some forms. One version, sung to the tune "Old Hundred," gives—

Old Peter Walker had a mare,
 Her legs were long and her ribs were bare,
 So he turned her into [Calverley] Wood,
 For he thowt 't wod du towd mare some good.

EPITAPH.

Wife and three children of David Berry, Almondbury, December, 1851.

It was a time both dark and drear,
 A chill December's gloomy night;
 All fast asleep, unawed by fear,
 Till parents wakened with affright.
 For choking smoke had forced its way,
 From fire below to where they lay,
 Quick followed by devouring flame,
 Which soon a father's strength o'ercame.
 Now here repose within one grave,
 All that kind heaven a husband gave.
 Since death the dead will not restore,
 Their loss through life he will deplore.

THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER :

[QUEEN ALEXANDRA.]

IT is the Viking's daughter,
 She is coming over the sea,
 The Prince of the Isles has sought her,
 His royal bride to be ;
 Shrill through the shrouds the winds are singing,
 The wild white horses chafe and foam,
 Their silver manes on the billows flinging,
 They bear the maid to her Island home.

From their long slumbers waking,
 The Sea-Kings of the North,
 From ocean's caverns breaking,
 In triumph issue forth.
 Pride in their flashing eyes is beaming,
 They fear not the storm or wreck,
 The black Raven banner is streaming
 High o'er each wave-washed deck.

And thus they, wildly singing,
 Come bounding over the wave,
 Their voices loud and ringing,
 These ocean kings so brave :—
 Joy, joy through Odin's echoing halls
 Lift up the mead cup rare—
 " A health ! a health ! " each chieftain calls
 " To the Viking's daughter fair."

In the happy sea-girt land
 Whose white cliffs loom through the mist,
 Whose sheltering bays and golden sands
 By the rippling sea are kissed,
 Long may she loving and beloved
 Live in the hearts of the brave,
 Whose arms a thousand times have proved
 They're the Rulers of the Waves.

SAM COLLINSON, Hull, 1863.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S VISIT TO KIPPAX PARK AND ACKWORTH: Oct. 1823.

I TRUST my muse will not refuse
 To celebrate the happy day
 When Gloucester's Duke his court forsook,
 And to the country hied his way.

'Twas Cantley Hall which first of all
Received this most illustrious guest ;
What there befell I cannot tell,
I must proceed to speak the rest.

All in the dark to Kippax Park
The royal stranger sped amain,
Perchance that he disliked to see
On Pomfret's wall the bloody stain.

All danger past, arrived at last,
He finds a noble party there,
The welcome said, the board is spread
With fish and soup and viands rare.

And fowl and game, both wild and tame,
Were all in tasteful plenty given,
And fruit so fine, and choicest wine
From every country under heaven.

Each day and night with rapid flight,
In gay succession sunk and rose ;
The time is flown, the Duke is gone,
I must pursue him as he goes.

A friendly call at Hundhill Hall [Mrs. Bland's]
Impedes him in his hasty course ;
He there would stay the Sabbath day,
That day of rest for man and horse.

Then in the morn to church [Ackworth] he's borne,
But not in car of royal state ;
To lay aside all thoughts of pride,
Full well becomes the rich and great.

The Rector's seat, as is most meet,
Receives him with a train of friends ;
The bells have rung, the hymn is sung ;
The congregation mute attends.

" God save the King," or some such thing,
Is sung with ready glee and art ;
Then out they pour forth from the door,
And for the Quaker's school depart.

All in amaze, with steady gaze,
The assembled crowd astonished stare,
Take a last look at Gloucester's Duke,
Then to their several homes repair.

The school is seen, so neat and clean ;
The boys and girls prepare to eat ;
The dinner brought, the grace is *thought*,
Who would not relish such a treat ?

The meal is done, the clock strikes one,
 The noble party onward pressed ;
 'Twas pleasure all at Hundhill Hall
 That evening, but it was the last.

The noble guest awakes from rest,
 And takes his leave with grief so true ;
 The coach and four are at the door,
 Adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu.

THE WIDOW'S NEW YEAR'S MORN.

IT was a bright and lovely morn,
 The hills were white with snow,
 The roads were hard and crisp with frost,
 The hollies all aglow.

Joy seem'd to light up every face,
 Like sunlight from above,
 And friendly greetings were exchang'd
 In words and looks of love.

And happy children went about
 With sprigs of myrtle green,
 And sang their songs and carols sweet
 With merry hearts I ween.

But there was one that New Year's morn,
 Who heard the happy throng,
 Whose troubled mind was sore distress'd
 About her absent one.

It was her son and only child,
 The widow's hope and stay,
 Who years ago went o'er the sea
 And now was far away.

No message came across the deep,
 And hope had long been gone,
 There was no joy in store for her,
 Her heart was sad and lone.

The sound of music had no charm,
 It did not soothe her fears,
 For when she heard the New Year's song
 Her eyes were fill'd with tears.

She fell upon her knees and pray'd
 For help to One above,
 That he would bring again her son
 In mercy and in love.

And now her mind was more at rest
 For she had ceas'd to weep,
 And when her weary eyelids clos'd
 She gently fell asleep.

It was a calm refreshing sleep
 Which seem'd to bring her peace,
 For now a pleasant smile was seen
 To rest upon her face.

She may be dreaming of her son
 Across the stormy main,
 Or met him in some far-off land
 And join'd him once again.

But see! she starts; what was that sound?
 A knock, upon the door,
 A stalwart stranger enter'd in
 And stood upon the floor.

She woke; and saw the stranger guest
 And look'd with eager eyes
 As closer round he drew his cloak,
 For he was in disguise.

And when he threw it open wide
 She saw a sailor dress'd,
 "It is my long lost son," she cried,
 And fell upon his breast.

The bells rang out a merry peal,
 Her heart was fill'd with joy,
 For she had found that New Year's morn
 Her long lost sailor boy.

Addingham, December 1893.

THOMAS WHITAKER.

THE FALSE GUARDIAN.

IT was a father loved that on his bed of anguish lay,
 And by him knelt his faithful wife at life's fast closing day;
 Despair was on her matron brow, where lingered many a trace
 Of that soul-lighted beauty, Time itself can ne'er efface.

But mingling with its sorrow, in her holy look there shone
 A tranquil light that showed despair had come not there alone;
 But chastened by such gentle feeling, as they only know,
 Who by religion taught, can kiss the rod that deals the blow.

Full twenty years and more, the gentle pair together trod
 The path of life, and trained a numerous offspring up to God;
 Beloved by all the country round, and honoured in their sphere,
 They shone a bright example of the virtues men revere.

There lived a wretch, till late there lived, a curse upon the earth,
A blight to him who called him son, to her who gave him birth,
A villain with a smiling brow that falsely spoke of truth,
A demon old in fraud, but marked with guileless look of youth.

The good man's rising wealth, the store of long and honoured care,
The fiend had marked, and oft in thought revolved a future snare;
For this had sought, and seeking won, the trusting sire's esteem,
The upright man saw not below the surface of the stream.

In evil hour he bade him be the guardian of his will,
And with his latest breath he said, "Thou wilt the trust fulfil,
Thou wilt not see my faithful wife, my helpless children wronged,
But in thee let them find a father's, husband's care prolonged.

This by our ancient friendship asked, by every honoured tie
Of faith and truth twixt man and man, and hospitality,
This thou wilt grant, this thou wilt swear, 'twill bid my last care
cease,"

He swore, and grasped the chilling hand,—the father died in peace.

He swore, and grasped the dying hand that blessed him as it fell;
And turned away his look to hide, a smile had shuddered hell;
A hasty look he took, for why? his heart he said ran o'er,
And truly said, for ne'er was it so filled with joy before.

Now armed with power, like hungry wolf, he rushed upon his prey,
And scarce could mould his looks to grief upon the funeral day;
He saw the mother too with woe fast sinking to the tomb,
And meditated in his heart the triumph soon to come.

Nor waited long—a few brief months, and she had bowed her head;
The last frail chance of justice, of protection now had fled;
No gratitude for good received, no pity touched his breast,
He seized on all; of every hope the orphans dispossessed.

He saw them scattered wide—the sons and daughters of his friend,
The orphans he had sworn to guard, and promised to defend;
He saw them who were used to dwell in competence at home
Left portionless and desolate along the world to roam.

Yet he had daughters on whose opening charms he gazed with pride,
And he had sons he one day hoped might grace his aged side;
For them he hoped, nor thought on Him who sees each hidden
crime,

Or if he thought, he here had seen guilt prosper many a time.

His sons grew vagabond—no care could teach them honour's way,
Again received, again they roamed, low outcasts they did stray.
In rags and loathsome squalidness, a spectacle to all,
While every effort made to save but added to their fall.

His eldest daughter, he had three, grew wonderfully fair,
The talk of all the country round; none could with her compare;
A sailor came well-born and rich, in manhood's opening prime,
The day was fixed—why fails he? He had learnt her father's crime.

For as with splendid equipage, they drove around her home,
 And thought with young life's halcyon hope on happy days to come,
 These fatal words from many a voice were shouted in his ear,
 "To wed thee with a villain's daughter, gentle sir, forbear."

A cold excuse was all he sent—the guilty parent knew
 Its meaning well—meantime his fame notoriously grew;
 His hearth by orphan spoils adorned no guest would grace and there
 Neglected, pale, his daughters sat, fast fading with despair.

One hope was all that now remained, the partner of his days
 With soothing voice, should whisper peace,—she too that hope
 betrays,

Away from his accursed home the wife and mother fled;—
 He felt the blow was just, and bowed in death his guilty head.

REV. WM. CROSS, Leeds, 1850.

HARMONY.

IT was a summer landscape. The hour was eventide,
 I stood upon the moorland, a loved one by my side,
 We watched the fading splendours that robed the setting sun,
 The colours glowed and varied, then melted into one.
 We heard a strain of music, I know not whence it came,
 'Twas many sounds yet blended until they seemed the same,
 And music still and colours were varied yet combined,
 Until the sunset beauties were hov'ring on the wind,
 And lovely chords of music the breeze had wafted by,
 Had gone to join the sunset, make glad the summer sky.
 A host of thoughts came crowding and filled my trembling soul,
 As tender waves of colour and music through it roll,
 They seemed to strike within me a chord of love divine;
 I turned me to that dear one whose hand was clasped in mine,
 I knew by some strong instinct, his heart so truly beat
 To ev'ry thought of my heart an echo t'would repeat,
 And when I looked up trustful to meet his steadfast eye,
 He bent down close and whispered—"And this is Harmony."

MRS. FRED REYNOLDS, Leeds.

UNDER THE SNOW.

IT was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
 And as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
 The wildest winter they ever had seen
 With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.
 When Waggoner John got out his team,
 Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
 With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
 As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day,



Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer.

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going," shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born,
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon,
To Blueberg Hooses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o'good ale."

Turn the swallows flying South,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare, or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way.
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg Hill,
He is weary, and falls in a pleasant sleep.

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now and for ever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart, in the clutch of doom,
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!!" "Lost! Lost!!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night—
Into the drifts by Blueberg Hill—
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his light,
To find her there, holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then?"

I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed," the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt, o' New Year's Day;
Bonnie Ruth were me great-great-grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried, with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said, softly, "we never can know—
No, not if we live a hundred years."

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play,
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

New York, December, 1880.

ROBERT COLLYER.

ROBIN HOOD AND KING HENRY.

Showing how Robin Hood, in an Old Woman's Apparel, Received
King Henry, and Outran his Yeoman.

IT was in the time of the leaves and the flowers,
When the meadows were charming and gay,
That King Henry would hunt in the forest-green bowers,
With his nobles in gallant array.

Soon an hundred fat deer in the valleys lay slain,
Good shouts made the merry wood ring,
And no one drew bow on the hill or the plain,
So strong and so true as the King.

He rode till he came to a dell in the wood,
When under a large oaken tree,
An old woman sat, in red cloak and hood,
Who bent till her chin reached her knee.

"Now prithee, good woman, why tarriest thou here,"
Said the King, as he reined up his steed,
"Thou seem'st an old witch, and I'll make it appear,
If thou'rt leagued with old Satan indeed."

"Indeed, mighty King, I'm no witch, as you deem,
And I hope you will do me no harm;
I've been but to gather, beside yon deep stream,
A herb for a magical charm."

"Nay, then, thou'rt a witch," quoth the King in his wrath;
 "Let all my retainers come here;
 In the stream we will give the old woman a bath,
 For some harm to my person I fear."

"Oh, mercy! oh mercy!" the old woman croaked out,
 "I scarcely can crawl from this place;
 Oh, grant me this boon, with thy yeoman most stout,
 To run for the ducking a race."

"Thou'rt a merry old hag," said the King in high glee,
 To think the old woman would run;
 "You shall run o'er this green, to yon old wicken tree,"
 And the nobles laughed loud at the fun.

Then the King gave the word; and they went off at trot,
 Like a buck went the yeoman along.
 But ere half the way to the wicken they got,
 The old woman ran swiftly and strong.

Away flew her cloak and her hood in the wind;
 Every weed flew away as she ran,
 And soon the stout yeoman ran lagging behind,
 For the witch was a lusty young man.

And when they arrived at the old wicken tree,
 A horse, ready saddled, they found;
 That left off its browsing, beginning to neigh,
 When he saw his young master come round,

Who sprung on his back, and then waving his hand,
 "What! ho! my good fellow," cried he,
 "Go tell the good King, he may cities command,
 He may leave the green forest to me."

"Who art thou, bold fellow?" the yeoman replied,
 "For I never saw runner so good;"
 "I have twenty bold archers would beat thee beside,
 And I am called—'Bold Robin Hood.'"

When the King heard this, in a terrible rage
 He withdrew his men from the chase;
 And noble, and yeoman, and henchman, and page,
 Saw anger red hot in his face.

This ballad was written by the late Stephen Fawcett, of Bradford, and first published, along with another Robin Hood ballad, in the year 1842, in a neat little volume, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva, and Other Poems."

BORDLEY HUNT, CRAVEN.

IT was Jerry on the Grey, and Charlie on the Bay,
 How bravely did they gallop All the Day.

The Grey he couldn't tame, the Bay was much the same,
 So they gallop'd for the game All the Day.

If ever you should be at Bordley on the spree,
 They'll tell how they gallop'd All the Day.
 They'll praise each little nag, and prove that none did lag,
 But with the hounds did brag All the Day.
 They'll say they felt so stiff, and that they'd had eniff,
 That would last them until The next Feast Day.
 And when that day came round they were all gladsome found,
 To gallop with the honnd On the Old Feast Day.

'LISTING AS A SOLDIER.

IT was one summer's morning,
 As I went o'er the Moss,
 I had no thought of 'listing,
 Till the soldiers did me cross;
 They kindly did invite me
 To a flowing bowl, and down
They advanced me some money,—
 Ten guineas and a crown.

'It's true my love has 'listed,
 He wears a white cockade,
 He is a handsome tall young man,
 Besides a roving blade;
 He is a handsome young man,
 And he's gone to serve the King,
Oh! my very heart is breaking
 All for the loss of him.

My love is tall and handsome,
 And comely for to see,
 And by a sad misfortune
 A soldier now is he;
 I hope the man that 'listed him
 May not prosper night nor day,
For I wish that the Hollanders
 May sink him in the sea.

Oh! may he never prosper,
 Oh! may he never thrive,
 Nor any thing he takes in hand
 So long as he's alive;
 And may the very grass he treads
 Upon the ground refuse to grow,
Since he's been the only cause
 Of my sorrow, grief, and woe.'

Then he pulled out a handkerchief
 To wipe her flowing eyes,—
 Leave off those lamentations
 Likewise those mournful cries;

Leave off your grief and sorrow,
 While I march o'er the plain,
We'll be married, we'll be married,
 When I return again.'

'O now my love has 'listed
 And I for him will rove,
 I'll write his name on every tree
 That grows in yonder grove,
 Where the huntsman he does holloo,
 And the hounds do sweetly cry,
 To remind me of my ploughboy
 Until the day I die.'

The words in Italics, are in singing, repeated five times: thus producing a very comical effect. The song is a great favourite in the mining districts of North Yorkshire. The tune is a pleasing one, and I fancy its age may be placed in the reign of Charles the 2nd, when we were at war with the Hollanders.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

IT was spring when I saw them in beauty and pride;
 The Oak was a bridegroom, the Ivy a bride;
 Tall trees stood around them, some fairer than he,
 But she twined round him only, so faithful was she;
 No stranger with them mingled tendril or spray,
 No neighbour might part them, so loving were they;
 Though fragile the ivy, how mighty the oak,
 The tempest I ween will be foiled in its stroke.

It was winter:—I saw them 'mid trouble and strife;
 The Oak was a husband, the Ivy a wife;
 The arms of the warrior were bared for the fight;
 For the whirlwind rushed o'er him, and storms in their might.
 But he loved his own Ivy, and stood to the last;
 Though the whirlwind was sudden, and lengthened the blast.

Then the frost like a serpent, came after the storm,
 But the Ivy her mantle threw over his form;
 His branches the snow and the icicles bore,
 But the blight of the winter-wind touched not his core.
 Thus lived they—thus bore they—the trials of life,—
 The Oak was the husband—the Ivy the wife.

Again I beheld them, the storm-cloud was nigh,
 The Oak stood up proudly defying the sky;
 The Ivy clung round him 'mid thunder and rain;
 But the bolt fell, and oh! he was riven in twain.
 In vain she weeps dewdrops, in vain twines around
 The form of the loved one, to close up the wound;
 His branches are blackened, all blasted his core;
 The Ivy's a widow, the Oak is no more.

The Elm is beside her in beauty and pride ;
 Say, will she embrace him, once more be a bride ?
 Oh no ! oh no ! never ; her leaves are all dim ;
 She has bloomed, she will fade, she will perish with him.
 The spring comes again, and the forest is gay ;
 But the bride and the bridegroom, alas ! where are they ?
 O see where they slumber, the sere leaves beneath,
 In life undivided embracing in death.

BENJAMIN PRESTON, Gilstead.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH, 1569.

IT was the time when England's Queen
 Twelve years had reigned, a sovereign dread,
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;
 But now the inly-working North
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Nevil's right,
 Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent,
 And boldly urged a general plea,
 The rites of ancient piety
 To be triumphantly restored.
 By the dread justice of the sword !

Now was the North in arms : they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice ; and Nevil sees
 His followers gathering in from Tees.
 From Wear, and all the little rills —
 Concealed among the forked hills —
 Seven hundred knights, retainers all
 Of Nevil, at their master's call
 Had sate together in Raby Hall !
 Such strength that earldom held of yore,
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed chivalry.
 Not loth the sleepy lance to yield,
 And greet the whole paternal shield,
 They heard the summons ; and furthermore,
 Horsemen and foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate
 Of novelties in Church and State :
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire,
 And Romish priest in priest's attire.
 And thus in arms a zealous band
 Proceeding under joint command,

To Durham first their course they bear ;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass, and tore the Book of Prayer,
And trod the Bible 'neath their feet,
Thence marching southward smooth and free,
They mustered their host to Wetherby ;
Full sixteen thousand, fair to see.
To London were the chieftains bent ;
But what avails the bold intent ?
A royal army is gone forth
To quell the rising of the North ;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And in seven days' space will to York be led !
Can such a mighty host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?
The earls upon each other gazed ;
And Nevil was oppressed with fear ;
For, though he bore a valiant name,
His heart was of a timid frame,
And bold if both had been, yet they
Against so many may not stay.
And therefore will retreat to seize
A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;
There wait a favourable hour
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Naworth comes, and Howard's aid
Be with them, openly displayed.
While through the host, from man to man,
A rumour of this purpose ran,
The standard giving to the care
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton [Sir Chris.] sought
The chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake : " We yield
(And can it be ?) an unfought field !
How often hath the strength of Heaven
To few triumphantly been given !
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurstan, what a host
He conquered ! Saw we not the plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved ? while to battle moved
The standard on the sacred wain
On which the gray-haired barons stood,
And the infant heir of Mowbray's blood,
Beneath the saintly ensigns three,
Stood confident of victory !
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame ;
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Nevil's Cross ?

When, as the virgin gave command,
 The Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Saint Cuthbert's relie did uprear
 Upon the point of a lofty spear,
 And God descended in his power
 While the monks prayed in maiden's bower.
 Less would not at our need be due
 To us, who war against the untrue ;—
 The delegates of heaven we rise,
 Convoked the impious to chastise ;
 We, the sanctities of old
 Would re-establish and uphold."

WM. WORDSWORTH.

EARL WARREN'S REVENGE.

A Ballad of Heptonstall.*



IT was the time when leaves grow red,
 And bracken brown in the valley,
 When no bird trills his roundelay
 In dusky woodland alley.
 Oh ! pleasant is fair Calderdale
 When children pull May gowans ;
 Pleasant the hills in the year's sere days,
 When berries hang on the rowans.
 But who are they that make the glen
 Glad with their glee and laughter,
 Pennon and armour glittering far,
 And the minstrels following after.

* In 1432 the Church of Heptonstall was polluted with blood. Till it should be purified, Archbishop Scott (York) granted a license for the celebration of masses in oratories or other fit places outside the church. "ruper violentâ sanguinis effusionâ pollutam"—lately polluted with a violent effusion of blood.

A wedding company, I wot,
All round the hill-side bending,
Knights and ladies many an one
To Heptonstall a-wending.

Lord Walter I know, on jet black barb,
His plume in the sunlight glancing,
And the lovely Lady Christabel
On a milk-white palfrey prancing.

No lily that lifts its bonnie head
Above the Calder water
Was bonnie as that sweet Ladye,
Earl Warren's winsome daughter.

They rode by holt, they rode by royd,
The homes of royal yeomen ;
The children all came forth to see,
So also did the women.

And Knight and Lady they ride on,
Right up the pleasant valley,
All close beside old Eawood's tower,
And through Brearley wildwood alley.

Although no lark sang in the skyr,
No ouzel in the alder,
Yet bright was field in sunny beam,
And bright ran winding Calder.

And now the hill town they have reached,
Up rugged path have striven ;
" It seems so steep and high," says one,
" Methinks 'tis the road to heaven."

The jolly villagers came forth
To give them welcome greeting ;
Yeoman and hind, and young and old,
They made a merry meeting.

'Twas fair to see those knights so brave
As the sunlight on them flashes,
All wearing on their armour bright
The glossy silken sashes :

And ladies with laced stomachers,
And velvet peaked head-dresses,
Each come'y face so sweet with smiles,
And sweet their unbound tresses.

It all made glad both heart and eye,
That scene to have beholden ;
Each jimp form dight in satin robe
And clasped with girdle golden.

Then stepped from out that company,
And knelt before the altar,
The bride, sweet Lady Christabel,
The bridegroom, fair Lord Walter.

And ne'er, I wot, from castle gate
Or peasant's cottage lowly,
Came nobler lord or truer maid
Than they who swore troth holy.

The priest has said the sacred words,
And choristers loudly chanted ;
The church has made the twain but one,
And her benison has granted.

The Lady Christabel his wife,
Her gold ring wearing meetly ;
Lord Walter has ta'en her by the hand,
Her rose-mouth kissing sweetly.

Merrily rang the wedding bells
From the old and ivied tower,
Wafting their chimes to cot and hall,
And to my lady's bower.

Oh ! loyaler knight or lealer maid
Never had Church's blessing,
And blessings of old and young as well
In the towngate round them pressing.

And bride and bridegroom far are gone
On their steeds as they rode together,
Over the hills through Widdup Pass,
And o'er the border heather.

It was high festival that day,
And jovially they kept it ;
Some played at bowls, and some at dice,
And the mummers merrily stept it ;

And some at joust and tournament
Gallantly broke their lances ;
And lads and lasses on the green
Spun round in giddy dances.

And minstrels sang of hero-days
When Saint George slew the dragon ;
Whilst folk drained ale from tankard deep,
And wine from silver flagon.

Merrily rang the wedding bells
From the old and ivied tower,
Wafting their chimes to cot and hall
And to my lady's bower.

But there is one who lists no harp,
Who tilts no lance with baron,
It is bard Christabel's own sire,
The dark-browed Earl of Warren.

Had he been there it had been, sooth,
A very doleful wedding;
Bridegroom or priest—their heart's best blood
He would little recked of shedding.

The Earl did ride o'er Blackstonedged
As fast as horse could carry;
Vowing revenge, he and his men
Did never a moment tarry.

The Earl he vowed a fearful oath,
That heart's blood should run redly;
He swore not by or reod or saint
When he swore that oath so deadly.

He swore that mother's wail should rise
Where choristers sang from psalter,
That wives should weep and men should bleed
Where his child had wed Lord Walter.

So frothing steeds they onward urge
O'er Turvin's mountain ridges,
And on by Hathershelf's wild scout,
And o'er the stony bridges.

Merrily rang the wedding bells
From the old and ivied tower;
The devil's own curse could not have made
The Earl more grimly lower.

Right up the hill he led the way,
And never a word did mutter;
Men walk with corpse on kirkyard sod
With silence not more utter.

It was the hour when the setting sun
O'er the hills his beams was flinging;
It was the hour when the holy priest
The evensong was singing.

Through the towngate walks he straight,
With foot that steps not slacker;
The chorister's hymn it came so sweet,
But the Earl's face it grew blacker.

Their steeds they have chained at the portal wide,
Each one shoulder by shoulder;
Oh, warmly shone the setting sun,
But the Earl's heart it grew colder.

His mailed hand the oak church door
 From hinge he well-nigh wrenches;
 His eye is as a blood-red sun,
 His teeth like steel he clenches;
 Strides down the aisle, through chancel rail
 Steps in with heel of iron;
 With as little ruth to desert den
 Stalks in the desert lion.
 The priest was giving his benison,
 The *pax vobiscum* breathing—
 No blessing prays the dark-browed Earl,
 His sword slowly unsheathing.



Straight through priest's heart the blade is gone
 With grip that does not falter;
 Jesu Maria! the holy man
 Falls dead beside the altar.
 O Mary Mother, sure, in sooth,
 Was never deed more bloody;
 It is not wine from chalice cup
 That runs in stream so ruddy.
 A loud cry pierced the merry town,
 And wildly screamed the women;
 From joust and tournament they flocked
 Both hind and sturdy yeomen.
 Horsfalls, Sutcliffes and Cockrofts, came,
 And many a doughty Foster;
 Some muttered curses deep as hell,
 And some a pater noster.
 Unarmed, they held those men at bay
 (The light now came but dimly);
 Then up and spake the cruel Earl,
 His forehead frowning grimly—

“ Have at them all, the caitiffs base,
 Who stole my darling daughter ;
 Peasant or priest, or knight or knave,
 Have at them with fell slaughter.”

Quick flashed their swords, they did their work,
 With very madness foaming ;
 And many a gory corpse there lay
 In the hot and ghastly gloaming.

Beneath the rood, beneath niche saint,
 Oh ! say a pater noster ;
 Horsfalls, Sutcliffes and Cockrofts lay,
 And many a doughty Foster.

O Mary Mother, sure, in sooth,
 Was never deed more bloody ;
 It is not wine from chalice cup
 That runs in stream so ruddy.

Many the tears that there were shed,
 As the dead they home bore slowly ;
 Many the mass for their souls they sang,
 Many the requiem holy.

F.

AGHT O' WARK :

A W'VE been laikin for ommost eight wick,
 An aw can't get a day's wark ta do !
 Aw've trailed abaght t'streets wol aw'm sick
 An aw've worn mi clog-soils ommost through.

Aw've a whyfe an three childer at hooam,
 An aw know they're all lukkin at t'clock,
 For they think its hawl thoime aw sud come
 An' bring em a morsel o' jock.

Aa dear ! it's a pitiful case
 When t'cubbard is em'ty an bare ;
 When want's stamped o' ivery face,
 An yo hav'nt a meal yo can share.

Ta-day as aw walked into t'street,
 T'squire's carriage went rattlin past ;
 An aw thout at it hardly lukkd reit,
 For aw hadn't brokken mi fast.

Them 'orses, aw knew varry weel,
 Wi' ther trappins all shinin i' gold,
 Had niver known t'want of a meal,
 Or a shelter ta keep em thro t' cold.

Even t'dogs have enuff an ta spare,
 Though they neer worked a day i' ther lorf; *
 Bud ther maisters forget they sud care
 Fur a chap 'at's three bairns an a worf. *

They give dinners at t'hall evry neet,
 An ther's carriages standin bi t'scoore,
 An all t'windas are blazin wi leet,
 Bud they seldom give dinners ta t'poor.

I' mi pocket aw havn't a rap,
 Ner a crust, ner a handful o' mayil;
 An unless wi can get it o' t'strap,
 We mun poine,* er mun beg er else stayil.

But hoamwards aw'll point mi owd clogs
 To them three little lambs an ther dam;—
 Aw wish they wor horses or dogs,
 Fer its nobbud poor fowk at's ta clam.

Bud they say ther is One at can see,
 An has promised to guhide* us safe through;
 Soa aw'll live on i hoapes, an sewerlee,
 He'll fhoind* a chap summat ta doo.

JOHN HARTLEY, Halifax.

* Long *i* is like *o* in the word order.

JOHN BARLEYCORN:

I'VE done with you, John Barleycorn!
 For ever, John, adieu!
 We've had some trade together, John,
 And I have cause to rue.
 You're not the friend I thought you, John,
 In life's gay sunny morn:
 You charmed my heart, then, knocked me down:
 Adieu, John Barleycorn!



I once had gold, John Barleycorn,
 Bright guineas not a few,
 But now I've empty pockets, John,
 Since I've had trade with you.
 My dearest friends have left me, John,
 And treat me now with scorn :
 You've brought disgrace upon my head,
 Adieu, John Barleycorn !

No more in life, John Barleycorn,
 Will I your charms pursue ;
 Such false pernicious friendship, John,
 I never will renew.
 The world a man once thought me, John,
 A nation to adorn,
 But you have made me what I am,
 Adieu, John Barleycorn !

I've found a friend, John Barleycorn,
 A better friend than you :
 We've had some trade together, John,
 And I have cause to rue.
 You're not the friend I thought you, John,
 In life's gay sunny morn :
 You charmed my heart, then knocked me down :
 Adieu, John Barleycorn !

MATTHEW HARMAN, Scarbro'.

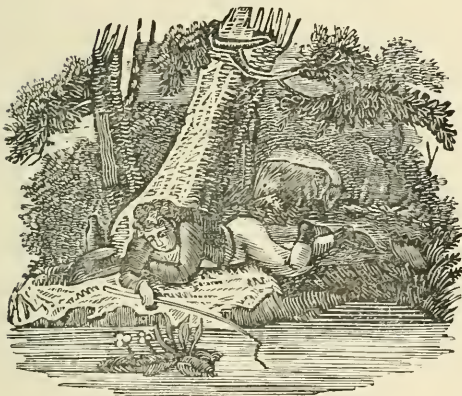
BYPATHS OF LIFE.

In my vision I beheld, and, lo ! a thousand years were but as yesterday—
 and a nation buried as a nation newly born.

I WANDERED by a narrow path,
 It led amongst the graves,
 The air was filled with pulsing sound,
 The breaking of the waves.
 The king-cups, yellow with the sun,
 Bent to the passing breeze—
 Æolian melody was wrought
 From out the sombre trees.
 The centuries had passed them by,
 Those yews beside the gate—
 Ah ! changeful years, how swiftly fled,
 With all your love and hate.
 And shall it ever come to this,
 When all our tears are shed—
 The folding of our weary hands
 Amidst the silent dead.

Oh! love, thy lips are rosy-red ;
 Oh! love, thy kiss is sweet—
 We wander by a narrow path,
 Where Fate and Sorrow meet.

“PATTY HONEYWOOD.”



THE BROOK-SIDE :

I WANDERED by the brook-side, I wandered by the mill,
 I could not hear the brook flow, the noisy wheel was still ;
 There was no burr of grasshopper, no chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree, I watched the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer, I did not feel afraid ;
 For I listened for a footfall, I listened for a word,—
 But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no he came not ; the night came on alone,
 The little stars sat one by one, each on his golden throne ;
 The evening air passed by my cheek, the leaves above were stirred,
 But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing when something stood behind,
 A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind ;
 It drew me nearer, nearer, we did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

WOODLAND HOME.

I WANDER through a woodland lane,
 Where rose and woodbine scent the air,
 Where trees new bathed in summer rain
 Compose a scene so fresh and fair.
 How sweet, thus musing as I roam
 Fair nature's choicest scenes among!
 And thoughts of you like music come
 As burdens chime through some sweet song.

I see the flowers blush on the stem,
 The roses' chalice filled with dew,
 And can I, think you, look on them
 And memory not revert to you?
 I cannot hear the wild bees' hum,
 The throstle warble loud and long,
 But thoughts of you like music come
 As burdens chime through some sweet song.

I see a cot beneath a pine
 With rose and jasmine round the door,
 And, Oh! I wish such spot were mine,
 That you were mine for evermore!
 And then how sweet that woodland home,
 Though toil might keep me absent long,
 How thoughts of you and home would come
 And make my life one ceaseless song.

JAMES WADDINGTON, Saltaire, 1860.

OLD YORKSHIRE BALLAD:

"THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE."

"Traditional Ballad Airs, procured in the Northern Counties of Scotland by Dean Christie." Edin., 2 vols., 4to, 1876 and 1881.) It is there stated to have been picked up from the singing of one Jamie Coul, of Port Gordon. It appears somewhat strange that a Yorkshire song, forgotten in its own county, should be recovered so far north as Aberdeen.

I WAS brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree;
 My parents doated on me—they had no more but me;
 I rolled in much pleasure where'er my fancy led,
 Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys were fled.
 I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
 And took a resolution not long with him to dwell.
 Unknown to my poor parents, from him I ran away,
 And steer'd my course to London. Oh! cursed be the day.

A handsome lovely damsel from Holland was there,
 She offered me great wages to serve her for a year;
 And after great persuasion, with her I did agree,
 To go with her to Holland, which proved my destiny.
 I had not been in Holland but years two or three,
 Until my lovely mistress grew very fond of me.
 She said her gold and silver, her houses and free land,
 If I'd consent to marry her, would be at my command.

"Oh, no, dear honour'd lady, I cannot wed you both,
 For lately I have promisèd and made a solemn-oath,
 To wed with none but Polly, your pretty chambermaid;
 Excuse me, my dear mistress, for she has my heart betrayed."
 Then in an angry passion away from me she's gone,
 Swearing to be revenged of me before that it was long;
 For she was so perplexed she could not be my wife,
 That she soon laid a project to take away my life.

One day as I was walking all in a garden green,
 The flowers they were springing delightful to be seen,
 A gold ring from her finger as I was passing by
 She slipped into my pocket—and for it I must die.
 Now in a few days after, in haste I then was called
 Before a dreadful Justice to answer for the fault,
 Though long I pleaded innocence, it was of no avail,
 She swore so sore against me that I was sent to gaol.

My mistress swore I robbed her, which ne'er was my intent,
 Because I would not marry her, she did it from contempt,
 From that place of confinement she brought me to the tree,
 Oh! woe be to my mistress, for she has ruined me.
 All you that stand around me, my wretched face to see,
 Don't glory in my downfall, I pray you pity me;
 Don't blame me, I am innocent. I bid the world adieu;
 Farewell my pretty Polly, I die for love of you.

"DEEA'NT MAK GAM O' ME."

AH went last week to Stowsley Fair,
 Me sweetheart fer to see;
 Sheea promis'd sheea wad meet me there—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me.

Ah rigg'd mescl' all i' me best,
 As fine as fine cud be;
 An' little thowt how things wad form—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me.

Ah walk'd tit toon, an' bcwt a cane,
 Te cut a dash, ye see;
 An' how ah swagger'd up an' down!—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 Ah thowt, if nobbut Poll wad cum,
 How happy we sud be!
 Ah'd treeat her in tit penny show—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 At last ah saw her cummin' in;
 Bud what else did ah see?
 Jack Hodge was walkin' biv her sahde—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 Stright up ah went, an' "Poll," sey ah,
 "Ah's waiting, lass, fer thee!"
 "Then thou muu wait!" was all sheea sed—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 Sheea teeak Jack's ame, an' there ah steead
 Quite flabbergash'd ye see;
 Ah thowt ah sud hev dropt tit ground—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 Poor Nancy Green com seeageling up—
 What's 't matter, Dick?" seys she;
 "Jack Hodge is off wi Poll!" sey ah—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 "Wah, nivver mahud her; let her gan;
 Sheea's better geean!" sed she;
 Bud ah thowt nut; and then ah cried—
 Bud deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!
 Ah's nobbut a poor cuntrey lad
 'At's lost me heart, ye see;
 Ah'll gan neea mair tit Pomesun* fair—
 Seea deea'nt mak gam o' me,
 Oh, deea'nt mak gam o' me!

MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL, Stokesley.

* Palm Sunday.



CONCESSUM AD PAVLVM ROYDON.

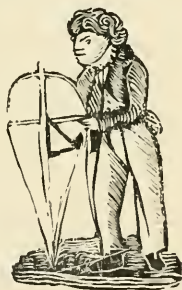
Yorks. Mag., 1786.

I WILLIAM, King, the third yere of my reign
 Give to thee Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hopetowne,
 With all the bounds both up and downe.
 From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
 For the and thyn ther to dwel
 As truly as this king right is myn;
 For a cross-bowe and a harrow,
 When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow.
 And in token that this thing is sooth,
 I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
 Before Meg, Mand and Margery,
 And my third sonne Henry.

(This is a silly piece of fiction, and has no connection, even if true of some other place, with Rawdon, near Leeds.)

ME'Y COOARDEROY SUTE.

AH wor just aboot t'hayt ov a good mossy peeat,
 An as small as a weasel ta bewt,
 An ah hardly wor eable ta toddle on t' geeat,
 When ah gat me'y first cooarderoy sute.
 Hoo ah swaggered an caper'd an stretch'd up an
 doon,
 Like a bantum so cobby an cute;
 Till ah fell we'y me'y noddle full swat ageean th'
 yoon,*
 An ah muckied me'y cooarderoy sute.



Ah'd a cool hofe as big as a hegg o' me'y heead,
 Beside a bad streean o' me'y fewt;
 An me'y noose, an me'y mooth fairly squirted oot bleead
 On to t' top o' me'y cooarderoy sute.

We'y a girt decal o' pettin, an weshin, an sike,
 An a hoperth o' spice, an some frute,
 Ah sune dried up me'y tears, an set off wi' Ben Miko
 On to th' Green i' me'y cooarderoy sute.

Thar wor lots o' lile lads, aboot th' seem size as me,
 They all pitied me'y kecase, when they knew't:
 An ah gat as cleean off as a dye, do ye see,
 Beein nipt† for me'y cooarderoy sute.

Ah just think ah can see mesen stretchin aboot,
 Although ah wor hardish put tewt;
 Bnd ah thowt mesen bigger an stranger, neear doot,
 'Cos ah'd gitten a cooarderoy suite.

* Oven. † Nip for new; poiz for old. The wearer of new clothes was nipped by all the other children.

Sin then ah've been donn'd i' all manders o' things,
 Fra a blowsey, up tuv a surtute,
 But, ah freely confess at thar's neean on em brings,
 As mitch joy as me'y cooarderoy sute.

THOMAS BLACKAH, 1887.

MRS. MUNNS AND I: SONG.

Air—"Tipity Witchet."

I 'ZE heard its been the talk here,
 Last few weeks gone by,
 How lately came from Yorkshire
 Mrs. Munns and I.
 To take a shop, we here did stop,
 Our fortunes for to try,
 And seek for game, no one can blame,
 Dear Mrs. Munns and I.

Of Yorkshire fowk, I hear,
 Most other fowk fight shy;
 But no one need to fear
 Poor Mrs. Munns and I.
 To please you all, both great and small,
 It be our wish to try;
 And so we pray, keep not away
 From Mrs. Munns and I.

'Tis said we Yorkshire fowk
 Resemble much a fly,
 If so you mean to talk
 Of Mrs. Munns and I,
 Why 'tis our wish, in every dish,
 To take a taste, and try;
 For have our fill, of your good will;
 Would Mrs. Munns and I.

Another thing I know,
 Fowk call us "bite 'em sly,"
 But, prithee, say not so
 Of Mrs. Munns and I,
 Since 'tis our fate to throw the bait,
 For your applause to try;
 And if you bite, it will delight
 Both Mrs. Munns and I.

From *The Universal Songster; or Museum of Mirth*, 3 vols., royal octavo, no date, illustrated by the Brothers Cruikshank. This song is apparently a genuine Yorkshire production, but was composed for singing in the London Music Halls in the early part of the last century.

CRAVEN MOORGAME :

I Z'T fear o' me at maks ye spring,
 Wi sich a feaful flap o' t' wing?
 My bonny brood!
 Lig saaf ith beald o' t' greenest ling
 Yer dainty food.

I'ze ower fond o' life mesell,
 An freedom too to gang an fell
 The likes o ye.
 Bud thear's a day at I can tell,
 When moor gam dee.

When t' murderous gun wi sullen boom,
 Shall send ye tul an eearly doom,
 An ye's be med
 To lig i't' spooartsman's bag, i'th' room
 Ov heather bed.

It izn't lang sin first ye fand
 Ther wings wad lift ye frae the land
 To th' realms ov air;
 An soon ye'll fynd at shutter's hand
 Al wound em sair.

Gay soon yer een nae mair sall greet
 The deawy morning's misty leet,
 Ont' mooarland wide;
 An ye sall gang nae mair at neet
 I th' ling to hide.

In vain when cruel foes ye've kent,
 Ye'll trembling steecal alang the bent,
 Or cower i'th' bog,
 Wi' a' yer ways they're weel acquent,
 Baith man an dog.

Thear's lambs at's killed wi't' butcher's knife,
 An ducks bi th' hand o' th' farmer's wife
 Are doomed to dee:
 Ye're favonred seur to lose yer life
 Bi th' Quality.

Bud od ye now, an dooant be flaad,
 I izn't ane o' t' spooarting traad
 To hunt ye down;
 I'ze nobbut luk whar ye wor laid,
 An then I'ze boun.

[? Wm. Howson].

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* * SEE ALSO THE LIST OF AUTHORS.

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